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THE

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST;

OR,

WATTS'

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

WITH

COPIOUS SELECTIONS

FROM OTHER SOURCES.

THE WHOLE

CAREFULLY REVISED AND ARRANGED,

WITH DIRECTIONS FOR

MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

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PREFACE.

A GENERAL idea of the plan of this work will be derived from a mere perusal of the title-page. Watts's version is of course made the basis of the compilation; and, in revising his Psalms and Hymns, the various readings have been carefully compared with an original English copy, containing his own notes and observations. The book, however, embraces copious selections from other sources, as appears by the authors' names in the body of the work. Watts's alone stand without a name; so that they can be easily distinguished from the rest.

Much attention has been bestowed on the arrangement of the Hymns in reference to subjects and occasions; and in this part of their labor, the Compilers have had constantly in view, the convenience of selection, and the preservation of a pleasing succession of topics to the devotional reader. This two-fold object was not to be gained without study and effort. Its advantages, we trust, will be obvious on the slightest examination.

The great importance of lyrical character has not been overlooked; but the Compilers have not dared to sacrifice sense to sound, devotional sentiment to the beauties of diction, or unity of design to the special convenience of adaptation. The great interests of devotional edification can be secured, only in proportion as the claims of music and poetry, pious sentiment, and discriminating taste, are properly united.

The musical references are the initials of the technical terms in common use, and the tunes named in connexion with the poetic pieces, are, for the most part, such plain and familiar ones, that their character will not be easily misunderstood. The advantages of this plan will appear on a perusal of the following article. See also the order of subjects, at the close of the volume.

This work has not been undertaken without mature deliberation; nor has its completion been the offspring of a series of desultory efforts. The work has been several years in a course of preparation; and the Compilers, providentially located within a few doors of each other, have had every advantage of mutual consultation which the subject required. How they have succeeded in their undertaking must be left to the public decision.

INTRODUCTION.

It is an obvious principle in Christian psalmody, that the devotional sentiments contained in the poetry, form the only proper basis of musical expression. Music, such as the Bible contemplates, is, in this respect, like an impassioned species of elocution. It is the chaste and simple language of emotion. The words of a Psalm or Hymn being given, the problem is, to enforce them upon the mind of the hearer, through the medium of impassioned enunciation. To this end, there must be good articulation, accent, and emphasis. The language must flow from the lips of the singer, as it does from those of the speaker, in a distinct and impressive manner. A congregation (if an apostle reasoned correctly) should never be addressed in an unknown tongue. That language which, under the divine blessing, is to make an impression upon us, must be distinctly heard. If there are instruments employed in the service, they should be so managed as not to mar the language. This is a matter of vital consequence. The principle, though much disregarded, lies at the foundation of all rational improvement. A few feeble, untutored voices, drowned by an instrument of overwhelming power, never sing to edification.

But mere distinctness of enunciation is not all that is required. There must be genuine feeling. Emotions not of a fortuitous nature, such as arise from a mere heated imagination, are here to be encouraged; but those which arise from definite influences of spirituality. The man who would make others feel, must feel himself. He must, himself, exercise legitimate emotions, if he would produce them in others. If he would edify others, he must himself be edified.

This principle, though extensively disregarded even by pious musicians, is just as obvious in its application to this subject, as it is in reference to pulpit oratory, or social prayer. It is all a mistake to suppose that music is a species of mental mechanism, which will secure its own ends on the mere principle of laborious accuracy or tasteful execution. Singers are moral agents, accountable to the Searcher of hearts for the feelings, and motives, and habits, which they cultivate and call into exercise, within the house of God. It is a solemn business to be engaged in the work of angels and seraphs; delightful, indeed, to the heart of intelligent, pious susceptibility, but awfully hazardous to the soul of the thoughtless, the irreverent, and the profane. There are worthy men in the Christian connexion who think little of this whole matter. Even among professors of religion, there are choristers and teachers who seem to have almost their whole attention directed away from the spiritual claims of edification. But they are fundamentally wrong.

Nor should children be made *chief* performers in the house of God. "Old men and maidens," as well as young men and children, are exhorted to take part in the service. If Christian influences are to be exerted by the public performances, they must be carried there by those who are truly pious. The Kenaniahs, the Asaphs, the Hemans, and the Jeduthuns, the evangelists, the elders, and the teachers of religion, must, as far as possible, be found in the ranks of cultivation. Children should not withhold their hosannas; they should be universally and thoroughly instructed in the office of sacred song: but the ministers and professed followers of the Lord Jesus Christ must not be guilty of practical indifference to his praises, if they would find them a real source of devout edification. Multitudes, who are now mute in the house of God, might be enlisted in the delightful service, if they only realized the full measure of their accountability. Feeble lungs would become strong, decayed voices would renew their vigor;

and the jargon of dissonant notes would be hushed to silence under the general influence of enlightened cultivation. The devotional advantages of such a scene, may, under the blessing of God, be realized, when parents and teachers will consent to make sacred music a necessary branch of Christian education.

Cultivation, however, must not be confined to children and youth. It must be carried religiously into the various classes of adults. The family circle, the weekly lecture, the conference meeting, and the circle for prayer, must, in some way, be made to realize its hallowed influences. Christians need not expect to reap such influences as these, where they have never sowed them.

Such views as the above have influenced the Compilers uniformly, from the commencement of their undertaking. The subjects of divine song have been enlarged, and palpable poetical blemishes have been removed: while the musical hints and references have not been made so mechanical in their arrangement as to entirely supersede the necessity of personal attention among those who lead in the public service. Emotions form the only proper basis of musical expression; and these are in their own nature incommensurable. General hints, therefore, are all that can be attempted with any prospect of success.

But we must here dismiss the subject, and close our remarks by the explanation of

MUSICAL REFERENCES.

' '	*staccato*, distinct.
⌒	*legato*, in close succession.
aff	*affetuoso*, with tender affection.
ag	*agitato*, agitated.
cr	*crescendo*, increase of tone.
di	*diminuendo*, diminution of tone.
d	*dolce*, soft and sweet.
ex	*expressivo*, expressively.
f	*forte*, loud
ff	*fortissimo*, very loud.
m	*moderato*, moderate.

mæ	*mæstoso*, with majesty.
p	*piano*, soft.
pp	*pianissimo*, very soft.
vi	*vivace*, lively.

Some of the tunes referred to, having this mark (*ex*) affixed to them, are, by the *power of emphasis*, to be sung with varied expression, corresponding with the sentiments found in the Psalm or Hymn.

PSALMS.

1.

FIRST PART. C. M.—*Dunchurch.*

Way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

1 BLEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat:

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has placed his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 He, like a plant of gen'rous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storm and blasting wind,
p Enjoys a peaceful state.

cr 4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear,
Like clusters on the vine.

PAUSE.

cx 5 Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
f Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

m 6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ the Judge at his right hand
Appoints his saints their place.

p 7 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well;
f. ex While crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

1. SECOND PART. L. M.—*Uxbridge.*

Way of the righteous and the wicked.

vi 1 HAPPY the man whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way that sinners go,
Who hates the place where Atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2 He loves t' employ his morning light
Among the statutes of the Lord;
And spends the wakeful hours of night,
Pleased with the wonders of his word.

3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And heaven will shine with mildest beams
On every work his hands begin.

ex 4 But sinners find their counsels cross'd;
As chaff before the tempest flies,
ff So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

1. THIRD PART. L. M.—*Park-street.*

Same subject.

1 THRICE happy he who shuns the way
That leads ungodly men astray;
Who fears to stand where sinners meet,
Nor with the scorner takes his seat.

2 The law of God is his delight;
That cloud by day, that fire by night,
Shall be his comfort in distress,
And guide him through life's wilderness.

3 His works shall prosper: he shall be
A fruitful, fair, unwith'ring tree,
That, planted where the river flows,
Nor drought, nor frost, nor mildew knows.

f 4 Not so the wicked; they are cast
Like chaff upon the whirlwind's blast:
ag In judgment they shall quake for dread,
di Nor with the righteous lift their head.

Montgomery.

1. FOURTH PART. S. M.—*Watchman.*

Same subject.

1 THE man is ever blest
Who shuns the sinners' ways,
Among their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place.

2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amid the labors of the day,
And watches of the night.

cr 3 He, like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root:
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,
His works are heavenly fruit.

ex 4 Not so th' ungodly race,
They no such blessings find;
f Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

ag 5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment-seat,
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
In full assembly meet?

di [6 He knows, and he approves
The way the righteous go:
cr But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.]

2.

FIRST PART. C. M.—*Peterborough.*
Fruitless opposition to the reign of Christ.

'' 1 WHY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they cast his laws away,
And tread his gospel down?

f 2 The Lord that sits above the skies
Derides their rage below;
He speaks, and terror and surprise
Will strike their spirits through.

di 3 "I call him my eternal Son,
And raise him from the dead;
I make my holy hill his throne,
And wide his kingdom spread."

ex 4 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey th' anointed Lord,
f Adore the king of heavenly birth
ag And tremble at his word.

p 5 With humble love address his throne;
For if he frown, ye die:
cr Those are secure, and those alone,
Who on his grace rely.

2. SECOND PART. S. M.—*Clapton.*

Christ triumphs and fills his mediatorial throne.

'' 1 WHY did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews, with one accord,
Bend all their counsels to destroy
Th' Anointed of the Lord?

2 Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design;
Against the Lord their powers unite,
Against his Christ they join.

f 3 The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne;
He that hath raised him from the dead
Hath own'd him for his Son.

PAUSE.

'' 4 Christ has ascended high,
To rule the subject earth;
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heavenly birth.

5 He asks, and God bestows
A large inheritance;
f Far as the world's remotest ends
His kingdom shall advance.

ex 6 The nations that rebel
Must feel his iron rod:
He'll vindicate those honors well,
That he received from God.

m 7 Be wise, ye rulers, now,
And worship at his throne;
vi With trembling joy, ye people, bow
To God's exalted Son.

2. THIRD PART. L. M.—*Sterling.*

Exhortation to rulers.

1 NOW ye that boast of earthly power,
Be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lamb;
Bow at his footstool and adore;
Rejoice and tremble at his name.

2 For God, who high in glory reigns,
Laughs at your pride, your rage controls;
f His power can fill your hearts with pains,
ag And speak in thunders to your souls.

p 3 With humble love address the Son,
Lest he be angry, and ye die;
cr His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
If ye provoke his jealousy.

f 4 His storms may drive you quick to hell;
p He is a God, and ye but dust:
cr vi Happy the men who know him well,
And make his grace their only trust.

3.

FIRST PART. C. M.—*Windsor.*
God our defence.

aff 1 MY God, how many are my fears!
How fast my foes increase!
Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.

2 The subtle tempter would persuade
There's no relief in heaven,
That all my swelling sins are now
Too big to be forgiven.

cr 3 But thou, my glory and my strength,
f Shalt on the tempter tread;
di Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

v 4 I cried, and from his holy hill
He bow'd a list'ning ear;
I call'd my Father, and my God,
And he subdued my fear.

5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
cr In spite of all my foes;
I woke, and wonder'd at the grace
That guarded my repose.

f 6 What though the hosts of death and hell
All arm'd, against me stood:
Terrors no more shall shake my soul;
di My refuge is my God.

3.

SECOND PART. L. M.—*Quito.*

Morning.

aff 1 O LORD, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood!
My peace they daily discompose:
But my defence and hope is God.

2 Tired with the burdens of the day,
cr To thee I raised an evening cry;
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by thy heavenly aid,
di I laid me down and slept secure:
cr Not death would make my heart afraid,
f Though I should wake and rise no more.

di 4 But God sustain'd me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong:
cr He raised my head to see the light,
And praise him in my morning song.

3.

THIRD PART. L. M.—*Luton.*

Same subject.

aff 1 THE tempter to my soul hath said,
"There is no help in God for thee;"
Lord, lift thou up thy servant's head,
My glory, shield, and solace be.

'' 2 Thus to the Lord I raised my cry,
cr He heard me from his holy hill;
f At his command the waves roll'd by;
p He beckon'd, and the winds were still.

—*cr* 3 I slept in quiet and awoke;
Thou, Lord, my spirit didst sustain;
vi Bright from the east the morning broke,
Thy comforts rose on me again.

4 I will not fear, though armed throngs
Compass my steps in all their wrath;
Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His presence guards his people's path.

Montgomery.

4.

FIRST PART. L. M.—*Sterling.*

A prayer-hearing God, our portion and hope.

p 1 O GOD of grace and righteousness,
Hear and attend when I complain:
Thou didst deliver from distress,
Bow down thy gracious ear again.

″ 2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try
To turn my glory into shame:
How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name?

3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside;
di He hears and pities their complaints,
For the dear sake of Christ that died.

4 When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,
We put our trust in God alone,
cr And glory in his pard'ning grace.

5 Let the unthinking many say,
"Who will bestow some earthly good?"
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray;
Our souls desire this heavenly food.

4.

SECOND PART. L. M.—*Duke-street.*

Protection from scoffers.

1 HOW long, ye sons of men, will ye
The servant of the Lord despise,
Delight yourselves with vanity,
And trust in refuges of lies?

2 Know that the Lord hath set apart
The godly man in every age;
He loves a meek and lowly heart—
His people are his heritage.

mæ 3 Then stand in awe, nor dare to sin;
d Commune with your own heart; be still:
The Lord requireth truth within;
The sacrifice of mind and will.

Montgomery.

4.

THIRD PART. C. M.—*Barby.*

Evening.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine:
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head
From care and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
cr Great God, my faith, my hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

v 4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
I give my eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

5.

FIRST PART. C. M.—*Colchester.*
For the Lord's day morning.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high:
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye:

cr 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

p.m 3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

vi.f 4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

p 5 Oh may thy spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness:
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

PAUSE.—*Dunchurch.*

aff 6 My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray:
They flatter, with a base design,
To make my soul their prey.

ex 7 The Lord will crush them in the dust,
And all their plots destroy;
While those that in his mercy trust
For ever shout for joy.

di 8 The men that love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;
cr The mighty God will compass them
With favour as a shield.

5

SECOND PART. C. M.—*Colchester.*

Same subject.

1 SOON as the morning rays appear
I'll lift my eyes above;
My voice shall reach thy list'ning ear,
And supplicate thy love.

2 Within thy house my voice shall rise
Before thy mercy-seat;
There will I fix my steadfast eyes,
And worship at thy feet.

3 Thy righteousness, thy strength display,
And my protection be:
Teach me to know that only way,
Which leads to heaven and thee.

Wrangham.

6.

FIRST PART. C. M.—*Windsor.*

Complaint in sickness.

aff 1 IN anger, Lord, rebuke me not:
Withhold the dreadful storm,
If thy displeasure waxes hot,
'Twill crush thy feeble worm.

2 My soul's bow'd down with heavy cares,
My flesh with pain oppress'd;
My couch is witness to my tears,
My tears forbid my rest.

3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days;
I waste the night with cries,
And count the minutes as they pass,
Till the slow morning rise.

4 Shall I be still afflicted more?
My eyes consumed with grief?
ex How long, my God, how long before
Thy hand afford relief?

5 Oh, hear, while dust and ashes speak,
p Restore my fainting breath;
cr And save me, for thy mercy's sake,
di From the dark shades of death.

6.

SECOND PART. C. M.—*Windsor.*

Prayer under rebukes.

aff 1 IN mercy, not in wrath, rebuke
Thy feeble worm, O God;
My spirit dreads thine angry look,
And trembles at thy rod.

p 2 Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak;
Regard my humble cry:
Oh let thy voice of comfort speak,
And bring salvation nigh.

cr 3 Oh come, and show thy power to save,
And spare my fainting breath;
For who can praise thee in the grave,
Or sing thy name in death?

″ 4 Satan, my cruel envious foe,
Insults me in my pain;
He smiles to see me brought so low,
And tells me hope is vain.

f 5 But hence, thou enemy, depart,
Nor tempt me to despair;
My Saviour comes to cheer my heart;
The Lord has heard my prayer.

Newton.

6.

THIRD PART. L. M.—*Darwen.*

Same subject.

aff 1 LORD, I can suffer thy rebukes
When thou with kindness dost chastise;
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
Oh let it not against me rise.

p 2 Pity my languishing estate,
And ease the sorrow that I feel;
cr The wounds thy heavy hand hath made,
di Oh let thy gentler touches heal.

3 See how I pass my weary days
In sighs and groans!—and when 'tis night,
My bed is water'd with my tears;
My grief consumes and dims my sight.

4 Look how the powers of nature mourn!
How long, Almighty God, how long?
cr When shall thine hour of grace return?
When shall I make thy grace my song?

f 5 Depart, ye tempters, from my soul,
And all despairing thoughts depart;
My God, who hears my humble moan,
Will ease my flesh and cheer my heart.

7.

C. M.—*Barby.*

God's care of his people, and punishment of persecutors.

aff 1 MY trust is in my heavenly Friend,
My hope in thee, my God,
Rise, and my helpless life defend
From those that seek my blood

ag 2 With insolence and fury, they
Would now my body tear,
As hungry lions rend the prey
When no deliv'rer's near.

p 3 If I indulge in thoughts unjust,
And wish and seek their wo;
Then let them tread my life to dust,
And lay mine honor low.

" 4 If there were malice hid in me—
I know thy piercing eyes—
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

cr 5 Arise, my God, lift up thine hand,
Their pride and power control;
f Awake to judgment, and command
Deliv'rance to my soul.

di 6 The cruel persecuting race
Must turn, or feel thy sword:
cr Awake, my soul, and praise the grace
And justice of the Lord.

8.

FIRST PART. C. M.—*Barby.*

Christ's condescension and glorification: or, God made man

1 O LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light;

p 3 Lord, what is man or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so?

er 4 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm?

5 Yet while he lived on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
f The waves and stormy winds did own
His Godhead and his power.

6 Let him be crown'd with majesty
di Who bow'd his head in death;
ff And be his honors sounded high
By all things that have breath.

8.

SECOND PART. C. M.—*Arlington.*

Same subject.

1 O LORD, my King, how excellent
Thy name on earth is known!
Thy glory in the firmament,
How wonderfully shown!

2 When I behold the heavens on high,
The work of thy right hand;
The moon and stars amid the sky,
Thy lights in every land:—

ex 3 Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst deign
On him to set thy love?
Give him on earth awhile to reign,
Then fill a throne above?

f 4 O Lord, how excellent thy name!
How manifold thy ways!
Let time thy saving truth proclaim,
Eternity thy praise.

Montgomery.

8.

THIRD PART. L. M.—*Uxbridge.*

Infant hosannas.

1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Through the wide earth thy name is spread;
And thine eternal glories rise
O'er all the heavens thy hands have made.

p 2 To thee the voices of the young
A monument of honor raise;
And infants, with their lisping tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

3 Thy power ordains their tender age
cr To bring proud rebels to the ground;
f To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And all their policies confound.

4 Children amid thy temple throng,
To see their great Redeemer's face:
The Son of David is their song:
And sweet hosannas fill the place.

8.

FOURTH PART. L. M.—*Quito.*

Adam and Christ, lords of the old and new creation.

1 LORD, what was man, when made at first,
Adam the offspring of the dust,
That thou shouldst set him and his race
But just below an angel's place?

cr 2 That thou shouldst raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below—
Make every earthly thing submit,
And pay their homage at his feet?

f.ex 3 But oh what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state!
What honors shall thy Son obtain,
Who came to rescue sinful men!

p 4 See him below his angels made,
p.p See him entomb'd among the dead,
cr To save a ruin'd world from sin!
f But he shall reign with power divine.

5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The miseries that attend the fall,
New made and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

8.

FIFTH PART. L. M.—*Rothwell.*

Christ's condescension and glorification.

f 1 O LORD, our Lord, in power divine
How great is thy illustrious name!
Through all the earth thy glories shine,
Placed high above the heavenly frame.

di 2 Down from his throne thy Son descends,
A little time our form to wear;
p Beneath th' angelic hosts he bends,
ex Our suff'rings and our sins to bear.

f 3 But, lo! thy power exalts him high,
In glorious dignity enthroned:
He bears our nature to the sky:
O'er all thy works the Ruler crown'd.

ff 4 Jesus, our Lord, in power divine,
How great is thy illustrious name!
Through all the earth thy glories shine;
Let the whole earth resound thy fame.
Pratt's Coll.

9. FIRST PART. C. M.—*Barby. St. Ann's.*
Judgment and mercy.

f 1 WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim:
Thou, Sovereign Judge of right and wrong,
Wilt put my foes to shame.

2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his justice known.

di 3 Yet shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppress'd,
To save the people of his love,
p And give the weary rest.

cr 4 The men who know thy name will trust
In thy abundant grace;
For thou didst ne'er forsake the just,
Who humbly sought thy face.

f 5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill;
Who executes his threat'ning word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

9. SECOND PART. C. M.—*Barby.*
Wisdom and equity of Providence.

f 1 WHEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
Shall once inquire for blood,
p The humble souls that mourn in dust
cr Shall find a faithful God.

ex 2 Thy thunders shall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain;
Make them confess that thou art God,
p And they but sinful men.

cr 3 Thus, by thy judgments, mighty God,
Are thy deep counsels known:
When men of mischief are destroy'd,
The snare must be their own.

p 4 Though saints to sore distress are brought,
m And wait, and long complain,
Their cries shall never be forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.

f 5 Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,
To judge and save the poor;
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more

10.

FIRST PART. C. M.—*Windsor.*
For a day of humiliation.

aff 1 WHY doth the Lord stand off so far,
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?

2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy power?
cr Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And still thy saints devour?

di 3 They put thy judgments from their sight,
And then insult the poor;
cr They boast, in their exalted height,
That they shall fall no more.

f 4 Arise, O God, lift up thy hand,
p Attend our humble cry;
cr No enemy shall dare to stand
When God ascends on high.

PAUSE.

Oppression punished.

‖ 5 Why do the men of malice rage,
And say, with foolish pride,
"The God of heav'n will ne'er engage
To fight on Zion's side."

⌒ 6 But thou for ever art our Lord,
And powerful is thy hand,
cr As when the heathen felt thy sword,
And perish'd from thy land.

di 7 God will prepare our hearts to pray,
And bow his ear to hear:
Accept the vows thy children pay,
And free thy saints from fear.

10. SECOND PART. L. M.—*Luther's Hymn.*

Jehovah the avenger of the oppressed.

f 1 JEHOVAH reigns; your tribute bring;
Proclaim the Lord, th' Eternal King:
Crown him, ye saints, with holy joy,
His arm shall all your foes destroy.

di 2 The Lord shall save th' afflicted breast,
His arm shall vindicate th' oppress'd:
cr Earth's mightiest tyrant feel his power,
Nor sin nor Satan grieve them more.

p 3 Thy Spirit shall our hearts prepare;
Thine ear shall listen to our prayer:
f Thou righteous Judge, thou Power divine,
di On thee our helpless souls recline.

Pratt's Coll.

11. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Uxbridge.*

God loves the righteous and hates the wicked.

1 MY refuge is the God of love;
Why do my foes insult and cry,
cr "Fly like a tim'rous trembling dove,
To distant woods and mountains fly?"

[2 If government be all destroy'd,
That firm foundation of our peace,
And violence make justice void,
Where shall the righteous seek redress?]

di 3 The Lord in heaven hath fix'd his throne
His eye surveys the world below;
To him all mortal things are known,
His eyelids search our spirits through.

' ' 4 If he afflicts the saints so far,
To prove their love and try their grace,
cr What must the bold transgressors fear?
f His very soul abhors their ways.

ag [5 Upon the wicked he will rain
Tempests of brimstone, fire, and death,
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom with his angry breath.]

di 6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

11. SECOND PART. C. M.—*St. Ann's. Barby.*

Same subject.

1 THE Lord is in his holy place,
And from his throne on high,
He looks upon the human race
With omnipresent eye.

2 He proves the righteous, marks their path
In him the weak are strong:
cr But violence provokes his wrath;
The Lord abhorreth wrong.

ag 3 God on the wicked will rain down
Brimstone, and fire, and snares;
The gloom and tempest of his frown!
This portion shall be theirs.

pi 4 The righteous Lord will take delight
Alone in righteousness;
The just are pleasing in his sight;
The humble he will bless.

Montgomery.

12. C. M.—*Barby. ex.*

General corruption a sign of Christ's coming.

'' 1 HELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,
Religion loses ground:
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.

2 Their oaths and promises they break;
They act the flatt'rers part:
With fair deceitful lips, they speak,
But with a double heart.

[3 Scoffers appear on every side,
While a vile race of men
Is raised to seats of power and pride,
To bear the sword in vain.]

cr 4 Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold;
When faith is rarely to be found,
And love is waxing cold;

vi 5 Is not thy chariot hastening on?
Hast thou not given the sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?

ff 6 Yes, saith the Lord, I now will rise,
And make oppressors flee;
I shall appear to their surprise,
And set my servants free.

[7 Thy word, like silver seven times tried,
Through ages shall endure;
The men that in thy truth confide,
Shall find the promise sure.]

13.

FIRST PART. L. M.—*Derby*.

Hope in darkness.

aff 1 HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain,
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
Wilt thou thy face for ever hide?
Shall I still pray and be denied?

2 Shall I for ever be forgot,
di Like one whom thou regardest not?
cr Still shall my soul thine absence mourn?
And still despair of thy return?

[3 How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts oppress'd
And Satan, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?]

di 4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death concludes my grief;
If thou withhold thy heavenly light,
pp I sleep in everlasting night.

f 5 How will the powers of darkness boast
If but one praying soul be lost!
di But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

cr 6 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
—f My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

13. SECOND PART. C. M.—*Windsor. Barby.* *es.*
Temptation—Complaint.

aff 1 HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heavenly rays
That chase my fears away?

2 How long shall my poor lab'ring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
cr Thy word can all my foes control,
And ease my raging pain.

3 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep;
vi Make haste, before mine eyes are seal'd
pp In death's eternal sleep.

[4 How would the tempter boast aloud
Should I become his prey!
How are his legions waxing proud
At thy so long delay!]

vi [5 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head:
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.]

6 Thou wilt display that sovereign grace
Whence all my comforts spring;
f I shall employ my lips in praise,
And thy salvation sing.

13. THIRD PART. 7's.—*Pleyel's Hymn.*
Pleading for help.

aff 1 LORD of mercy, just and kind,
Wilt thou not my guilt forgive?
Never shall my troubled mind
In thy kind remembrance live?

2 Lord, how long shall Satan's art
Tempt my harass'd soul to sin?
Triumph o'er my bleeding heart,
Fears without and guilt within?

3 Lord, my God, thine ear incline,
Bending to the prayer of faith;
cr Cheer my eyes with light divine,
p Lest I sleep the sleep of death.

ex 4 On thy mercy I rely;
Mercy, heavenly Lord, impart:
Mercy brings salvation nigh;
Mercy shall rejoice my heart.

cr 5 Lord, I lift my heart in praise
All thy bounty to adore;
f From eternity thy grace
Flows increasing evermore.

Pratt's Coll

14.

FIRST PART. C. M.—*Peterborough.*

Human depravity.

'' 1 FOOLS, in their hearts, believe and say
That "all religion's vain;
There is no God that reigns on high,
Or minds th' affairs of men."

[2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane,
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found,
Abominable deeds.]

3 The Lord, from his celestial throne,
Look'd down on things below;
To find the man that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.

4 By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There's none that fears his Maker's hand;
There's none that loves his name.

5 Their tongues are used to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease;
cr How swift to mischief are their feet!
Nor know the paths of peace.

6 Such seeds of sin, that bitter root,
In every heart are found;
Nor can we bear diviner fruit
'Till grace refine the ground.

14.

SECOND PART. C. M.—*Barby.* *ex.*

Folly of persecutors.

aff 1 ARE sinners now so harden'd grown
That they the saints devour?
And never worship at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful power?

ag 2 Great God, appear to their surprise,
Reveal thy dreadful name;
Let them no more thy wrath despise,
di Nor turn our hope to shame.

p 3 Dost thou not dwell among the just?
And yet our foes deride
That we should make thy name our trust:
ex Great God, confound their pride.

f ⁀ 4 Oh, that the joyful day were come
To finish our distress!
When God shall bring his children home
Our songs shall never cease.

15. FIRST PART. C. M.—*Peterborough. Arlington.*

Traits of a Christian character.

'' 1 WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?

2 The man who walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands;
Who trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands:—

3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbor wrong;

4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all who fear the Lord;
And though to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word;

5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never wrong the poor:—
cr This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

15. SECOND PART. L. M.—*Uxbridge. Duke-street.*

Same subject.

'' 1 WHO shall ascend thy holy place,
Great God, and dwell so near thy face?—
The man who loves religion now,
And humbly walks with God below.

3*

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean;
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbor wrong.

ex 3 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those who curse him to his face;
And does to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.

⌒4 Yet when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone:—
cr This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

15.

THIRD PART. L. M.—*Sterling.*

Who shall reach heaven.

1 BUT who shall reach thine holy place,
Or who, O Lord, ascend thine hill?
The pure in heart shall see thy face;
The man that seeks to do thy will.

" 2 He who to bribes hath closed his hand,
To idols never bent the knee;
Nor sworn in falsehood;—he shall stand,
Redeemed by grace. and kept by Thee.

Montgomery.

16.

FIRST PART. L. M.—*Quito.*

Humility.

aff 1 PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need,
For succor to thy throne I flee;
But have no merits there to plead;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.

2 Oft have my heart and tongue confess'd
How empty and how poor I am;
My praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new glories to thy name.

" 3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good they do;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.

cr 4 Let others choose the sons of earth,
f And give their hours to noise and wine
di I love the men of heavenly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

16.

SECOND PART. L. M.—*Luton.* *ex.*
Christ's all-sufficiency.

aff 1 HOW fast their guilt and sorrows rise
Who haste to seek some idol god!
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their off'rings of forbidden blood.

cr 2 My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon:
ex He for my life has offer'd up
Jesus, his well beloved Son.

d 3 His love is my perpetual feast,
By day his counsels guide me right:
And be his name for ever blest,
Who gives me sweet advice by night.

cr 4 I set him still before mine eyes;
At my right hand he stands prepared
To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.

16.

THIRD PART. L. M.—*Luther's Hymn.*
Hope in the resurrection.

f 1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong;
His arm is my almighty prop:
Be glad, my heart—rejoice, my tongue;
di My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

p 2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

f" 3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way,
Up to thy throne above the sky.

ff 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow,
And full discov'ries of thy grace:
Joys we but tasted here below,
Spread heavenly raptures through the place.

16.

FOURTH PART. C. M.—*Moravian.*

God our portion.

1 LET heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone;
cr But my delightful lot is cast
Where the true God is known.

di 2 His hand provides my constant food;
He fills my daily cup:
Much am I pleased with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.

cr 3 God is my portion and my joy,
My strength and my delight;
He gives me counsel every day,
And sweet advice by night.

di 4 My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye:
cr Not death nor hell my hope shall move,
While such a friend is nigh.

16.

FIFTH PART. C. M.—*Dunchurch.*

Resurrection of Christ.

'' 1 "I SET the Lord before my face,
He bears my courage up;
My heart and tongue their joys express;
My flesh shall rest in hope.

di 2 "My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
Where souls departed are;
Nor quit my body in the grave,
To see corruption there.

cr 3 "Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
And raise me to thy throne;
f Thy courts immortal pleasures give,
Thy presence, joys unknown."

PAUSE.

'' 4 Thus in the name of Christ, the Lord,
The holy David sung;
And Providence fulfils the word
Of his prophetic tongue.

p 5 Jesus, whom every saint adores,
Was crucified and slain:
cr Behold, the tomb its prey restores!
f Behold, he lives again!

vi 6 When shall my feet arise and stand
On heaven's eternal hills?
There sits the Son at God's right hand
di And there the Father smiles.

17. FIRST PART. S. M.—*Aylesbury.*

Portion of saints, and of sinners.

f 1 ARISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee!
They are but thy chastising rod
To drive thy saints to thee.

pp 2 Behold, the sinner dies,
cr His haughty words are vain;
Here in this life his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.

f 3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store,
d The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.

p 4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God,
cr And stand complete in righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.

17. SECOND PART. L. M.—*Old Hundred. ex.*

Portion of saints.

1 LORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

[2 Their hope and portion lie below:
'Tis all the happiness they know;
'Tis all they seek: they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.]

'' 3 What sinners value, I resign;
cr Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
di I shall behold thy blissful face,
cr And stand complete in righteousness.

m.p 4 This life's a dream, an empty show;
cr But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
f When shall I wake and find me there?

5 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
p I shall be near, and like my God;
cr And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

pp 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
cr 'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
vi. f Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise
And in my Saviour's image rise.

18. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Luton. ex.*

Deliverance from temptation and despair.

1 THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tower, my high defence;
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.

ag'' 2 Death, and the terrors of the grave,
Stood round me with their dismal shade;
While floods of high temptation rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.

3 I saw the op'ning gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there,
Which none, but they that feel, can tell;
While I was hurried to despair.

p 4 In my distress I call'd my God,
When I could scarce believe him mine,
He bow'd his ear to my complaint,
cr Then did his grace appear divine.

f 5 My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour;
And give the glory to the Lord,
Due to his mercy and his power.

18. SECOND PART. L. M.—*Uxbridge.*

Sincerity rewarded.

1 LORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear;
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.

[2 Since I have learn'd thy holy ways,
I've walk'd upright before thy face;
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
'Twas not with a presumptuous heart.]

ex 3 What sore temptations broke my rest!
What wars and strugglings in my breast!
But through thy grace that reigns within
I guard against each darling sin.

'' 4 The sin that close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will;
When shall thy Spirit's sovereign power
Destroy it, that it rise no more?

5 With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward;
The kind and faithful soul shall find
A God more faithful and more kind.

6 The just and pure shall ever say
Thou art more pure, more just, than they:
f. ex But men that love revenge shall know
God hath an arm of vengeance too.

18.

THIRD PART. L. M.—*Park-street.*
Rejoicing in triumph.

'' 1 JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode;
Who is a God besides the Lord?
And where's a refuge like our God?

2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield,
And, while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

3 He lives, and blessed be my Rock,
cr The God of my salvation lives;
The dark designs of hell are broke:
—p Great is the peace my Father gives.

18.

FOURTH PART. C. M.—*Colchester.*
Victory over temporal enemies.

d 1 WE love thee, Lord, and we adore:
Now is thine arm reveal'd;
Thou art our strength, our heavenly tower
Our bulwark and our shield.

cr 2 We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a sure defence:
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.

' ' 3 When God, our leader, shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
f. ex The thunder of his loud alarms,
The lightning of his spear?

vi 4 He rides upon the winged wind;
And angels in array,
In millions wait to know his mind,
And swift as flames obey.

m 5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
ff Whole armies are dismay'd;
His voice, his power, his angry look,
Strike all their courage dead.

di 6 Oft has the Lord whole nations bless'd
For his own children's sake;
The powers, that give his people rest,
Shall of his care partake.

18.

FIFTH PART. 10's.—*Portsea.* *New 50th.*
Applied to the American Revolution.

' ' 1 TO bless the Lord our God in strains divine,
With thankful hearts and raptur'd voices join:
To us what wonders his right hand hath shown,
Mercies his chosen tribes have scarcely known:
Like David blest, begin th' enraptur'd song,
cr Let praise and joy awaken every tongue.

f 2 When, fir'd to rage, against our nation rose
Chiefs of proud name, and bands of haughty foes,
He train'd our hosts to fight, with arms array'd,
With health invigor'd, and with bounty fed,
Gave us a chosen chief our sons to guide,
p Heard every prayer, and every want supplied.

cr 3 No more against our land let strangers rise,
To fade and fall beneath th' avenging skies;
Let the fierce legions yield to happier sway,
The groping savage hail the gospel day.
Low sink the proud, the men of blood be slain
Nor injur'd Zion lift her cries in vain.

cr⌒4 But O, thou Power belov'd! our shores around
Be every virtue, every blessing found:
" Here bid thy seasons crown the fruitful plain;
Here bid fair peace extend her blissful reign;
Let laws, let justice hold perpetual sway,
The soul unfetter'd and the conscience free.

5 With clearest splendor, here, let knowledge shine,
Here, every glory beam from truth divine;
di To Jesus' call, the soul obsequious bend;
Grace from thy Spirit in rich showers descend;
cr Till nations shall become thy bright abode,
f And boundless praise unceasing rise to God.

Dwight.

19. FIRST PART. S. M.—*Watchman.*

Language of nature and the Bible.

1 BEHOLD, the lofty sky
Declares its maker, God;
And all the starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

di 3 In every diff'rent land,
Their gen'ral voice is known:
cr They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

f 4 Let Christian lands rejoice,
Where he reveals his word;
They are not left to nature's voice,
To bid them know the Lord.

" 5 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit;
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

[6 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim;
Accept the praise, my God, my King
In my Redeemer's name.]

19. SECOND PART. S. M.—*Clapton.*

The Bible—watchfulness, &c.—for the Lord's day morning

1 BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way:
cr His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light:
f It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

di 3 How perfect is thy word,
And all thy judgments just!
For ever sure thy promise, Lord;
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n;
O, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heav'n.

PAUSE.

5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey:
Send thy good Spirit from above.
To guide me, lest I stray.

aff 6 O, who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet, with a bold presumptuous mind,
I would not dare transgress.

7 Warn me of ev'ry sin;
p Forgive my secret faults:
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
cr Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

8 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad;
f Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

19. THIRD PART. L. M.—*Rothwell. Sterling.*

The book of nature and the gospel compared.

1 THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines;
But, when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations bless'd,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

f ⌒5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light!
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
aff In souls renew'd, and sins forgiv'n;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heav'n

19. FOURTH PART. L. M.—*Park-street.*

Language of the starry heavens.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
cr Their great Original proclaim.

'' 2 Th' unwearied sun from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;—

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
cr And spread the truth from pole to pole.

rp 5 What, though in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball—
What, though nor real voice nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs is found?

cr 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
f And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
" The hand that made us is divine."

Addison.

19.

FIFTH PART. L. M.—*Sterling.*

Starry heavens.

' ' 1 THY glory, Lord, the heav'ns declare,
The firmament displays thy skill:
The changing clouds, the viewless air,
Tempest and calm, thy word fulfil.

p 2 Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
Well known the language of their song,
When one by one the stars appear,
pp Led by the silent moon along.

f 3 Wak'd by thy touch, the morning sun
Comes like a bridegroom from his bow'r,
And like a giant, glad to run
His bright career with speed and pow'r.

4 While these transporting beauties shine,
Gems of the great creation's Lord:
ff Glory eternal, joy divine,
Spring from the treasures of thy word.

Montgomery.

19.

SIXTH PART. L. P. M.—*St. Helen's.*

The scriptures.

' ' 1 I LOVE the volume of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distress'd!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 From the discov'ries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw;
These are my study and delight:
Not honey so invites the taste;
Nor gold that hath the furnace pass'd,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

f 3 Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;

di But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free but large reward.

aff 4 Who knows the error of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sin restrain:
cr Accept my poor attempts to praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

19. SEVENTH PART. C. M.—*Barby.*

God's laws and statutes, &c.

1 THY law is perfect, Lord of light,
Thy testimonies sure:
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandments pure.

2 Holy, inviolate, thy fear,
Enduring as thy throne;
Thy judgments, chast'ning or severe,
Justice and truth alone.

3 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise;
f Let these be gladness to my heart,
The day-spring to mine eyes.

aff 4 By these, may I be warn'd betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes
Cleanse me from secret sin.

5 So may the words my lips express,
The thoughts that throng my mind,
O Lord, my strength and righteousness,
With thee acceptance find.

Montgomery.

20. FIRST PART L. M.—*Duke-street.*

Prayer and hope of victory in time of defensive war.

aff 1 NOW may the God of pow'r and grace
Attend his people's humble cry;
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliv'rance from on high

[2 The name of Jacob's God defends
Better than shields or brazen walls;
He from his sanctuary sends
Succor and strength, when Zion calls.]

3 Well he remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts;
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

[4 In his salvation is our hope;
And in the name of Israel's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
While foes invade us from abroad.]

5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boast,
Our surest expectations are
From God who rules the heav'nly host

ex 6 O, save us, Lord, from slavish fear;
Now let our hopes be firm and strong:
Till thy salvation shall appear,
f And joy and triumph raise the song.

20.

SECOND PART. C. M.—*Dunchurch.*

Christ's prevailing intercession.

1 THE Lord unto thy prayer attend,
In trouble's darkest hour;
cr The name of Jacob's God defend
And shield thee by his power.

f 2 In thy salvation we'll rejoice,
And triumph in the Lord;
For when in prayer God hears thy voice
He will relief afford.

p ' ' 3 In chariots and on horses, some
For aid and shelter flee;
f But in thy name, O Lord, we come,
And will remember thee.

⌒ 4 O Lord, to us salvation bring;
In thee alone we trust;
Hear us, O God, our heav'nly King;
Thou refuge of the just!

Wrangham

21. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Park-street.*

Christ exalted to the Kingdom.

'' 1 DAVID rejoic'd in God, his strength,
Rais'd to the throne by special grace;
cr But Christ, the Son, appears at length,
Fulfils the triumph and the praise.

f 2 How great is the Messiah's joy,
In the salvation of thy hand!
Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,
And giv'n the world to his command.

3 Around his sacred temples shine
Th' Eternal's uncreated rays:
All power is his, and grace divine,
And length of everlasting days.

ex 4 And as a fiery oven glows
With raging heat and burning coals;
cr Thy vengeance shall consume his foes,
Thy wrath devour their guilty souls.

21. SECOND PART. C. M.—*New Cambridge.*

Pious rulers are the care of heaven.

1 OUR rulers, Lord, with songs of praise
Should in thy strength rejoice;
And blest with thy salvation, raise
To heav'n their cheerful voice.

2 Oh, let them now on God rely,
For wisdom and for grace;
His mercy shall their wants supply,
And save our happy race.

3 Thy wondrous power thou wilt declare,
And still exalt thy fame;
While we glad songs of praise prepare,
For thine Almighty name.

21 THIRD PART. C. M.—*Dunchurch.*

Acknowledgment of national blessings.

f 1 IN thee, great God, with songs of praise,
Our favor'd realms rejoice;
And blest with thy salvation, raise
To heav'n their cheerful voice.

2 Thy sure defence, from foes around,
Hath spread our rising name;
And all our feeble efforts crown'd
With freedom and with fame.

aff 3 In deep distress our injur'd land
Implor'd thy power to save;
For life we pray'd; thy bounteous hand
The timely blessing gave.

cr 4 On thee, in want, or wo, or pain,
Our hearts alone rely;
Our rights thy mercy will maintain,
And all our wants supply.

5 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous power declare,
And still exalt thy fame;
While we glad songs of praise prepare
For thine Almighty name.

Anon.

22.

FIRST PART. L. M.—*Derby.*
Christ's sufferings and exaltation.

aff 1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord;
When he complain'd in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of his God.

ex 2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads and laugh'd in scorn.
"He rescu'd others from the grave,
Now let him try himself to save."

3 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet:
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.

cr 4 But God, his Father, heard his cry;
f Rais'd from the dead he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humbled sinners taste his grace.

22.

SECOND PART. C. M.—*Windsor.*
Same subject.

aff 1 "NOW in the hour of deep distress,
My God, support thy son;
When horrors dark my soul oppress,
O leave me not alone!"

2 Thus did our suff'ring Saviour pray,
With mighty cries and tears;
di God heard him in that dreadful day,
cr And chas'd away his fears.

vi 3 Great was the vict'ry of his death,
f His throne exalted stands;
While all the nations of the earth,
Shall bow to his commands.

'' 4 A num'rous offspring must arise
From his expiring groans;
They shall be reckon'd in his eyes
For daughters and for sons.

di 5 The meek and humble soul shall see
His table richly spread;
cr And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

f 6 The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God;
And nations yet unborn possess
Salvation in his blood.

23.

FIRST PART. L. M.—*Rothwell.*
God our Shepherd.

1 MY Shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my wants be well suppli'd;
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.

2 In pastures where salvation grows,
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And heav'nly food divinely blest.

3 My wand'ring feet his ways mistake,
But he restores my soul to peace,
And leads me for his mercy sake
In the fair paths of righteousness.

4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale,
ag Where death and all its terrors are;
My heart with fear shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there

5 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his children all their days;
f Within his courts I'll hear his word,
I'll seek his face, I'll sing his praise.

23.

SECOND PART. C. M.—*Colchester.*
Same subject.

1 MY Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back,
When I forsake his ways,
And leads me for his mercy sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

pp 3 When I walk through the shades of death,
cr Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
f Drives all my fears away.

'' 4 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
⌢ O, may thy house be my abode,
And all my work be praise.

'' 5 There would I find a settled rest,
(While others go and come;)
cr No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

23.

THIRD PART. S. M.—*Shirland.*
Same subject.

'' 1 THE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heav'nly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
cr And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim.
He guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
di Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

'' 5 In spite of all my foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

f 6 The bounties of thy love,
Shall crown my foll'wing days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

23.

FOURTH PART. P. M. 11's.—*Goshen.*
Same subject.

'' 1 THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know,
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou at my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasur'd, my cup runneth o'er,
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head.
⌒ O what shall I ask of thy providence more!

cr 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps, till I meet thee above;
I seek—by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn—thy kingdom of love.

Montgomery.

23.

FIFTH PART. L. M. 6 lines - *Wesley Chapel.*
The Lord our Shepherd.

d 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care,
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When on the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

ex 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
di For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray;
Thy presence shall my pains beguile:
cr The barren wilderness shall smile,
f With sudden greens and herbage crown'd
And streams shall murmur all around.

Addison.

23.

SIXTH PART. 7's.—*German Air.*

Same subject.

d 1 TO thy pastures fair and large,
Heav'nly Shepherd, lead thy charge,
And my couch with tend'rest care
Mid the springing grass prepare.

p 2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet,
cr To the streams that still and slow
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With thy rod and staff supplied;
As my guardian and my guide.

4 Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
⌒ And shalt bid thy hallow'd dome
Yield me an eternal home.

Anon

24.

FIRST PART. C. M.—*Arlington.*

Dwelling with God.

″ 1 THE earth for ever is the Lord's,
And all that is therein;
He founded it upon the floods,
And rules the raging main.

2 But who among the sons of men,
May visit thine abode?
He that hath hands from mischief clean;
Whose heart is right with God.

3 This is the man may rise and take
The blessings of his grace:
This is the lot of those that seek
The God of Jacob's face.

cr⁀4 Oh, let our soul's immortal powers,
To meet the Lord prepare,
Who enter'd heav'ns eternal doors,
And reigns in glory there.

f 5 The King of Glory! who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With saints is his delight.

24. SECOND PART. L. M.—*Park-street.*

Saints to dwell in heaven, where Christ has ascended.

'' 1 THE spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men and worms and beasts and birds:
He rais'd the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling place.

cr 2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky;
Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his Maker, God?

di 3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,
Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

4 These are the men, the pious race,
That seek the God of Jacob's face;
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

f 5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
ex Behold the King of Glory nigh!
Who can this King of Glory be?
The Lord of might and majesty!

6 Rais'd from the dead, he goes before
To open heaven's eternal door;
To give his saints a blest abode
Near their Redeemer, and their God.

24.

THIRD PART. L. M.—*Park-street.*
Triumphant ascension of Christ.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
ex The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

f ꜝꜝ2 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
cr Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

m ⌒3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
f And wide unfold th' ethereal scene:
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in.

p 4 "Who is the King of Glory—who?"
cr The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
—*di* And Jesus is the conq'ror's name.

ff 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

p 6 "Who is the King of Glory—who?"
f The Lord of boundless pow'r possess'd,
The King of saints and angels too,
ff God over all, for ever blest.

Wesley.

24.

FOURTH PART. 7's.—*Benevento.*
Christ's Ascension.

f 1 "WIDE, ye heav'nly gates, unfold,
Clos'd no more by death and sin;
cr Now the conq'ring Lord behold,
Let the King of Glory in:"
p Hark, th' angelic host inquire,
cr "Who is he, th' Almighty King?"
p Hark, again the answering choir,
Thus in strains of triumph sing:

f 2 "He whose powerful arm alone,
On his foes destruction hurl'd,
He who hath the victory won,
He who sav'd a ruin'd world,

He who God's pure law fulfill'd,
Jesus the Incarnate Word,
He whose truth with blood was seal'd,
He is heaven's all glorious Lord."

p 3 "Who shall to this blest abode,
Follow in the Saviour's train?"
cr "They who in his cleansing blood,
Wash away each guilty stain;
f They whose daily actions prove,
Steadfast faith, and holy fear,
Fervent zeal and grateful love;
They shall dwell for ever here."

Spirit of the Psalms.

25. FIRST PART. S. M.—*St. Bridges. Aylesbury.*

Waiting for pardon and direction.

1 I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name,
Let not my foes, that seek my blood,
Still triumph in my shame.

cr 2 Sin and the pow'rs of hell,
Would tempt me to despair:
Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.

ai 3 From the first dawning light
Till the dark evening rise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait
With ever longing eyes.

4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth:
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

5 The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn his ways;
And every humble sinner find
The riches of his grace.

cr 6 For his own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame;
He pardons (though my guilt be great)
Through my Redeemer's name.

25.

SECOND PART. S. M.—*Psalm 25.*

Divine instruction.

1 WHERE shall the man be found
That fears t' offend his God,
cr That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
di And trembles at the rod?

2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart:
The wonders of his cov'nant show,
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as in his cov'nant stand,
And love to do his will.

4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's face,
cr Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

25.

THIRD PART. S. M.—*St. Giles.*

Distress of soul: or, backsliding and desertion.

1 MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

m⌒ 2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?

'' 3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God,
Restore me from those dang'rous ways
My wand'ring feet have trod?

[4 The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my wo;
My spirit languishes; my heart
Is desolate and low.

[5 With every morning light,
My grief anew begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.]

m⌒ 6 O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have plac'd my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

cr [7 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.]

25.

FOURTH PART. S. M.—*Watchman.*

Mercy to the faithful.

1 TO God, in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice;
O! let me not be put to shame,
Nor let my foes rejoice.

2 Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever kind.

3 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee;
aff And oh, for thy great goodness' sake,
In mercy think on me.

vi 4 His mercy and his truth
The righteous Lord displays;
In bringing wand'ring sinners home
And teaching them his ways.

Tate & Brady.

26.

FIRST PART. L. M.—*Luton.*

Conscious integrity.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways
And try my reins, and try my heart;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law, my feet depart.

2 Among thy saints will I appear,
Array'd in robes of innocence;
But, when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.

cr 3 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honors dwell;
There shall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

aff 4 Let not my soul be join'd at last
With men of treachery and blood;
Since I my days on earth have past
Among the saints and near my God.

26.

SECOND PART. 7's.—*German Hymn.*
Going to the place of worship.

p 1 SEARCH my heart, my actions prove,
Try my inmost thoughts that rise,
For thy kindness and thy love
Ever are before mine eyes.

cr 2 I have lov'd the hallow'd place
Where thine honor doth abide;
To the temple of thy grace
Still my erring footsteps guide.

di 3 Keep my soul from all offence;
All my supplications hear;
Bid me walk in innocence;
Let me, Lord, thy mercy share.

4 In thy worship I delight;
cr In thy house my voice I'll raise,
With thy saints before thy sight,
f In unceasing hymns of praise.

Wrangham.

27.

FIRST PART. C. M.—*Barby.*
The church our delight and safety.

vi 1 THE Lord of glory is my light
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

" 2 One privilege my heart desires:
O, grant me mine abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

f. ex 4 When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion where
di He makes my soul abide.

cr 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around;
ff And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

27. SECOND PART. C. M.—*Wareham.*

Prayer and hope.

!! 1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children, seek my grace,"
My heart replied without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

p 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
f God of my life, I fly to thee,
In a distressing day.

di 3 Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die;
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

p 4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
cr Had not my soul believ'd
That grace would soon provide relief:
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

vi.f 5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

27. THIRD PART. C. M.—*Chester. Fabius.*

God's sanctuary a refuge.

1 GRANT me within thy courts a place,
Among thy saints a seat,
For ever to behold thy face,
And worship at thy feet.

2 In thy pavilion to abide,
When storms of trouble blow;
And in thy tabernacle hide,
Secure from every foe.

aff 3 O leave me not when griefs assail,
And earthly comforts flee;
⌒ Should father, mother, kindred fail,
cr My God, remember me.

vi 4 Wait on the Lord, with courage wait;
My soul, disdain to fear:
The righteous Judge is at the gate,
And thy redemption near.

Montgomery

27. FOURTH PART. 7's.—*Benevento.* *ex.*

God the orphan's hope.

1 WHEN my cries ascend to thee,
Hear, Jehovah, from afar;
Let thy tender mercies be
Still propitious to my prayer.
When thou bad'st me seek thy face,
vi Quickly did my heart reply,
Resting on thy word of grace,
"Thee I'll seek, O Lord most high."

aff 2 Should the world deceitful prove,
And no more its help I share;
Should I lose a father's love,
And a mother's tender care;
vi Then Jehovah's guardian eye,
Shall my orphan state defend;
Shall a parent's place supply,
Be my guardian, father, friend.

Pratt's Coll.

27. FIFTH PART. 7's and 6's. P.—*Missionary H.*

Strength in God.

f ' ' 1 God is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help is near:
ag Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
di When faint and desolate;
cr His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love, thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen,
di The Lord will give thee peace.

Montgomery.

28. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Vernon.*
Prayer and deliverance from temptation.

aff 1 TO thee, O Lord, I raise my cries,
My fervent prayer in mercy hear;
For ruin waits my trembling soul,
If thou refuse a gracious ear.

‖ 2 While suppliant tow'rd thy holy hill
I lift my feeble hands to pray,
Afford thy grace, nor drive me still
With impious hypocrites away.

[3 To sons of falsehood, that despise
The works and wonders of thy reign,
Thy justice gives the due reward,
And sinks their souls to endless pain.]

vi 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Whose mercy hears my mournful voice;
My heart, that trusted in his word,
In his salvation shall rejoice.

di 5 Let every saint in sore distress,
By faith approach his Saviour God;
Then grant, O Lord, thy pard'ning grace,
And feed thy church with heav'nly food.
Anon.

28. SECOND PART. C. M.—*Rochester. ex.*
Prayer and praise for deliverance from evil companions.

aff 1 TO thee, my King, my God of grace,
I lift my humble cry;
Let not my poor desponding soul
With impious wretches die.

[2 With peaceful lips and froward heart
They charm the wretch astray;
And lure his heedless feet to death,
Along the flowery way.]

p ‖ 3 For me they dug the secret pit,
And form'd the hidden snare;
Thoughtless, I followed where they led,
Nor saw destruction near.

f 4 He broke the charm that drew my feet
To darkness and the dead;
cr From lips profane, and tongues impure,
With trembling steps I fled.

ex 5 My heart with agonizing prayer
Besought the Lord to save:
Unseen he seiz'd my trembling hand
And brought me from the grave.

vi 6 Homeward I flew to find my God,
And seek his face divine;
f Restor'd to peace, to hope, to life,
To Zion's friends and mine.

7 My lips thy wond'rous works shall sing,
My heart adore thy grace:
Henceforth, be love my sweet employ,
And all my pleasure praise.

Dwight.

29. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Luther's Hymn. Park-street.*

Ascriptions of honor and glory.

vi.f 1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power,
Ascribe due honors to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud,
Over the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
cr And lightnings blaze at his command.

di-cr 3 He speaks—and tempest, hail, and wind,
Lay the wide forest bare around;
The fearful hart and frighted hind,
Leap at the terror of the sound.

4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
m ⌒ And lo! the stately cedars break;
ff The mountains tremble at the noise;
The valleys roar; the deserts quake.

di 5 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood:
The thund'rer reigns for ever king;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

p 6 In gentler language, then the Lord
The counsel of his grace imparts;
cr Amid the raging storm, his word
di Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

29.

SECOND PART. 11's.—*Goshen.*

Same subject.

vi f 1 GIVE glory to God in the highest; give praise,
Ye noble, ye mighty, with joyful accord;
All-wise are his counsels, all-perfect his ways,
In the beauty of holiness worship the Lord.

di '' 2 The voice of the Lord on the ocean is known,
The God of eternity thund'reth abroad;
The voice of the Lord from the depth of his throne,
Is terror and power, all nature is awed.

–cr 3 At the voice of the Lord, the tall cedars are bow'd,
And towers from their base into ruin are hurl'd;
di The voice of the Lord from the dark-bosom'd cloud,
cr Dissevers the lightning in flames o'er the world.

p 4 The voice of the Lord, through the calm of the wood,
Awakens its echoes, strikes light through the caves;
cr The Lord sitteth King on the turbulent flood;
The winds are his servants, his servants the waves.

'' 5 The Lord is the strength of his people; the Lord
Gives health to his chosen, and peace evermore;
f Then throng to his temple, his glory record;
m–p But oh! when he speaketh—in silence adore.

Montgomery.

30.

FIRST PART. L. M.—*Rothwell.*

Sickness healed and sorrows removed.'

1 I WILL extol thee, Lord on high,
At thy command diseases fly;
Who but a God can speak, and save
p From the dark borders of the grave?

f 2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints, and prove
How large his grace, how kind his love:
Let all your powers rejoice, and trace
The wondrous records of his grace.

p⌒ 3 His anger but a moment stays;
cr His love is life and length of days:
p Though grief and tears the night employ,
f The morning star restores the joy.

30.

SECOND PART. L. M.—*Luton. Quito.*

Health, sickness, and recovery.

'' 1 FIRM was my health; my day was bright;
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night:
Fondly I said within my heart,
Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.

2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;
di Soon as thy face began to hide,
—*pp* My health was gone, my comforts died.

f. ex 3 I cried aloud to thee, my God,
"What canst thou profit by my blood?
di Deep in the dust, can I declare
Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?

aff 4 "Hear me, O God of grace," I said,
"And bring me from among the dead;"
cr Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.

5 My groans, and tears, and forms of wo,
vi Are turn'd to joy and praises now;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

f 6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;
Thy praise shall sound through earth and heav'n,
For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiv'n.

31.

FIRST PART. C. M.—*Windsor.*

Deliverance from death.

1 INTO thy hand, O God of truth,
My spirit I commit;
Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,
And sav'd me from the pit.

2 The passions of my hope and fear
Maintain'd a doubtful strife;
While sorrow, pain, and sin conspir'd
To take away my life.

!! 3 "My times are in thy hand," I cried,
"Though I draw near the dust;"
cr Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.

⌒ 4 O make thy reconciled face
Upon thy servant shine;
And save me for thy mercy's sake
For I'm entirely thine.

PAUSE.

!! 5 'Twas in my haste my spirit said,
"I must despair and die;
I am cut off before thine eyes:"
But thou hast heard my cry.

cr 6 Thy goodness, how divinely free!
How wondrous is thy grace
To those who fear thy majesty,
And trust thy promises?

7 O love the Lord, all ye his saints,
f And sing his praises loud;
di He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
cr And recompense the proud.

31. SECOND PART. C. M.—*Barby.*

Deliverance from slander and reproach.

1 MY heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my help, my trust;
Thou hast preserv'd my face from shame,
Mine honor from the dust.

di 2 "My life is spent with grief," I cried,
"My years consum'd in groans;
My strength decays, mine eyes are dried,
And sorrow wastes my bones."

!! 3 Among mine enemies, my name
Was a vile proverb grown;
While to my neighbors I became
Forgotten and unknown.

4 Slander and fear on every side
Seiz'd and beset me round;
I to the throne of grace applied,
And speedy rescue found.

PAUSE.

cr 5 How great deliv'rance thou hast wrought,
Before the sons of men!
The lying lips to silence brought,
And made their boastings vain.

6 Thy children, from the strife of tongues
In thy pavilion hide:
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
And from the sons of pride.

7 Within thy secret presence, Lord,
Let me for ever dwell;
No fenced city, wall'd and barr'd,
Secures a saint so well.

32.

FIRST PART. S. M.—*Clapton. Watchman.*

Confession and forgiveness.

aff 1 O BLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are cover'd o'er!
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

p 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound:
cr Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
di And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
cr Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

32.

SECOND PART. C. M.—*Colchester.*

Pardon and sincere obedience.

1 HAPPY the man to whom his God
No more imputes his sin;
But, wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean.

cr 2 Happy beyond expression, he
Whose debts are thus discharg'd;
And from the guilty bondage free,
He feels his soul enlarg'd.

3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,
His words are all sincere;
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
To keep his conscience clear.

pp 4 While I my inward guilt suppress'd,
No quiet could I find;
ag Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
And rack'd my tortur'd mind.

'' 5 Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts
My secret sins reveal'd;
Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults
Thy grace my pardon seal'd.

cr 6 This shall invite thy saints to pray:
f When like a raging flood
Temptations rise, our strength and stay
di Is a forgiving God.

32.

THIRD PART. L. M.—*Repose.*
Same subject.

1 BLEST is the man, for ever blest,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God;
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
"Imputeth not iniquities:"
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works but grace relies.

3 From guile his lips and heart are free;
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

cr 4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace,
Through his whole life appears and shines.

32.

FOURTH PART. L. M.—*Darwen. Quito.*
Confession and pardon.

aff 1 WHILE I keep silence, and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel!
What agonies of inward smart!

2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess:
Thy gospel speaks a pard'ning word,
Thy Holy Spirit seals the grace.

3 For this shall every humble soul
Make swift addresses at thy feet:
cr When floods of huge temptation roll.
di There shall they find a blest retreat.

p 4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
ex When days grow dark and storms appear!
cr And when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

33.

FIRST PART. C. M.—*New Cambridge.*
Works of creation and providence.

1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord:
This work belongs to you:
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true.

2 His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name:
His mercy and his righteousness
cr Let heav'n and earth proclaim.

'' 3 His wisdom and Almighty word
The heav'nly arches spread;
And by the spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.

4 He bade the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep:
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.

5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand!
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

f 6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

33. SECOND PART. C. M.—*Colchester.*

God blesses the nation.

1 BLEST is the nation where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious throne;
Where he reveals his heav'nly word,
And calls their tribes his own.

2 His eyes, with infinite survey,
The spacious earth behold:
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.

[3 Kings are not rescu'd by the pow'r
Of armies from the grave;
Vain is the conflict of the hour,
Except the Lord will save.]

p 4 God is our fear, and God our trust,
When plagues and famine spread;
ex His watchful eye secures the just,
Amid ten thousand dead.

f 5 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
Now bless us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
We trust thy grace alone.

33. THIRD PART. L. P. M.—*St. Helen's. Newcourt.*

Works of creation and providence.

vi. f 1 YE holy souls, in God rejoice,
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice;
Great is your theme, your songs be new;
! ! Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true.

2 Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves;
His word the heav'nly arches spread;
How wide they shine from north to south!
And by the spirit of his mouth,
Were all the starry armies made.

3 He gathers the wide flowing seas,
Those wat'ry treasures know their place,
In the vast storehouse of the deep:
—*f* He spake, and gave all nature birth,
And fires, and seas, and heav'n, and earth
His everlasting orders keep.

p 4 Let mortals tremble and adore
A God of such resistless power,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
cr Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands,
f But his eternal counsel stands,
And rules the world from age to age.

33. FOURTH PART. 11's and 8's.—*Palestine.*

f 1 REJOICE in the Lord, O ye righteous, rejoice,
The upright his praises should sing;
With harp and with psaltry, attune your glad voice,
And loud let the harmony ring:
O sing of his righteousness, sing of his love,
His judgment and mercy proclaim;
Earth is fill'd with his goodness, while angels above
Rejoice in his glorious name.

'' 2 By the word of the Lord, the bright heavens were made,
cr The earth, the wide waters that roar;
ag O fear him ye nations, let earth be afraid,
Stand in awe of his glory and power:
ex He spake—it was done; he commanded—it rose;
The universe sprang into view!
His counsels shall stand, though vain mortals oppose,
His ways are all righteous and true.

'' 3 How blest is the nation whose God is the Lord,
The land where in mercy he dwells;
Where thousands rejoice in his worship and word,
Where wonders of grace he reveals:
⌒ O trust in his name, in his wisdom confide,
Nor look to his creatures for aid;
cr Our souls shall rejoice, while in him we abide,
di Though troubles and sorrows invade.

MS.

34. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Seasons.*

God's care of his saints; he hears their prayers.

1 LORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue:
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
cr Let every heart exalt his name;
di I sought the eternal God, and he
Has not expos'd my hope to shame.

aff 3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groanings reach'd his ears:
cr He gave my inward pain relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.

p 4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
With radiance mild their faces shine,
vi A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.

di 5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord;
cr O, fear and love him, all his saints:
Taste of his grace and trust his word

34. SECOND PART. L. M.—*Duke-street.*

Religious Education.

'' 1 CHILDREN, in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy;
Attend the counsels of my tongue;
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state;
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3 The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries;
cr He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

p 4 To humble souls and broken hearts,
God with his grace is ever nigh;
cr Pardon and hope his love imparts,
di When men in deep contrition lie.

ex 5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death;
His spirit heals their broken bones,
f While they in praise employ their breath.

34.

THIRD PART. C. M.—*Dunchurch.*

Praise for deliverance.

1 I'LL bless the Lord from day to day
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls that watch and pray,
Come help my lips to praise.

2 Sing to the honor of his name,
How a poor suff'rer cried;
His hope was not expos'd to shame,
His suit was not denied.

ex 3 I told the Lord my sore distress
With heavy groans and tears;
He gave my sharpest sorrows ease,
And silenc'd all my fears.

vi 4 Oh, sinners, come and taste his love,
Come learn his pleasant ways;
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

5 O, love the Lord, ye saints of his,
His eye regards the just;
How richly blest their portion is,
Who make his name their trust.

34.

FOURTH PART. C. M.—*New Cambridge.*

Trust in God, and praise for deliverance.

'' 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distress'd,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their grief to rest.

f ⌒ 3 O magnify the Lord with me,
Exalt his holy name;
di When in distress on him I call'd,
cr He to my rescue came.

'' 4 The host of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliv'rance he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

cr 5 Oh make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide,
f How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

T. & B.

35. FIRST PART. C. M.—*Windsor.*

Prayer and faith in times of persecution.

aff 1 NOW, plead my cause, Almighty God,
Against the sons of strife,
Who trample on the Saviour's blood,
And fight against my life.

cr 2 Oppose their progress; stop their way:
Oh make them fear thy rod;
di But to my soul in mercy say,
"I am thy Saviour God."

'' 3 How will the net they spread for me,
Their froward feet inthral!
Into the pit which they decree,
How soon their souls must fall!

4 They love the road that leads to hell:
Those rebels soon must die,
Whose malice is implacable
Against the Lord most high.

ex 5 But hast thou not a chosen few
Among that impious race?
Divide them from the bloody crew,
cr By thy surprising grace.

vi 6 Then will I raise my tuneful voice,
To make thy wonders known;
In their salvation I'll rejoice,
And bless thee for my own.

35. SECOND PART. C. M.—*Barby.*

Christ's love to enemies typified in David.

1 BEHOLD the love, the gen'rous love
That holy David shows:
Behold his kind compassion move
For his afflicted foes.

p 2 When they are sick his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart;
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

cr 3 How did his flowing tears condole,
As for a brother dead!
And fasting mortified his soul,
While for their life he pray'd.

p'' 4 They groan'd and curs'd him on their bed
Yet still he pleads and mourns:
And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.

vi 5 O glorious type of heav'nly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears:
di While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

cr 6 He, the true David, Israel's King,
Bless'd and belov'd of God,
To save us rebels, dead in sin,
p Gave his own precious blood.

36.

FIRST PART. L. M.—*Rothwell.*

Perfections and providence of God.

f 1 HIGH in the heav'ns, eternal God!
Thy goodness in full glory shines:
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils or darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep·
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

' 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share:
The whole creation is thy charge;
But saints are thy peculiar care.

di 4 From the provisions of thy house,
We shall be fed with sweet repast:
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

vi 5 Life like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

36.

SECOND PART. S. M.—*Aylesbury.*
Practical atheism exposed.

'' 1 WHEN man grows bold in sin,
My heart within me cries,
"He hath no faith of God within,
Nor fear before his eyes."

2 His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair;
Wisdom is banish'd from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.

3 He plots upon his bed
New mischief to fulfil:
He sets his heart, his hand, his head,
To practise all that's ill.

mæ 4 But there's a dreadful God,
Though men renounce his fear;
di His justice, hid behind the cloud,
f Shall one great day appear.

5 His truth transcends the sky:
In heav'n his mercies dwell;
ag Deep as the sea his judgments lie;
His anger burns to hell.

6 How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs!
f. ⌒ Oh never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings.

37.

FIRST PART. 8's and 6's.—*Warning.*
The wicked are not to be envied.

'' 1 THOUGH wicked men grow rich or great,
Repine not at their high estate,
Nor let thy envy rise;
For soon, cut down like tender grass,
Or blooming flow'rs, away they pass
di When all their beauty dies.

cr 2 Trust in the Lord, and him obey,
And thou within the land shalt stay,
Secure from ev'ry ill:
Make his commands thy chief delight.
And he, thy duty to requite,
Shall thy desires fulfil.

3 Commit thy way unto the Lord,
And he will needful help afford,
To perfect thy designs:
He'll make like light, serene and clear
Thy clouded innocence appear,
As when the morning shines.

'' 4 Rest in the Lord, on him depend;
Let patience all thy thoughts attend;
Nor let thine anger rise:
Though wicked men with hate abound,
And with success their plots are crown'd,
Which they in wrath devise.

cr 5 How soon their greatness will decay,
And all their riches melt away,
p Their place no more be found!
cr While humble souls in God rejoice,
f And praise him with the heart and voice,
Whose mercies still abound.

T. & B.

37.

SECOND PART. C. M.—*Peterborough.*

Charity to the poor.

'' 1 WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just,
Exceeds the sinner's gold.

2 Though they may borrow of their friends
And ne'er design to pay;
The saint is merciful, and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

3 His alms with liberal heart he gives,
Among the sons of need:
His memory to ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.

4 He fears to talk with lips profane,
To slander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd of God.

5 The law and gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the Word,
His feet shall never slide.

6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand,
Preserv'd from every snare;
cr They shall possess the promis'd land,
And dwell for ever there.

37. THIRD PART. C. M.—*Barby*.

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

1 MY God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will;
Though they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.

cr 2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3 The heav'nly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them here, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

f 4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.

PAUSE.

ex 5 The haughty sinner have I seen,
Not fearing man or God;
Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,
Spreading its arms abroad—

—*di* 6 When, lo! he vanish'd from the ground,
Destroy'd by hands unseen;
p Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,
Where all that pride had been.

cr 7 But mark the man of righteousness,
His sev'ral steps attend;
vi True pleasure reigns through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

38. C. M.—*Windsor*.

Guilt, repentance, prayer for pardon.

aff 1 AMID thy wrath, remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord;
Nor let a Father's chast'ning prove
Like an avenger's sword.

[2 My sins, a heavy burden, weigh
My sinking spirit down;
And I go mourning all the day,
Beneath my Father's frown.]

ex 3 O Lord, the sorrows I endure
Are great beyond control;
No other hand but thine can cure
The anguish of my soul.

4 All my desires to thee are known,
di Thine eye counts every tear;
p And every sigh, and every groan,
Is notic'd by thine ear.

cr 5 Thou art my God, my only hope,
And thou wilt hear my cry:
f My God will bear my spirit up,
When Satan bids me die.

PAUSE.

ex 6 My foes rejoice to see me slide
Into the miry pit;
Exulting in malicious pride
When they supplant my feet.

7 I will confess my guilt to thee,
And grieve o'er all my sin;
di Yet weak will all my efforts be,
Without thy aid divine.

8 My God, forgive my follies past,
And be for ever nigh:
cr O Lord of my salvation, haste,
Before thy servant die.

39. FIRST PART. C. M.—*Peterborough. Coventry*

Watchfulness over the tongue in presence of scoffers.

'' 1 THUS I resolv'd before the Lord,
To watch my heedless tongue;
Lest some unguarded sinful word,
Should do my neighbor wrong.

2 And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay
With men of lives profane;
cr I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.

di 3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel;
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take,
To mock my kindling zeal.

cr 4 Yet, if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be overaw'd;
f But let the scoffing sinners hear
That I can speak for God.

39.

SECOND PART. C. M.—*Rochester.*
Man mortal.

aff 1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame:
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
di Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flow'r and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain;
cr They rage and strive, desire and love,
di But all their noise is vain.

'' [4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show;
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.]

5 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth, and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

cr 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

39.

THIRD PART. C. M.—*Burford.*
Sick-bed devotions, or submissive pleading.

1 GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
di But I am dumb before thy throne,
p Submissive to thy will.

'' 2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not indulge one murm'ring word
Against thy chast'ning hand.

aff 3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes:
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.

4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
di We moulder into dust;
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
p And all our beauty's lost.

'' 5 I'm but a stranger here below,
As all my fathers were:
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the summons hear.

cr 6 But if my lips be spared awhile,
Before my last remove;
I'll sing thy tender mercies still,
And celebrate thy love.

39. FOURTH PART. S. M.—*Aylesbury. St. Giles.*

Same subject.

aff 1 LORD, let me know mine end,
My days, how brief their date,
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.

2 My life is but a span,
Mine age is nought with thee;
cr What is the highest boast of man
di But dust and vanity!

p 3 Dumb at thy feet I lie,
For thou hast brought me low;
ag Remove thy judgments, lest I die;
I faint beneath thy blow.

cr 4 At thy rebuke, the bloom
Of man's vain beauty flies;
And grief shall like a moth consume
All that delights our eyes.

di 5 Have pity on my fears,
Hearken to my request,
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.

6 O spare me yet, I pray,
Awhile my strength restore,
Ere I am summon'd hence away,
p And seen on earth no more.

Montgomery.

39. FIFTH PART. 7's and 6's. Peculiar.—*Missionary H.*

Human frailty.

1 O WHAT is earthly pleasure,
Compar'd with thy rich grace?
aff Lord teach us how to measure
The remnant of our days,
How brief is our existence,
How frail a thing is man;
And grant us thine assistance,
This feeble life to scan.

cr 2 How soon the hours of gladness
That cheer us on our way,
di Are chang'd to gloom and sadness,
ex Or fill'd with deep dismay!
'' Man, in his best condition,
Is vanity and dust;
Soon past the fleeting vision;
p Then he gives up the ghost.

f'' 3 Earth's treasures quickly leave us,
Its honors ne'er endure;
Its pleasures but deceive us,
Its hopes are insecure:
di But, Lord, while time so fleeting,
Is fill'd with many a snare;
My soul on thee is waiting,
cr I'll trust thy guardian care.

Mother's H. Book.

40. FIRST PART. C. M.—*Dunchurch.*

Deliverance from deep distress.

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

ex 2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay;
His hand releas'd my sinking feet,
From depths of miry clay.

cr 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In new and thankful song.

f 4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad,
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

d 5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
cr Language and time would fail to prove,
Or numbers to repeat.

40.

SECOND PART. C. M.—*Coventry.*
Incarnation and sacrifice of Christ.

1 [THUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
Give your burnt-off'rings o'er;
In dying goats and bullocks slain,
My soul delights no more."]

vi 2 And see, the blest Redeemer comes,
Th' Eternal Son appears!
And at th' appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.

'' 3 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much his truth he show'd:
He preach'd the way of righteousness,
Where great assemblies stood.

4 His Father's honor touch'd his heart,
di He pitied sinner's cries;
And to fulfil a Saviour's part,
Was made a sacrifice.

cr 5 No blood of beasts on altars shed,
Could wash the conscience clean;
f But the rich sacrifice he paid,
Atones for all our sin.

40.

THIRD PART. L. M.—*Uxbridge. Luton.*
Christ our sacrifice.

1 THE wonders, Lord, thy love hath wrought
cr Exceed our praise, surmount our thought:
Should I attempt the long detail,
di My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

'' 2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt,
cr But thou hast found, through matchless grace,
A ransom for our ruin'd race.

p 3 "Behold I come," the Saviour cries,
"A ready, willing sacrifice;
I come to bear the heavy load
Of sin, and do thy will, my God.

'' 4 "'Tis written in thy great decree,
'Tis in thy book foretold of me;
I must fulfil the Saviour's part,
And lo! thy law is in my heart.

5 "I'll magnify thy holy law,
And rebels to obedience draw;
cr When on my cross I'm lifted high,
Or to my crown above the sky.

6 "The Spirit shall descend, and show
What thou hast done, and what I do;
vi The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace,
Thy wisdom, and thy righteousness."

41.

L. M.—*Park-street.*

Christian sympathy and charity.

1 BLEST is the man whose heart can move
And melt with pity to the poor;
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

'' 2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of gen'ral grief,
Shall find the Lord has mercy too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,
Around him multiply their dead.

p 4 Or, if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n;
cr Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heav'n.

42.

FIRST PART. C. M.—*Laight-street.*

Direction and hope: or, absence from the house of worship.

aff 1 WITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.

2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
di So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.

ex [3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;
The foe insults without control,
" And where's your God at last."

⌒ 4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

di 5 But why, my soul, sink down so far
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair.
And sin against my God!

cr 6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all my woes remove;
f For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

42. SECOND PART. C. M.—*Chester. Barby.*

Thirsting and panting after God.

aff 1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When hunted in the chase;
So longs my soul, O God, for thee
And thy refreshing grace.

⌒ 2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
cr Oh, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine.

p 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
cr Still hope, and thou shalt sing
f The praise of him who is my God,
And heaven's eternal King.

T. & B.

42. THIRD PART. L. M.—*Repose. Seasons.*

Hope in deep affliction.

p 1 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord;
cr But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record
When I have found my God was kind.

f. ex 2 Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,
And rising waves roll o'er my head.

di 3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day;
p Nor in the night his grace remove;
cr The night shall hear me sing and pray.

di 4 I'll cast myself before his feet
And say, "My God, my heav'nly Rock,
Why doth thy love so long forget
The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?"

" 5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low,
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
cr Hope in the Lord, and praise him too,
He is my rest, my sure relief.

[6 Thy light and truth shall guide me still,
Thy words shall my best thoughts employ;
And lead me to thine heav'nly hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy.

42.

FOURTH PART. 7's.—*Mount Calvary.*
Prayer and hope in deep affliction.

aff 1 HEARKEN, Lord, to my complaints,
For my soul within me faints;
Thee, far off, I call to mind,
In the land I left behind,
Where the streams of Jordan flow,
Where the heights of Hermon glow.

2 Tempest-tost, my failing bark
Founders in the ocean dark,
cr Deep to deep around me calls,
With the rush of waterfalls,
While I plunge to lower caves,
Overwhelm'd by all thy waves.

" 3 Once the morning's earliest light,
Brought thy mercy to my sight,
And my wakeful song was heard
Later than the evening bird:
Hast thou all my pray'rs forgot?
Will thy mercy heed them not?

di 4 Why, my soul, art thou perplex'd?
Why with faithless trouble vex'd?
cr Hope in God, whose saving name,
Thou shalt joyfully proclaim,
When his countenance shall shine
Through the clouds that darken thine.
Montgomery.

43. FIRST PART. C. M.—*Rochester. Barby. ex.*

Prayer for deliverance from enemies.

aff '' 1 JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cause
Against a sinful race;
From vile oppression and deceit
Secure me by thy grace.

2 On thee my steadfast hope depends,
di And am I left to mourn?
To sink in sorrow, and in vain
Implore thy kind return?

cr 3 O send thy light to guide my feet,
And bid thy truth appear;
Conduct me to thy holy hill,
To taste thy mercies there.

f 4 Then to thine altar, O my God,
My joyful feet shall rise;
And my triumphant song shall praise
The God that rules the skies.
Anon.

43. SECOND PART. 7's and 6's.—*Nuremburg.*

Prayer for deliverance and comfort.

aff 1 SAVE me, Lord, in this distress;
Clothe me in thy righteousness;
Good and merciful thou art,
di Bind this bleeding, broken hear;
Cast me not despairing hence,
cr Be my hope, my confidence.

'' 2 Send thy light and truth to guide;
Leave me not to turn aside;
On thy holy hill I'll rest,
In thy courts for ever blest;
Then to God, my love, my joy,
Praise shall all my pow'rs employ.
Montgomery.

44.

C. M.—*Rochester.*

Complaint in great declension and persecution.

1 LORD, we have heard thy works of old,
Thy works of pow'r and grace;
And to our ears our fathers told
The wonders of their days.

2 They saw the beauteous churches rise,
The spreading gospel run;
cr While light and glory from the skies
Through all their temples shone.

3 In God they boasted all the day;
And in a cheerful throng
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song.

p.ex 4 But now our souls are seiz'd with shame,
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.

cr 5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falsely dealt with heav'n;
Nor have our steps declin'd the road
Of duty thou hast giv'n;—

f.ex 6 Though dragons all around us roar,
With their destructive breath;
And thine own hand hath bruis'd us sore,
Hard by the gates of death.

PAUSE.—*Burford.*

aff 7 We are expos'd all day to die,
As martyrs for the cause;
As sheep for slaughter bound we lie,
By sharp and bloody laws.

f.ex 8 Awake, arise, Almighty Lord!
Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
Why should we be like men abhorr'd,
Or banish'd from thy face?

di 9 Wilt thou for ever cast us off,
And still neglect our cries?
p For ever hide thy heav'nly love
From our afflicted eyes?

' ' 10 Down to the dust our soul is bow'd,
While foes insult around:
cr Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their pow'rs confound.

11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the honors of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

45. FIRST PART. S. M.—*Watchman. Shirland.*

Beauty and glory of Christ—success of his kingdom.

d 1 MY Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And every grace is thine.

cr 2 Now make thy glory known,
Gird on thy dreadful sword;
And ride in majesty to spread
The conquests of thy word.

3 Subdue thy stubborn foes,
di Incline their hearts t' obey,
p While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,
cr Attend thy glorious way.

f. m 4 Thy laws, O God! are right;
Thy throne shall ever stand,
And thy victorious gospel prove
A sceptre in thy hand.

PAUSE.

'' 5 Behold, at his right hand
The gentile church is seen,
Like a fair bride in rich attire,
When princes guard the queen.

d 6 Fair bride, receive his love;
Forget thy father's house;
Forsake thy gods, thy idol gods,
And pay thy Lord thy vows.

7 O let thy God and King
Thy sweetest thoughts employ;
Thy children shall his honors sing,
In palaces of joy.

45. SECOND PART. C. M.—*Remembrance. Coventry.*

Christ and his glorious reign.

1 I'LL speak the honors of my King,
His form divinely fair;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

d 2 Sweet is thy speech, and heav'nly grace
Upon thy lips is shed:
Thy God with blessings infinite
Hath crown'd thy sacred head.

f 3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince!
Ride with majestic sway;
Subdue and melt thy stubborn foes,
And make the world obey.

mæ 4 Thy throne, O God! for ever stands:
Thy word of grace shall prove
di A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule thy saints by love.

5 Justice and truth attend thee still,
But mercy is thy choice:
cr And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
f With everlasting joys.

45.

THIRD PART. L. M.—*Park-street.*

Glory of Christ, and honor of his gospel.

ex 1 NOW be my heart inspir'd to sing
The glories of my Saviour King:
Jesus the Lord, his form how fair;
How rich, how bright his beauties are.

2 O'er all the sons of human race,
He shines with majesty and grace:
d Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

f 3 Dress thee in arms, Almighty Lord!
Gird on the terrors of thy sword,
In majesty and glory ride
di With truth and meekness at thy side.

[4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart:
Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.]

f.⌒ 5 Thy throne, O God! for ever stands,
di Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws are just, thy judgments right,
Justice and grace are thy delight.

[6 God, thy own God, hath richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head;
And with his sacred Spirit bless'd
His first-born Son above the rest.]

45. FOURTH PART. L. M.—*Repose.*

Christ and his church; or, the mystical marriage.

d 1 THE King of Saints, how fair his face!
Adorn'd with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen array'd in purest gold;
The world admires her heav'nly dress,
Her robes of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own;
He calls and seats her near his throne
Fair stranger, let thy heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

cr 4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the fav'rite of his choice:
Let him be lov'd and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

f 5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies;
And all thy sons, a numerous train,
Each like a prince in glory reign.

ff 6 Let endless honors crown his head,
Let every age his praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve
di The condescension of his love.

46. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Seasons.*

God our refuge.

aff 1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade:
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

ag 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

m.p 3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.

cr 4 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love
Secure against a threat'ning hour;
f Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

46.

SECOND PART. L. M.—*Park-street.*

God defends his church.

f.'' 1 LET Zion and her King rejoice,
Though tyrants rage and kingdoms rise;
He utters his Almighty voice!
di The nations melt, the tumult dies.

'' 2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is still our aid:
Behold the works his hand hath wrought,
What desolations he hath made!

3 From sea to sea, through all the shores,
p He makes the noise of battle cease;
f When from on high his thunder roars,
di He awes the trembling world to peace.

m.p 4 Be still and know that he is God;
cr He reigns exalted o'er the lands,
He will be known and fear'd abroad;
But still his throne in Zion stands.

f.⌢ 5 O Lord of hosts, Almighty King!
While we so near thy presence dwell,
vi Our faith shall sit secure and sing,
Nor fear the raging pow'rs of hell.

46.

THIRD PART. 7's and 6's. Peculiar.—*Ashfield.*

God our refuge and strength.

aff 1 O GOD of our salvation!
Our refuge in distress,
Our strength and consolation,
Secure us by thy grace;
di While in thy peace abiding,
While thou thyself art near,
cr In thy strong arm confiding,
We shall not yield to fear.

f.ex 2 Though earth were in commotion,
Though mountains high were cast
Into the depths of ocean,
Amid the stormy blast;
The billows loud and raging,
In vain their foam would pour;
di Thy voice the wrath assuaging,
Would still the tempest's roar.

p 3 There is a peaceful river
Descending from on high,
Whose streams are pure for ever,
Whose waters cannot dry:
No waves of tribulation
Disturb their glad'ning course,
cr The Rock of our salvation
Is the unfailing source.

4 God in the midst is dwelling,
Mount Zion shall not move;
f The streams of grace are swelling
A tide of boundless love:
Her foes so oft conspiring,
ff Tumultuous in noise,
di Like angry waves retiring,
p Have melted at his voice.

cr 5 The Lord of hosts is with us,
The God of Jacob near:
With his strong arm beneath us,
Our souls shall never fear;
f Our refuge is most glorious;
di Be still: for he is God;
cr His cause shall be victorious,
f Earth trembles at his nod.

Spiritual Songs.

46.

FOURTH PART. L. M.—*Park-street.*

The river of God, and the heavenly city.

1 THERE is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heav'nly plains,
Where, in eternity of light,
The city of our God remains.

2 Built by the word of his command,
With his unclouded presence blest,
cr Firm as his throne, the bulwarks stand.
m There is our home, our hope, our rest.

vi 3 Thither let fervent faith aspire,
Our treasure and our heart be there,
O for a seraph's wing of fire!
m No—for the mightier wings of prayer!

f 4 Now, though the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf be hurl'd;
di His people smile amid the shock,
They look beyond this transient world.

Montgomery.

47. FIRST PART. C. M.—*Coventry.*

Christ ascending and reigning.

vi.f 1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King;
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus our God ascends on high:
His heav'nly guards around,
ff Attend him rising through the sky
With trumpets' joyful sound.

di 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
cr Let all the earth his honor sing,
O'er all the earth he reigns.

mæ 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound,
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

47. SECOND PART. C. M.—*Moravian Hymn.*

Christ worshipped.

f 1 EXTOL the Lord, the Lord most high,
King over all the earth;
Exalt his triumph to the sky,
In songs of sacred mirth.

ff 2 God is gone up with loud acclaim,
And trumpets' tuneful voice;
Sing praise, sing praises to his name;
Sing praises and rejoice.

3 Sing praises to our God: sing praise
To every creature's King:
His wondrous works, his glorious ways,
All tongues and kindred sing.

ma 4 God sits upon his holy throne,
God o'er the heathen reigns:
His truth through all the world is known—
That truth his throne sustains.

5 Princes around his footstool throng,
Kings in the dust adore;
cr Earth and her shields to God belong—
f Sing praises evermore.

Montgomery

48.

FIRST PART. S. M.—*Clapton.*
The church the honor and safety of the land.

f !! 1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

[2 These temples of his grace
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
The bulwarks of our land.]

di 3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress;
cr How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces!

4 When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there;
ex In wild confusion of the mind
They fled with hasty fear.

!! 5 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own flock has been.

cr 6 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair:
We'll call to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

48.

SECOND PART. S. M.—*Oakland. Clapton.*
Beauty of the church.

1 FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honor raise.

vi 2 With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill;
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

'' 3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell;
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well,—

4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,—
And make a fair report.

cr 5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
f Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

⌢ 6 The God we worship now,
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

48. THIRD PART. 11's and 8's.—*Palestine.*

Same subject.

1 O GREAT is Jehovah, and great be his praise,
In the city of God he is King;
Proclaim ye his triumphs in jubilant lays;
On the mount of his holiness sing.

cr 2 The joy of the earth from her beautiful height,
Is Zion's impregnable hill:
The Lord in her temple still taketh delight,
God reigns in her palaces still.

3 At the sight of her splendor the kings of the earth
ex Grew pale with amazement and dread;
Fear seiz'd them like pangs of a premature birth,
di They came, they beheld her, and fled.

cr 4 Let the daughters of Judah be glad for thy love
The mountain of Zion rejoice;
For thou wilt establish her seat from above,
Wilt make her the throne of thy choice.

'' 5 Go, walk about Zion and measure the length,
Her walls and her bulwarks, mark well;
Contemplate her palaces glorious in strength,
Her tow'rs and her pinnacles tell.

6 Then say to your children—our refuge is tried,
This God is our God to the end;
f His counsels for ever his people shall guide
His arm shall for ever defend.

Montgomery.

49. FIRST PART. C. M.—*Peterborough.*

Pride and death: or, the vanity of life and riches.

'' 1 WHY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride;
To see his wealth and honors flow
With every rising tide?

[2 Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the self-same clay,
And boast as though his flesh were born
Of better dust than they?]

3 Not all his treasures can procure
His soul a short reprieve;
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.

4 He sees the foolish and the wise,
The tim'rous and the brave,
di Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
p And hasten to the grave.

cr 5 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride
His house shall ever stand;
His name, that it may long abide,
Is given to his land.

f '' 6 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,
How soon his mem'ry dies!
His name is written in the dust,
Where his own body lies.

PAUSE.

7 This is the folly of their way;
And yet their sons, as vain,
Approve the words their fathers say,
And act their works again.

8 Men void of wisdom and of grace,
Though honor raise them high,
Live like the beasts, a thoughtless race,
di And like the beasts they die.

p 9 Laid in the grave so dark and deep,
cr Death triumphs o'er them there,
f Till the last trumpet breaks their sleep,
ex And wakes them in despair.

49.

SECOND PART. C. M.—*Burford.*
Death and the resurrection.

'' 1 YE sons of pride, that hate the just,
And trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to dust,
Your pomp shall rise no more.

f 2 The last great day shall change the scene:
di When will that hour appear?
cr When shall the just revive and reign
O'er all that scorn'd them here?

p 3 God will my naked soul receive,
Call'd from the world away,
cr And break the prison of the grave,
To raise my mould'ring clay.

f 4 Heav'n is my everlasting home,
Th' inheritance is sure;
ff Let men of pride their rage resume,
di But I'll repine no more.

50.

FIRST PART. C. M.—*St. Ann's.*
The last judgment—saints rewarded.

[1 THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
"Judgment will ne'er begin:"
No more abuse his long delay,
To impudence and sin.]

f 3 Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way,
ex Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heav'n from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
ex And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice and their doom.

di 5 "But gather all my saints," he cries,
"That made their peace with God
By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
And seal'd it with his blood.

'' 6 "Their faith and works brought forth to light,
Shall make the world confess,
My sentence of reward is right,
And heav'n adore my grace."

50.

SECOND PART. C. M.—*Peterborough.*

Obedience better than sacrifice.

'' 1 THUS saith the Lord, "The spacious fields,
And flocks and herds are mine:
To cattle of a thousand hills,
I claim a right divine.

2 "I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
Nor bullocks burn'd with fire:
To hope and love, to pray and praise,
Is all that I require.

cr 3 "Call upon me when trouble's near,
My hand shall set thee free;
Then shall thy thankful lips declare
The honor due to me.

di 4 "The man that offers humble praise
Shall glorify me best:
cr And those that tread my holy ways,
Shall my salvation taste."

50.

THIRD PART. C. M.—*Peterborough.*

The judgment of hypocrites.

1 WHEN Christ to judgment shall descend,
And saints surround their Lord;
He'll call the nations to attend,
And hear his awful word.

'' 2 "Not for the want of bullocks slain,
Will I the world reprove;
Altars and rites and forms are vain,
Without the fire of love."

ex 3 And what have hypocrites to do?
Why bring their sacrifice;
Why call my statutes just and true,
Yet deal in theft and lies!

di 4 Should they expect to 'scape my sight,
And sin without control?
cr No, I will bring their crimes to light,
And rend each guilty soul.

f 5 Consider, ye that slight the Lord,
Before his wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his sword,
di There's no deliv'rer there.

50. FOURTH PART. L. M.—*Sterling.*

Hypocrisy exposed.

f 1 THE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns;
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hope in rights and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.

'' 2 To heav'n they lift their hands unclean,
Defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood;
By night they practise every sin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.

3 And while his judgments long delay,
di They grow secure, and sin the more;
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.

f 4 Oh dreadful hour when God draws near,
And sets their crimes before their eyes!
ex His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
ff And no deliv'rer dare to rise.

50. FIFTH PART. 10's.—*Walworth.*

The last judgment.

f 1 BEHOLD, the Judge descends, his guards are nigh,
mæ Tempest and fire attend him down the sky!
Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near, let all things come,
To hear his justice, and the sinner's doom:
di "But gather first my saints," the Judge commands;
"Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.

'' 2 "Behold, my cov'nant stands for ever good,
Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
And sign'd with all their names, the Greek, the Jew,
That paid the ancient worship or the new.
—*cr* There's no distinction here; come spread their thrones,
And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons.

3 "I, their Almighty Saviour, and their God,
I am their judge; ye heav'ns, proclaim abroad
My just, eternal sentence, and declare
⌒ Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear.
ex: di Sinners in Zion, tremble and retire:
I doom thee, painted hypocrite, to fire!

p 4 "Silent I waited with long suff'ring love,
cr But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove;
And cherish such an impious thought within,
That God the righteous would indulge thy sin?
f Behold my terrors now: my thunders roll;
ex And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul."

f '' 5 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
Awake, before the dreadful morning rise;
Change your vain thoughts, your sinful works amend;
vi Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend,
Lest, like a lion, his last vengeance tear
Your trembling souls, and no deliv'rer near.

50. SIXTH PART. 10's and 11's.—*Walworth, or Old 50th.*

The last judgment.

f '' [1 THE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;
From east to west the sovereign orders spread,
Through distant worlds, and regions of the dead.

ex The trumpet sounds: hell trembles; heav'n rejoices:
vi Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.]

di 2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day;
cr Behold, the Judge descends; his guards are nigh:
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky.
vi When God appears all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

f ’’ 3 Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near, let all things come,
To hear his justice, and the sinner's doom:
di "But gather first my saints," the Judge commands;
"Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands."
vi When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion;
f And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.

di ⌒ 4 Behold, his cov'nant stands for ever good,
Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
And sign'd with all their names, the Greek, the Jew,
That paid the ancient worship or the new
There's no distinction here; join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heav'n rejoices.

’’ 5 "Here," saith the Lord, "ye angels, spread their thrones,
And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons:
di Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys prepar'd
cr Ere time began; 'tis your divine reward."
vi When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion;
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.

PAUSE.

p. ex 6 Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to please
A God, a spirit, with such sinful ways?
While, with his grace and statutes on thy tongue,
Thou lov'st deceit and dost thy neighbor wrong!
cr Judgment proceeds: hell trembles; heav'n rejoices:
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

pp 7 "Silent I waited with long suff'ring love.
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove;
cr And cherish such an impious thought within,
That the All-holy would indulge thy sin?"
mœ See, God appears: all nature joins t' adore him;
Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.

ff. ex 8 "Behold my terrors now: my thunders roll;
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul;
Now like a lion shall my vengeance tear
Thy bleeding heart, and no deliv'rer near!"
di Judgment concludes: hell trembles; heav'n rejoices:
vi Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

51. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Darwen. Vernon.*

A penitent pleading for pardon.

aff 1 SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive!
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great; but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
cr Great God! thy nature hath no bound;
di So let thy pard'ning love be found.

cr 3 Oh! wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean:
di Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

p 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
cr Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
—di I am condemn'd; but thou art clear.

ag 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

p. ex 6 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
cr Some sure support against despair.

51. SECOND PART. L. M.—*Derby.*

Confession of sin, original and personal.

aff 1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

" 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart;
But we're defil'd in every part.

cr 3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true:
O make me wise betimes to spy
My danger and my remedy.

p 4 Behold, I fall before thy face,
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

[5 No bleeding bird or bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.]

cr 6 Jesus, my God! thy blood alone,
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow,
No Jewish type could cleanse me so.

di 7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest nor ease;
cr Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
Then shall my broken heart rejoice

51.

THIRD PART. L. M.—*Darwen.*

The backslider's supplication.

aff 1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry!
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
p Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
cr Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

pp 4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
cr His help and comfort still afford;
aff And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.

PAUSE.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

p 6 My soul is humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just,
⌒ Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

vi 7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

f 8 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song:
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness

51.

FOURTH PART. C. M.—*Windsor.*

Same subject.

aff 1 LORD, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes:
Against thy law, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise!

2 Hadst thou condemn'd my soul to hell,
And crush'd my flesh to dust;
Heav'n had approv'd thy vengeance well,
And earth had own'd it just.

'' [3 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath;
And as my days advanc'd, I grew
A juster prey for death.]

cr 4 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
With thy forgiving love;
Oh, make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.

p 5 Let not thy Spirit, Lord, depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my sinful heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

cr 6 Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the sons of men;
Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.

51. FIFTH PART. C. M.—*Burfora.*

Repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.

aff 1 O GOD of mercy! hear my call,
My load of guilt remove:
Break down this separating wall,
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
vi Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

'' 3 No blood of goats, nor heifers slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

cr 4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise;
di An humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

52.

C. M.—*Peterborough. Rochester.*

The wicked will be destroyed; but the righteous saved.

'' 1 WHY should the wicked make their boast,
And heav'nly grace despise?
In their own arm they put their trust,
Mid violence and lies.

cr 2 Our God in vengeance will destroy,
And banish from his face,
Th' implacable that thus annoy
The children of his grace.

d 3 But like a beauteous cultur'd grove,
Dress'd in immortal green,
Thy saints abiding in thy love,
Within thy courts are seen.

⌢ 4 On thine eternal grace, O Lord,
Thy children rest secure;
And all who trust thy holy word,
Will find salvation sure.

Anon.

53.

C. M.—*Rochester.*

Folly of the enemies of Zion.

'' 1 ARE all the foes of Zion fools,
Who thus devour her saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?

vi 2 They shall be seiz'd with dread surprise:
The Lord's avenging arm
Shall crush the impious foes that rise
To do his children harm.

3 In vain the sons of Satan boast
Of armies in array:
When God on high dismays their host,
di They fall an easy prey.

⌢ 4 O for a word from Zion's King,
Her captives to restore!
Jacob with all his tribes shall sing,
And Judah weep no more.

54.

S. P. M.—*as* 122.—*Dalston.*

Prayer for deliverance from enemies.

aff 1 MY God, preserve my soul;
Oh, make my spirit whole!

To save me, let thy strength appear:
Strangers my path surround;
cr Their pride and rage confound,
And bring thy great salvation near.

2 Those that against me rise,
Are aliens from the skies;
They hate thy church and kingdom, Lord;
They mock thy fearful name;
They glory in their shame;
Nor heed the wonders of thy word.

m.⌢3 But O, thou King divine,
My chosen friends are thine;
The men that still my soul sustain:
Wilt thou my foes subdue;
And form their hearts anew;
And snatch them from eternal pain?

vi 4 Escap'd from every wo,
O grant me here below,
To praise thy name with those I love;
And when beyond the skies,
Our souls unbodied rise,
Unite us in the realms above.

Dwight.

55.

FIRST PART. C. M.—*Burford.*

Support for the afflicted and tempted soul.

aff 1 O GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears;
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.

2 Their rage is levell'd at my life,
My soul with guilt they load;
And fill my thoughts with inward strife
To shake my hope in God.

3 O were I like some gentle dove,
And innocence had wings,
I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things.

di 4 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow
Temptations never come.

PAUSE.—*Barby.*

aff 5 By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry;
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.

6 God shall preserve my soul from fear
And shield me when afraid:
cr Ten thousand angels must appear,
If he command their aid.

7 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all;
My courage rests upon his word,
That saints shall never fall.

8 My highest hope shall not be vain,
My lips shall speak his praise,
di While cruel and deceitful men
Scarce live out half their days.

55. SECOND PART. S. M.—*Psalm* 25.

Dangerous prosperity of the wicked; or, daily devotion encouraged.

aff 1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
cr But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

di 2 My thoughts address the throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessings every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God!
cr While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thine angry rod.

p 4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel;
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

cr 5 But I with all my cares
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

f 6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

56.

C. M.—*Moreland.*

Trust in God during seasons of great peril or persecution.

aff 1 O THOU whose justice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppressor cease;
Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace.

2 They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults;
Mischief doth all their counsels fill,
And malice, all their thoughts.

3 The sons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord;
But as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is thy word.

'' 4 In God, most holy, just, and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

PAUSE.—*Barby. ex.*

p 5 God counts the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears;
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.

cr 6 When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee:
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

⌒ 7 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord;
Thou shalt receive my praise:
vi I'll sing how faithful is thy word,
How righteous are thy ways.

8 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death,
O set thy servant free;
f That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employ'd for thee.

57.

L. M.—*Seasons. Repose.*
Praise for divine protection.

aff 1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
di Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heav'ns I send my cry;
The Lord will my desires perform;
cr He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.

f⌢ 3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
While land to land thy wonders tell.

PAUSE.—*Park-street.*

f 4 My heart is fix'd—my song shall raise
Immortal honors to thy name:
" Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise—
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

f 6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
While land to land thy wonders tell.

58.

L. P. M.—*St. Helen's.*
Warning to magistrates.

1 JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause,
When the oppress'd before you stand?
Dare you condemn the virtuous poor,
And let the rich escape secure,
Whose gold and influence bribe your hand!

2 God is your judge, and he alone;
O have you never, never known,
cr That high in heav'n his justice reigns?
" Yet ye invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conscience in your chains.

ag 3 When once HE thunders from the sky,
Your grandeur melts, your titles die,
Your pow'r is crumbled to the dust:
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
Before the sweeping tempest flies,
p Your hopes shall be for ever lost.

cr 4 Thus will the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to saints afford;
While all that hear shall join and say—
"Sure there's a God that rules on high,
A God that hears his children cry,
And waits their suff'rings to repay."

59. FIRST PART. S. P. M.--*Dalston.* *ex.*

Miserable end of the wicked.

ag 1 WHEN God in wrath shall come
To tell the sinner's doom,
ex What anguish shall the wicked tear!
The men that slight his name,
That boast of sin and shame,
No more shall ask, "What God can hear?"

'' 2 Thou hear'st, Omniscient Lord,
Each curse and idle word,
And all the scoffs of lips profane;
di And when the night of death,
p Shall stop their fleeting breath,
Their souls shall seek for peace in vain.

aff 3 Oh, how will sinners need
An advocate to plead,
Accepted, at thine awful throne!
How in that solemn hour
Would faith's transcendent power
Outweigh all things beneath the sun!

o 4 Yet save their souls, O Lord;
Subdue them by thy word,
Though all their pow'rs oppose thy reign:
Now may thy foes submit,
And bow beneath thy feet,
cr Nor let them read thy wrath in vain.

Dwight

59. SECOND PART. S. M.—*Aylesbury.*

Complaint against persecutors.

aff 1 FROM foes that round us rise,
O God of heaven, defend;
Who brave the vengeance of the skies
And with thy saints contend.

di 2 Beneath the silent shade
Their secret plots they lay,
Our peaceful walls by night invade,
And waste the fields by day.

cr 3 Yet save them, Lord, from death;
Subdue them by thy word;
f Confound their counsels with thy breath,
p But pard'ning grace afford.

vi 4 Then shall our grateful voice
Proclaim our guardian God;
The nations round the earth rejoice,
And sound thy praise abroad.

Anon.

60. C. M.—*Windsor.*

Prayer against war.

aff 1 LORD, thou hast scourg'd our guilty land;
Behold thy people mourn;
cr Shall wrath still guide thy powerful hand,
di And mercy ne'er return?

mæ 2 Beneath the terrors of thine eye,
Earth's haughtiest towers decay;
Thy frowning mantle spreads the sky,
And mortals melt away.

ag 3 How Zion trembles at the stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand!
p O heal the people thou hast broke,
And spare our guilty land.

aff 4 Save, save us from the bloody field;
Save those that fear thy name:
From hosts of foes our nation shield,
And put their hopes to shame.

vi 5 Then shall our loud and thankful voice,
Proclaim our guardian God:
The nation shall in thee rejoice,
And sound thy praise abroad.

61.

S. M.—*Dunbar.*
Safety in God.

aff 1 WHEN, overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

di 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide,
cr Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

62.

L. M.—*Seasons. Derby.*
Trust in God; but no confidence in the creature

aff 1 MY spirit looks to God alone,
My rock and refuge is his throne,
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul for his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

p'' 3 Trust not the men of high degree,
Or low—for they are vanity:
Laid in God's balance, both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust:
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God hath spoke?

f 5 Once hath his awful voice declar'd;
Once and again our ears have heard;
All power is his eternal due;
He must be fear'd and trusted too.

6 For sovereign power reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne;
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

63.

FIRST PART. C. M.—*Colchester.*
The morning of the Lord's day.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

di 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

cr 3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not life itself with all its joys
Can my best passions move;
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

5 Thus till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
f Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

63.

SECOND PART. C. M.—*Coventry.*
Midnight thoughts recollected.

1 'TWAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy power;
I kept thy lovely face in sight,
Amid the darkest hour.

2 While I lay resting on my bed
My thoughts arose on high;
cr⌒ My God, my life, my hope, I said,
Bring thy salvation nigh.

3 I strive to mount thy holy hill,
And climb the heav'nly road;
And thy right hand upholds me still,
When I commune with God.

di 4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wing;
cr My heart rejoices in thine aid,
And I thy praises sing.

ex 5 But the destroyers of my peace,
Shall vent their rage in vain:
The tempter and his power shall cease,
And all my sins be slain.

63. THIRD PART. L. M.—*Stonefield.*

Adoption.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
vi The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

di 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father, and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

aff 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.

vi 4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

f 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

63. FOURTH PART. S. M.—*Watchman.*

Seeking God.

aff 1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore:
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for waters more.

3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find a place;
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace.

p 4 For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
cr No joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

5 To thee I'll lift my hands;
f I'll praise thee, while I live;
Not the rich dainties of a feast,
Such food or pleasures give.

PAUSE.

'' 6 In wakeful hours of night
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

7 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence,
My cheerful hope relies.

di 8 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps:
cr I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

64.

S. P. M.—*Dalston.*
Prayer in reference to revilers.

aff '' 1 SAVE me from evil men,
The impious and profane,
That would thy heritage destroy;
How bitter are their words,
More keen than pointed swords,
To wound our peace, and mar our joy.

2 Together they prepare
The secret pit or snare,
Nor think that God will see or know;
While those who tread that way,
The thoughtless and the gay,
Pursue the path to endless wo.

3 Yet while against the skies,
Such men of malice rise,
Thine hand oft sweeps them to the grave;
f⌒ Oh then, beyond the tomb,
How dreadful is their doom,
Where no kind arm is found to save!

" 4 But if thy sovereign grace,
Reclaims them from their ways,
vi The saints shall bid their songs arise;
The world shall see and hear,
Sinners in Zion fear,
And bow before th' offended skies.

Dwight.

65. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Uxbridge. Luton.*

Public prayer and praise.

1 THE praise of Zion waits for thee,
And praise, O God, becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

p 2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies,
To save when humble sinners pray;
cr All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And every yielding heart obey.

vi 3 Blest is the man whom thou wilt choose,
And give him kind access to thee;
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

ex 4 Let scoffers fear when Zion prays,
Rebels prepare for long distress;
mæ When Zion's God himself arrays
In terror and in righteousness.

ag 5 With dreadful glory God fulfils
What his afflicted saints request,
When his avenging arm reveals
di That love which gives his churches rest.

vi 6 Then will the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill, and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name ador'd.

65. SECOND PART. L. M.—*Park-street.*

A summer's morning.

vi 1 AT God's command the morning ray
Smiles in the east and leads the day;
Seasons and times obey his voice,
The evening and the morn rejoice.

2 'Tis from his wat'ry stores on high,
He gives the thirsty ground supply,
The yielding earth made soft with show'rs,
Dresses herself with plants and flow'rs.

3 The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant food the valleys yield:
f The plains lift up their cheerful voice,
The hills repeat the echoing joys.

4 Thy works pronounce thy power divine,
O'er every field thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear;
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

65. THIRD PART. C. M.—*Barby.*

Worship in the house of God.

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;
There shall our vows be paid;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray;
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

aff 2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pard'ning grace is thine;
And thou wilt grant us pow'r and skill
To conquer every sin.

vi 3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face;
Give them a dwelling in thy house,
To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answering what thy church requests,
f Thy truth and terror shine;
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design.

di 5 Thus shall the wond'ring nations see
The Lord is good and just;
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

65. FOURTH PART. C. M.—*Coventry.*

God's providential care in the seasons, &c.

f 1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal pow'r;
di The sea grows calm at thy command,
p And tempests cease to roar.

cr 2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.

3 Seasons, and times, and months, and hours
Heav'n, earth, and air, are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs,
The Author is divine.

4 Those wand'ring fountains in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With wat'ry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

65. FIFTH PART. C. M.—*Retirement. Coventry.*

Spring, for the husbandman.

vi 1 GOOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King,
Who makes the earth his care;
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out at thy command
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The valleys rich provisions yield,
And cheerful lab'rers sing.

4 The little hills on every side
Rejoice at falling show'rs;
The meadows, drest in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flow'rs.

di 5 The barren clods refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
cr The parching grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.

6 The various months thy goodness crowns,
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
f And shepherds shout thy praise.

66. FIRST PART. C. M.—*New Cambridge.*

Praise to the Creator.

f 1 SING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sound record
His honors and your joys.

2 Say to the power that rules the sky,
mæ How terrible art thou!
Sinners before thy presence fly,
di Or at thy footstool bow.

'' 3 God made the ebbing channel dry,
When Israel pass'd the flood;
Then did the church renew their joy,
And triumph in their God.

cr 4 Through watery deeps and fiery ways
We march at thy command;
Led to possess the promis'd place
By thine unerring hand.

f 5 O bless our God, and never cease;
Ye saints, fulfil his praise;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

66. SECOND PART. C. M.—*Barby.* *ex.*

Praise for hearing prayer.

1 NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that Almighty Power,
Who heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come, ye who fear my God, and hear
The wonders he hath done.

aff 3 When on my head sharp sorrows fell,
I sought his heav'nly aid;
He sav'd my sinking soul from hell,
p And death's eternal shade.

'' 4 Had sin lain cover'd in my heart,
While prayer employ'd my tongue,
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

vi 5 But God—his name be ever blest—
Hath set my spirit free;
He listen'd to my poor request,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

67.

FIRST PART. C. M.—*Colchester.*
Prayer for the enlargement of the church.

vi 1 SHINE, mighty God, on Zion shine,
With beams of heav'nly grace;
Reveal thy pow'r through all the land,
And show thy smiling face.

2 When shall thy name from shore to shore
Sound through the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

cr 3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
f Sing loud with solemn voice;
Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

4 Earth shall obey his high command,
And yield her full increase;
And God will crown each chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.

67.

SECOND PART. S. M.—*Watchman. Clapton.*
Same subject.

p 1 TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine.

cr 2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their homage pay,
And thy salvation own.

f 3 O, let them shout and sing
To thee in pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

4 Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

T. & B.

67. THIRD PART. 7's.—*Nuremburg.*

Same subject.

1 ON thy church, O Power divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine;
Till the nations from afar,
Hail her as their guiding star.

cr 2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
And the world's remotest bound,
With the voice of praise resound.

Spirit of the Psalms.

68. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Luther's Hymn.*

Destruction of God's enemies, and salvation of his children

mæ 1 GOD will arise in awful might,
And put the hosts of hell to flight;
As smoke that sought to clothe the skies,
Before the rising tempest flies.

ag 2 See him array'd in burning flame,
To vindicate his glorious name;
While justice bids his foes expire,
Like yielding wax before the fire!

3 And while his thunders rend the sky,
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high;
vi Sing to his name, ye sons of grace;
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

4 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And pris'ners see the light again;
ex But rebels that dispute his will,
Must dwell in chains and darkness still.

f 5 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong,
Crown him, ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous works and powers rehearse,
His honors shall enrich your verse.

ag 6 He shakes the heav'ns with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
di In Zion are his mercies known;
Zion is his peculiar throne.

cr 7 Proclaim him king, pronounce him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

68.

SECOND PART. L. M.—*Park-street.*
Christ's ascension, and the gift of the Spirit.

vi.f 1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky;
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his holy law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

69.

FIRST PART. C. M.—*Rochester.*
Sufferings of Christ for sinners.

1 FATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name;
Who bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2 His deep distress hath rais'd us high,
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law, which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.

3 His dying groans, his living songs,
Shall better please my God,
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goats' or bullocks' blood.

4 This shall his humble follow'rs see,
And set their hearts at rest;
They by his death draw near to thee
And live for ever blest.

[5 Zion is thine, most holy God,
Thy Son shall bless her gates;
And glory purchas'd by his blood,
For thy own Israel waits.]

f 6 Let heav'n and all that dwell on high
To God their voices raise;
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance the praise.

69.

SECOND PART. L. M.—*Darwen. Vernon.*

Sufferings of Christ, and the sinner's salvation.

aff 1 DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.

[2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell and pow'rs of death,
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their curs'd design.]

3 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful suff'rings of thy Son,
Aton'd for crimes which man had done.

4 The pangs of our expiring Lord,
The honors of thy law restor'd;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

ex⌒5 Oh, for his sake, our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live!
cr The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

70.

FIRST PART. 7's.—*German Hymn.*

Prayer against spiritual enemies.

aff 1 HASTEN, Lord, to my release,
Haste to help me, O my God!
Foes, like armed bands increase;
Turn them back the way they trod.

vi. ag 2 Dark temptations round me press,
Evil thoughts my soul assail;
Doubts and fears in my distress,
Rise till flesh and spirit fail.

3 Those that seek thee, shall rejoice,
p I am bow'd with misery;
cr Yet I make thy law my choice;
Turn, my God, and look on me.

4 Thou mine only Helper art,
My Redeemer from the grave:
Strength of my weak troubled heart,
vi Do not tarry—haste to save.

Montgomery.

70. SECOND PART. C. M.—*Park-street.*

Same subject.

m 1 O THOU whose hand the Kingdom sways,
Whom earth, and hell, and heav'n obeys;
To help thy chosen sons appear,
And show thy pow'r and glory near.

vi 2 O haste, with every gift inspir'd,
With glory, truth, and grace attir'd;
Thou Star of heaven's eternal morn,
Thou Sun whom beams divine adorn!

f. m 3 Assert the honor of thy name;
O'erwhelm thy foes with fear and shame;
Bid them beneath thy footstool lie,
p Nor let their souls for ever die.

vi 4 Saints shall be glad before thy face,
And grow in love, and truth, and grace;
Thy church shall blossom in thy sight,
And yield her fruits of pure delight.

5 O hither, then, thy footsteps bend:
vi Swift as a roe, from hills descend;
di Mild as the Sabbath's cheerful ray,
cr Till life unfolds eternal day.

Dwight.

71. FIRST PART. C. M.—*Rochester.*

The aged saint's reflection and hope.

1 MY GOD, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.

2 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

aff 3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
p Whene'er thy servant dies.

cr 4 Then in the hist'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

71.

SECOND PART. C. M.—*New Cambridge.*
Christ our strength and righteousness.

vi.f 1 MY Saviour, my Almighty friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road:
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father, God.

p 4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin;
cr I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

f 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King;
My soul redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

[6 My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God;
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And sav'd me by his blood.]

ff 7 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs:
With this delightful song,
di I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

71. THIRD PART. C. M.—*Peterborough.*

Prayer of the aged saint in view of death.

1 GOD of my childhood, and my youth,
The guide of all my days;
I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

aff 2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years
If God, my strength, depart?

cr 3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age;
And leave a savor of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

p 4 The land of silence and of death,
Attends my next remove;
cr Oh may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love.

PAUSE.—*Coventry.*

" 5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

cr 6 Oft have I heard thy threat'ning voice,
p And sunk with inward grief;
But mid the loss of transient joys,
cr Thy grace was my relief.

" 7 By long experience have I known
Thy sovereign power to save;
di At thy command, I venture down,
p Securely to the grave.

pp 8 When I lie buried deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
cr These with'ring limbs with thee I trust,
f To raise them strong and fair.

71. FOURTH PART. L. M.—*Luton.*

God the hope of the aged.

1 LORD, I have put my trust in thee:
Turn not my confidence to shame:
cr Thy promise is a rock to me:
A tow'r of refuge is thy name.

di 2 Thou hast upheld me from the womb,
Thou wert my strength and hope in youth,
p Now trembling, bending o'er the tomb,
I lean upon thine arm of truth.

'' 3 Though I have long outliv'd my peers,
And stand amid the world alone:
A stranger, left by former years,
cr I know my God, by him am known.

aff 4 Cut me not off in mine old age,
Forsake me not, in life's last hour;
The foe hath not forgot his rage,
ag The lion ravens to devour.

5 Not far, my God, not far remove;
Sin and the world still spread their snares:
Stand by me now, or they will prove
Too crafty yet, for my gray hairs.

f 6 Me through what troubles hast thou brought
Me with what consolations crown'd!
Now be thy last deliv'rance wrought;
di My soul in peace with thee be found.

Montgomery.

72.

FIRST PART. L. M.—*Luton.*

Universal reign of Christ on earth.

mæ 1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey;
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hand,
All heav'n submits to his command;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

p 3 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influ'nce down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.

4 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
cr Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

f 5 The saints shall flourish in His days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace like a river from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

72. SECOND PART. L. M.—*Rothwell. Park-street.*

Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.

f ' ' 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

di 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
cr And praises throng to crown his head;
p His name like sweet perfume shall rise,
With every morning sacrifice.

vi 3 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
di And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

f 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The joyful pris'ner bursts his chains;
di The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

aff 5 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

ff 6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

72. THIRD PART. 7's.—*Song of Jubilee.*

Christ's reign upon earth.

vi 1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Highest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
cr Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

di 3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banish'd grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturb'd shall ever reign.

cr 4 Bless we then our gracious Lord,
Ever praise his glorious name;
f All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

Spirit of the Psalms.

72. FOURTH PART. 7's and 6's. P-*Missionary H.*

Christ's reign upon earth as the Son of David.

f !! 1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong:
di To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
p Whose souls condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

cr 3 He shall come down like showers,
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path, to birth;
vi Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
cr His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
f His name shall stand for ever,
That name to us is LOVE.

Montgomery.

73. FIRST PART. C. M.—*Dundee.*

God our support and portion.

aff 1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near;
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

cr 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through life's dark wilderness;
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

di 3 Were I in heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

p'' 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
cr God is my soul's eternal Rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence, die;
Not all the idol-gods they love,
Can save them when they cry.]

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
f My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

73. SECOND PART. L. M.—*Derby.*

Awful result of the sinner's prosperity.

aff 1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine;
To see the wicked plac'd on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine.

ex 2 But oh their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

p'' 3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again;
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

cr 4 Their fancied joys, how fast they flee!
Like dreams, as fleeting and as vain;
Their songs of richest harmony,
Are but a prelude to their pain.

5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear, to purchase with my blood,
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
My life, my portion, and my God.

73. THIRD PART. S. M.—*Watchman.* *Psalm* 25.

Sinners not to be envied in their prosperity.

1 SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain;
Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.

cr 2 I saw the wicked rise,
di And felt my heart repine;
cr While haughty fools, with scornful eyes
Would high in honor shine.

3 The tumult of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought
To learn thy justice thence.

vi 4 Thy word, with light and power,
Did my mistake amend;
I saw the sinner's life before;
But here I learn'd his end.

5 On what a slippery steep
The thoughtless wretches go!
ag And oh, that dreadful fiery deep,
That waits their fall below!

p 6 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
cr I call my God, my portion now,
And all my powers are thine.

74. C. M.—*Moreland.*

Prayer under declension and persecution.

aff 1 WILL God for ever cast us off?
His wrath for ever smoke,
Against the people of his love—
His little chosen flock?

2 Think of the tribes, so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood;
Nor let thy Zion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.

3 Oh, come to our relief in haste,
Aloud the ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful waste
Is made within thy walls.

[4 The wicked labor to destroy
Our heritage and rest:
"Come, let us seize at once," they cry,
"The temple and the priest."]

5 And still to heighten our distress,
di Thy presence is withdrawn:
Thy wonted signs of power and grace—
p Are they for ever gone?

cr 6 Speak to our souls, and heal our wo,
Bid us no longer mourn;
Spirit of Grace, in mercy show
Thy tokens of return.

75.

L. M.—*Seasons. Duke-street.*
Applied to the American Revolution.

1 TO thee, most high and holy God,
To thee, our thankful hearts we raise;
Thy works declare thy name abroad,
Thy wondrous works demand our praise.

di 2 To bondage doom'd, our chosen sons,
Beheld their foes insulting rise;
And sore oppress'd by earthly thrones,
They sought the Sovereign of the skies.

cr 3 'Twas then, great God, with equal pow'r,
Arose thy vengeance and thy grace,
To scourge their legions from the shore,
And save the remnant of our race.

4 Thy hand, that form'd the restless main,
And rear'd the mountain's awful head,
Bade raging seas their course restrain,
And desert wilds receive their dead.

p'' 5 Such deeds are never wrought by chance,
Nor can the winds such wonders show;
'Tis God, the Judge, doth one advance:
'Tis God, that lays another low.

cr 6 Let vain oppressors sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head;
But lay their violence aside,
And own the empire God has made.

76.

C. M.—*Remembrance.*

God's destruction of his ancient enemies, the Canaanites.

1 IN Judah, God of old was known,
His name in Israel great;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Zion was his seat.

2 Among the praises of his saints
His dwelling place he chose;
And listen'd to their just complaints
Against their haughty foes.

cr 3 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
What pow'rs and empires fell!
ag Who knows the terrors of thy rod?
Thy vengeance, who can tell?

4 What power can stand before thy sight
When once thy wrath appears?
When heav'n shines round with dreadful light
The earth adores and fears.

f 5 When God in his own sov'reign ways,
Comes down to save th' oppres'd;
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
di And he'll restrain the rest.

77.

FIRST PART. C. M.—*Windsor.*

Feelings of despondency subdued.

aff 1 TO God I cried with mournful voice,
I sought his gracious ear:
In the sad hour when troubles rose
And fill'd my heart with fear.

2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My soul refus'd relief;
I thought on God the just and wise,
But thoughts increas'd my grief.

p 3 Will he for ever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?

cr 4 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark despairing frame:
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought,
Thy hand is still the same.

[5 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er;
Thy wonders of recov'ring grace—
When flesh could hope no more.

6 Grace dwells with justice on the throne;
And men that love thy word,
Have in thy holy temple known,
The counsels of the Lord.]

77.

SECOND PART. 7's and 6's. P.—*Ashfield.*
Faith prevailing in the midst of gloom.

aff 1 IN time of tribulation,
Hear, Lord, my feeble cries;
With humble supplication
To thee my spirit flies:
My heart with grief is breaking,
Scarce can my voice complain;
Mine eyes with tears kept waking,
Still watch and weep in vain.

2 The days of old in vision,
Bring banish'd bliss to view:
The years of lost fruition,
Their joys in pangs renew:
Remember'd songs of gladness,
Through night's lone silence brought,
Strike notes of deeper sadness,
And stir desponding thought.

3 Hath God cast off for ever?
Can time his truth impair?
His tender mercy never
Shall I presume to share?
Hath he his loving kindness
Shut up in endless wrath?
cr No; 'tis but human blindness,
That cannot see his path.

4 Thy way is in great waters,
Thy footsteps are unknown;
Let Adam's sons and daughters
Confide in thee alone:

Thy deeds, O Lord, are wonder;
Holy are all thy ways:
f The secret place of thunder
Shall utter forth thy praise.

Montgomery.

78. FIRST PART. C. M.—*Peterborough.*

Children to be instructed in the histories of God's gracious providence.

'' 1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

78. SECOND PART. L. M.—*Uxbridge. Sterling.*

God's merciful dealings with his backsliding people.

'' 1 GREAT God, how oft did Israel prove,
By turns thine anger and thy love!
There in a glass, our hearts may see
How fickle and how false they be.

2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought!
Then they provok'd him to his face,
Nor fear'd his power, nor sought his grace.

cr 3 The Lord consum'd their years in pain,
And made their travels long and vain;
A tedious march through unknown ways,
Wore out their strength, and spent their days.

aff 4 Oft when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourn'd, and sought the Lord again;
Call'd him the Rock of their abode,
Their great Redeemer, and their God.

dim 5 Their prayers and vows, too oft would rise
As flattering words or solemn lies;
And their rebellious tempers prove
False to his cov'nant and his love.

cr 6 Yet did his sovereign grace forgive
The men deserving not to live;
His anger oft away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.

7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptations still prevail;
The God of Abraham spar'd them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

79.

C. M.—*Moreland.*

Complaint of the church against her enemies.

ex 1 ATTEND, O Lord, while hosts of foes
Thy heritage invade;
Thy Salem has become a heap,
Thy house a ruin made.

2 Behold us, Lord, a remnant sad,
Of peace and hope forlorn!
Of every mouth the vile reproach,
Of every eye the scorn.

3 How long shall thy fierce anger burn?
How long delay thy grace?
How long thy hapless children mourn
The hidings of thy face.

cr 4 Help, Lord of Hosts, for Jesus' sake,
The glory of thy name!
Cleanse us from guilt, our hearts renew,
And wipe away our shame.

f 5 Arise, O God! and let thy hand
In awful glory shine:
Then shall our haughty raging foes
Confess thy name divine.

80.

L. M.—*Derby.*

The church's prayer in time of desertion.

aff 1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep:

2 Thy church is in the desert now;
Shine from on high, and guide us through;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore:
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

m⌒3 Great God, whom heav'nly hosts obey
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

p '' 4 Instead of cheerful wine and bread,
The saints with their own tears are fed:
cr Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE.

'' 5 Hast thou not planted with thy hand,
This lovely vine within thy land?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dews enrich the ground?

6 How did the spreading branches shoot,
Filling the land with precious fruit!
di But now, O Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine in sad decay.

p '' 7 Why is its beauty thus defac'd?
Why are its fences thus laid waste?
Strangers and foes against it join,
And beasts of prey devour the vine.

cr⌒8 Return, Almighty God, return!
Nor longer let thy vineyard mourn:
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

81.

S. M.—*Clapton.*

God's warning to his people.

f 1 SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noise;
God is our strength, our Saviour God,
Let Israel hear his voice.

'' 2 "From idols false and vain,
Preserve my worship clean;
I am the Lord, who broke thy chain
Of slavery and sin.

3 "Stretch thy desires abroad,
And I'll supply them well;
But if ye will refuse your God,
If Israel will rebel;

4 "I'll leave them," saith the Lord,
"To their own lusts a prey;
And let them run the dang'rous road;
'Tis their own chosen way.

aff 5 "Yet O, that all my saints,
Would hearken to my voice;
Soon I would ease their sore complaints,
And bid their hearts rejoice.

6 "While dealing with their foes,
I'd richly feed my flock,
vi And bid them taste the stream that flows
From their eternal Rock."

82.

L. M.—*Sterling.*

God the supreme ruler of rulers.

'' 1 AMONG th' assemblies of the great,
Jehovah takes his loftier seat;
The God of heav'n, as Judge, surveys
Those gods on earth, and all their ways.

2 Why should they then frame wicked laws?
Or why support th' unrighteous cause?
Why should they still oppress the poor;
And vex thy children more and more?

3 Thy ways, O God, they will not know
Dark are the paths in which they go:
Their name of earthly "gods" is vain,
For they shall fall and die like men.

ff 4 Arise, O God, and let thy Son
Possess his universal throne,
And rule the nations with his rod;
He is our Judge, and he our God.

83.

S. M.—*Watchman. Clapton.*

Complaint against persecutors.

aff 1 AND will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep?
The God of justice hold his peace,
And bid his children weep?

2 Behold what cruel snares
The men of mischief spread;
The men that hate thy saints and thee,
Lift up their threat'ning head.

3 Against thy hidden ones,
Their counsels they employ:
While malice, with her watchful eye,
Pursues them to destroy.

f 4 Awake, Almighty God,
And call to mind thy power:
di Cause them to bow before thy will,
p To tremble and adore.

cr 5 Subdue their madness, Lord,
And make them seek thy name,
ag Or else their impious rage confound,
And turn their pride to shame.

f. m 6 Then shall the nations know,
That glorious, dreadful word;
JEHOVAH is thy name alone,
And thou, the sovereign Lord.

84.

FIRST PART. L. M.—*Repose. Seasons.*

The pleasure of public worship.

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts! thy dwellings are:
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode;
cx My panting heart cries out for God:
My God, my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

vi 3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above;
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the saints who find a place
Within the temples of thy grace:
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

[5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.]

6 Cheerful they walk with glowing strength
Till all shall meet in heav'n at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

84.

SECOND PART. L. M.—*Rothwell.*

Public worship; or, grace and glory.

1 GREAT God, attend while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs:
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

di 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace;
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

cr 3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
'' He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

m.f 5 O God, our King, thy sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey;
While rebels at thy presence flee:
Blest is the man who trusts in thee.

84.

THIRD PART. C. M.—*Colchester. Chester.*

[PARAPHRASED.]

Delight in the ordinances of worship.

1 MY soul, how lovely is the place,
To which thy God resorts;
'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

mæ 2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays:
cr And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quick'ning rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
di Descends and fills the place;
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sends abroad his grace.

cr 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will:
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

PAUSE.

aff 5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thy abode;
When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God?

p '' 6 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
cr Exceeds a whole eternity,
Employ'd in carnal joys.

7 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

f 8 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea;
di For one blest hour at thy right hand,
I'd give them both away.

84. FOURTH PART. H. M.—*Bethesda.* *Weymouth.*

Longing for the house of God.

'' 1 LORD, of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are:
cr To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires,
To see my God.

'' [2 The sparrow for her young,
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wand'ring swallows long
To find their wonted rest;
My spirit faints
With equal zeal,
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.]

f 3 O happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
' They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears;
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears:
f O glorious seat,
When God, our King,
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

PAUSE.

f 5 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside;
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than shine in courts.

6 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow,
On Jacob's race,
Peculiar grace,
And glory too.

di 7 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds,
From those his heart approves;
From pure and pious souls:
cr Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts!
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

84.

FIFTH PART. H. M.—*Hartford.*

Longing for God's house.

1 HOW lovely and how fair,
O Lord of hosts, to me
Thy tabernacles are!
My flesh cries out for thee:
ff My heart and soul, with heav'nward fire,
To thee, the living God, aspire.

f ⌒2 Lord God of hosts, give ear,
A gracious answer yield;
O God of Jacob, hear:
Behold, O God, our shield;
Look on thine own anointed One,
And save through thy beloved Son.

p ꜝꜝ 3 Lord, I would rather stand
A keeper at thy gate,
Than on the king's right hand,
In tents of worldly state:
To live within thy courts one day,
Is worth a thousand cast away.

cr 4 God is a sun of light,
Glory and grace to shed;
f God is a shield of might,
To guard the faithful head:
vi O Lord of hosts, how happy he,
The man who puts his trust in thee.

Montgomery.

85.

FIRST PART. L. M.—*Repose. Seasons.*

Deliverance begun and completed.

1 LORD thou hast call'd thy grace to mind,
Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom;
So God forgave when Israel sinn'd,
And brought his wand'ring captives home

2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate;
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
And thy salvation be complete,

3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
cr And let thy saints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word,
f And to thy praise attune our voice.

*di.m*4 We wait to hear what God will say;
p He'll speak, and give his people peace;
cr But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

85.

SECOND PART. L. M.—*Luton.*

Salvation by Christ.

1 SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heav'n
By his obedience, so complete,
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is given.

cr 3 Now truth and honor shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again;
And heav'nly influence bless the ground,
di In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before
To give us free access to God;
vi Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

86.

C. M.—*Arlington.*
A general song of praise.

'' 1 AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath pow'r divine;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works, like thine.

2 The nations thou hast made, shall bring
Their off'rings round thy throne;
For thou alone dost wond'rous things,
And thou art God alone.

di 3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet,
Teach me thy heav'nly ways,
And all my wand'ring thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise.

cr 4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Thy wondrous love shall tell;
ex How through thy grace my sinking soul
Rose from the depths of hell.

87.

FIRST PART. L. M.—*Park-street*
Rising glories of the church.

vi'' 1 GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heav'nly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

di 2 His mercy visits every house
That pays its night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray

cr 3 What glories were describ'd of old,
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know

di 4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew;
cr Angels and men shall join to sing,
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount;
vi 'T will be an honor to appear
As one new-born or nourish'd there.

87. SECOND PART. 8's and 7's.—*Ch. Hymn.* *Aberdeen.*

Same subject.

f!! 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
Who can shake her sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.

di 2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply her sons and daughters,
And the fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river,
Onward flows her thirst t' assuage—
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear
cr For a glory and a cov'ring,
di Showing that the Lord is near!
f Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken,
Forms thee for his own abode.

Newton.

88. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Vernon. Luton.*

Death not the end of our being.

aff 1 SHALL man, O God of light and life,
For ever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise and thy power to save?

2 In those lone, silent realms of night,
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

[3 Shall spring the faded world revive?
Shall waning moons their light renew?
Again shall setting suns ascend
And chase the darkness from our view?]

[4 Shall life revisit dying worms,
And spread the joyful insects' wing?
And oh, shall man awake no more,
To see thy face, thy name to sing?]

di 5 Cease, cease, ye vain desponding fears:
When Christ our Lord from darkness sprang,
ex Death, the last foe, was captive led,
f And heav'n with praise and wonder rang.

vi 6 Faith sees the bright eternal doors,
Unfold to make her children way;
They shall be cloth'd with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

ag 7 The trump shall sound, the dead shall wake
From the cold tomb the slumb'rers spring;
ff Through heav'n with joy their myriads rise,
And hail their Saviour and their King.

Dwight.

88. SECOND PART. L. M.—*Vernon.*

Life the only accepted time.

aff 1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is giv'n;
cr But soon, ah, soon! approaching night,
Shall blot out every hope of heav'n.

di 2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
—cr Come sinners haste, oh haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

3 Soon borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave
Before God's bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear and save.

di 4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heav'nly light shall rise;
No God accept your sinful prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

p 5 No wonders of redeeming love
Shall to the hopeless dead be shown;
cr Nor shall they hear those songs above,
That echo round th' eternal throne.

vp 6 Silence, and solitude, and gloom,
In those forgetful realms appear;
ex Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,
And hope shall never enter there.

Dwight.

88. THIRD PART. S. M.—*Aylesbury.*

Deliverance in time of dangerous sickness.

1 STRETCH'D on the bed of grief,
In silence long I lay;
For sore disease and wasting pain
Had worn my strength away.

2 Then to the Lord I prayed,
ex And rais'd a bitter cry:
"Hear me, O God, and save my soul,
Lest I for ever die."

p 3 He heard my humble prayer,
He sav'd my soul from death;
cr To him I'll give my heart and hands,
And consecrate my breath.

f 4 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis called to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.

Dwight.

89. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Duke-street.*

The covenant faithfulness of God.

1 FOR ever shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord;
Mercy and truth for ever stand,
Like heav'n established by his hand.

" 2 Thus to his Son he sware and said—
"With thee my cov'nant sure is made;
In thee shall dying sinners live;
Glory and grace are thine to give.

3 "Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest;
Thy children shall be ever blest:
Thou art my chosen King; thy throne
Shall stand eternal like my own."

vi. f 4 Now let the church rejoice, and sing
Jesus her Saviour and her King:
Angels above his wonders show,
And saints declare his works below.

89.

SECOND PART. L. M.—*Darwen.*

For a funeral.

aff 1 REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
How frail our life, how short the date!
Where is the man that draws his breath,
Safe from disease, secure from death.

2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Distress'd with gloomy fears we cry—
"Must death for ever rage and reign?
Or hast thou made mankind in vain?

3 "Where is thy promise to the just?
Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?"—
vi But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

cr 4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And magnifies thy gracious word:
f Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

89.

THIRD PART. C. M.—*St. Ann's.*

Reverential worship.

1 WITH rev'rence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands devoutly hear
di And tremble at his word.

mæ 2 Great God, how high thy glories rise!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power with thee that vies,
Or truth, compar'd with thine?

[3 The northern pole and southern rest
On thy supporting hand:
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.]

vi 4 Thy words the raging wind control,
And rule the boist'rous deep;
—cr Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll.
—di The rolling billows sleep.

mæ 5 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace;
While truth and mercy join'd in one,
di Invite us near thy face.

89. FOURTH PART. C. M.—*Colchester. Coventry.*

A blessed gospel.

f 1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go
And light their steps surround.

i 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
And fills their foes with shame.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

89. FIFTH PART. C. M.—*Remembrance.*

Faithfulness of God.

vi 1 MY never-ceasing song shall show
The mercy of the Lord;
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
cr Shall firm as heav'n endure;
And if he speaks a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.

! ! 3 How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewish throne!
But there's a nobler cov'nant seal'd
To David's greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

f.m 5 Lord God of hosts! thy wondrous ways,
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honors raise
To thy unchanging love.

89.

SIXTH PART. L. P. M.—*St. Helen's. ex.*
Death and the resurrection.

aff 1 THINK, mighty God, on feeble man,
How few his hours, how short his span!
Short from the cradle to the grave;
Who can secure his vital breath
Against the bold demand of death,
With skill to fly, or pow'r to save?

2 Lord, shall it be for ever said—
"The race of man was only made
For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?"
Are not thy servants, day by day,
Sent to their graves, and turn'd to clay?—
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?

3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
And all his seed, a heav'nly crown?
di But flesh and sense indulge despair:
cr For ever blessed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

vi 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward,
For all their toil, reproach, and pain:
f Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat the loud Amen.

90.

FIRST PART. L. M.—*Darwen.*
Mortality of man.

aff 1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne ere heaven was made
Or earth thy humble footstool, laid.

2 Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began,
Or dust was fashion'd into man!
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

p 3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust!"

4 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream,
di An empty tale, a morning flower,
—p Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

cr 5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till sav'd from sin, we all may be,
Prepar'd to die and dwell with thee.

90. SECOND PART. C. M.—*Dundee. Barby. ex.*

Same subject.

aff 1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

cr 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame;
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

di 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust—
"Return, ye sons of men;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

[5 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising dawn.]

cr.⌒6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

90. THIRD PART. C. M.—*Windsor.*

Death the consequence of original transgression.

aff 1 LORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,
And justice grows severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.

2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust;
By one offence to thee,
Adam and all his offspring lost
Their immortality.

3 Few are the men whose days amount
To threescore years and ten;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

cr vi 4 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;
O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.

5 Teach us, O Lord, the heav'nly art
T' improve the hours we have;
To serve thee with a fervent heart,
And live beyond the grave.

90. FOURTH PART. C. M.—*Barby. ex. Dundee.*

Breathing after heaven.

1 RETURN, O God of love, return,
Earth is a tiresome place;
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face?

2 Let heav'n succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thy own work complete;
cr Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

vi 4 Then shall we shine before thy throne,
In all thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done,
Meet a divine reward.

90.

FIFTH PART. S. M.—*St. Giles.*
Fleeting time must be improved.

aff 1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life,—how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name.

2 Alas, the brittle clay,
That built our bodies first!
And every month, and every day,
'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Our feeble powers decay;
Swift as a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

di 4 But if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's ways,
cr And let them speed their flight.

vi 5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

91.

FIRST PART. L. M.—*Luton.*
Divine protection amid dangers.

d 1 HE that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, "My God, thy power
Shall be my fortress and my tower;
I that am form'd of feeble dust,
Make thine Almighty arm my trust."

vi 3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;
God is thy life, his wings are spread
To shield thee with a healthful shade.

di 4 Though vapors with malignant breath
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death;
cr Still thou art safe; the poison'd air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

f 5 What though a thousand prostrate lie,
Around thy path ten thousand die;
cr Thy God his chosen people saves,
Among the dead, amid the graves.

6 Yet if the plague, or fire, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike the saints; 't will set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

91. SECOND PART. C. M.—*Moreland.*

Same subject.

aff 1 YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to ev'ry snare;
Come, make the Lord your dwelling place,
And trust his gracious care.

' ' 2 No ill shall enter where you dwell,
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise the saints on high.

di 3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all your ways;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

cr 4 "Because on me they set their love,
I'll save them," saith the Lord;
vi "I'll bear their joyful souls above
Destruction and the sword.

5 "My grace shall answer when they call,
In trouble I'll be nigh;
My power shall help them when they fall,
And raise them when they die.

6 "Those that on earth my name have known,
I'll honor them in heav'n;
There my salvation shall be shown,
And endless life be giv'n."

91. THIRD PART. 8's and 7's.—*Aberdeen.*

Same subject.

' ' 1 CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, and never be dismay'd

There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

2 From the sword at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence:
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow,
cr Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
di Though a thousand be laid low.

3 Since with pure and firm affection
Thou on God hast set thy love;
With the wings of his protection,
He will shield thee from above:
Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
cr He will hearken, He will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

Montgomery.

92.

FIRST PART. L. M.—*Rothwell. Luton.*

A Psalm for the Lord's day.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O let my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

cr 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

di [4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high,
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
ag Blasts them in everlasting death.]

cr 5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall never vex my spirit more:
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.]

f 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

92.

SECOND PART. L. M.—*Sterling. Uxbridge.*
The church is the garden of God.

'' 1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thine hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influ'nce from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
Nature decays, but grace must thrive;
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish, strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true;
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

92.

THIRD PART. S. M.—*Watchman.*
The worship of the Sabbath.

1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing;
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
And grateful off'rings bring.

2 Sweet on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

3 To songs of praise and joy,
Be every Sabbath giv'n,
That such may be our blest employ,
Eternally in heav'n.

Spirit of the Psalms.

93.

FIRST PART. L. M.—*Winchester.*
The eternal and sovereign God.

mæ 1 JEHOVAH reigns, he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

p 2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
cr Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself, the ever-living God.

f 3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
di Vain floods that aim their rage so high,
—*p* At thy rebuke the billows die.

cr 4 For ever shall thy throne endure,
Thy promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness,
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

93.

SECOND PART. S. P. M.—*Dalton.*
Same subject.

f '' 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crown'd;
Array'd in robes of light,
Begirt with sov'reign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey the word;
Thy throne was fix'd on high,
Before the starry sks:
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

ff 3 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their pow'r engage;
Let swelling tides assault the sky;
ag The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne for ever stands on high

di.⌒ 4 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new;

There fix'd thy church shall ne'er remove,
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

93.

THIRD PART. 11's and 12's.—*Walworth.*

The eternal, sovereign God.

ma 1 THE Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high,
His robes of state are strength and majesty;
This wide creation rose at his command,
Built by his word, and 'stablish'd by his hand:
Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.

2 God is th' eternal King: thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellions to confound thy reign,
In vain the storms. in vain the floods arise,
And roar, and toss their waves against the skies:
Foaming at heav'n they rage with wild commotion,
ex But heav'n's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.

di 3 Ye tempests, rage no more; ye floods, be still,
And thou, mad world, submissive to his will;
Built on his truth his church must ever stand;
cr Firm are his promises, and strong his hand:
vi See his own sons when they appear before him,
p Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

94.

C. M.—*Barby. ex.*

Help in God.

[1 WHO will arise and plead my right
Against my num'rous foes?
While earth and hell their powers unite,
And all my hopes oppose?]

2 Had not the Lord, my Rock, my help,
Sustain'd my fainting head;
di My life had now in silence dwelt,
p My soul among the dead.

ex 3 "Alas, my sliding feet," I cried,
"Thy promise was my hope;
Thy grace stood constant at my side,
Thy spirit bore me up."

" 4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts,
Within my bosom roll;
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

5 The powers of earth may proudly rise,
And frame oppressive laws;
vi But God, my refuge, rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.

95.

FIRST PART. C. M.—*Channing. Barby.*
Before prayer.

mæ 1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand:
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.]

ai 4 Come and with humble souls adore,
Come kneel before his face;
O, may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace.

p 5 Now is the time; he bends his ear
And waits for your request:
f. ag Come, lest he rouse his wrath and swear—
"Ye shall not see my rest!"

95.

SECOND PART. S. M.—*Clapton.*
Before sermon.

1 COME sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound,
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

p 3 Come worship at his throne,
Come bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

cr 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod:
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

f.ex 5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race:

ag 6 The Lord, in vengeance drest,
Will lift his hand and swear,
"You that despise my promis'd rest
Shall have no portion there."

95.

THIRD PART. L. M.—*Luton. Quito.*

Warning to delaying sinners.

1 COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise;
God is a sovereign King: rehearse
His honors in exalted verse.

2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures with his word:
He is our Shepherd, we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew,
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.

[4 Israel, that saw his works of grace,
Tempted their Maker to his face;
Abus'd the patience of their God,
And felt the anger of his rod.]

p 5 Look back, my soul, with holy dread.
And view those ancient rebels dead;
cr Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessings by delay.

vi 6 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heav'nly gates:
f Believe, and take the promis'd rest;
Obey, and be for ever blest.

95.

FOURTH PART. 8's.—*Birmingham.*

Public worship.

f 1 O COME, let us sing to the Lord,
In God our salvation rejoice;
In psalms of thanksgiving record
His praise, with one spirit and voice:
Jehovah is God, and he reigns
The God of all gods, on his throne;
The strength of the hills he maintains;
The ends of the earth are his own.

di 2 O come, let us worship and kneel
Before our Creator, our God,
The people who serve him with zeal,
The sheep who his pastures have trod:
To him, let us hearken to-day,—
The voice that yet speaks from above,—
And all his commandments obey,
For he that ordain'd them is love.

Montgomery.

96.

FIRST PART. C. M.—*Colchester. Tolland.*

Christ's first and second advent.

mæ 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own Almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day;
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 The joyous earth, the bending skies,
His glorious train display;
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold he comes, he comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

ex 6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
ag How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear.

96. SECOND PART. L. P. M.—*St. Helen's.*

The God of the Gentiles.

vi.f 1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name:
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there:
He dwells in majesty and might,
His beauties how divinely bright;
His temple how divinely fair.

m.f 3 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barb'rous nations fear his name:
vi Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

97. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Luther's Hymn.*

Rejoicing in Christ as the sovereign Judge.

mœ 1 HE reigns, the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Praise him in pure exalted strains:
Let all the earth in songs rejoice,
And raise on high their cheerful voice

di 2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne;
p Though gloomy clouds his ways surround,
cr Justice is their eternal ground.

f.ag 3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes;
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs:
Before him burns devouring fire,
—di The mountains melt, the seas retire,

ex 4 His enemies with sore dismay,
di—p Fly from the sight and shun the day:
cr Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
ff And shout, for your redemption's nigh.

97. SECOND PART. L. M.—*Luton.*

Christ's incarnation.

vi. f 1 THE Lord is come; the heav'ns proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name:
di An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages, to their God.

cr 2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go worship where the Saviour lies;
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high, and gods below.

mæ 3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound:
f Let Judah shout, let Zion sing,
And earth confess her sovereign King.

97. THIRD PART. L. M.—*Luther's Hymn.*

Grace and glory.

mæ 1 TH' Almighty reigns, exalted high,
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
di Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy seat.

aff 2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

cr 3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
—di Are for the saints in darkness sown:
—cr Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

vi 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honors of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace,
Can triumph in his holiness.

97. FOURTH PART. C. M.—*St. Ann's.*

The incarnation and the last judgment.

mæ 1 LET earth with every isle and sea,
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns;
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.

2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the valleys rise;
p The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
cr—p The haughty sinner dies.

cr 3 Adoring angels at his birth,
Made the Redeemer known:
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.

ag 4 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
—p And hills and seas retire;
vi His children take their upward flight,
And leave the world on fire.

p 5 The seeds of joy and glory sown,
For saints in darkness here;
f Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

98. FIRST PART. C. M.—*Peterborough.*

Praise for the gospel.

vi 1 TO our Almighty Maker, God,
New honors be address'd:
His great salvation shines abroad
And makes the nations blest.

2 He spake the word to Abra'm first,
His truth fulfils the grace;
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.

f 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her diff'rent tongues;
And spread the honors of his name,
In rich melodious songs.

98. SECOND PART. C. M.—*Channing.*

The Messiah's coming and kingdom.

vi. f 1 JOY to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

98.

THIRD PART. C. M.—*Tolland.*
Victorious sovereignty.

mæ 1 TO God address the joyful psalm,
Who wondrous things hath done;
Whose own right hand and holy arm,
The victory have won.

2 He to the Gentile nations round,
di Hath made his mercy known;
cr And to the world's remotest bound,
His justice shall be shown.

di 3 The promis'd Saviour meekly came,
And man's full ransom paid;
cr Again he comes his own to claim,
In awful pomp array'd.

f 4 He comes with pow'r, he quits the skies,
To punish and reward;
cr Oh! let one gen'ral chorus rise,
To praise the sovereign Lord.

Spirit of the Psalms.

99.

FIRST PART. S. M.—*Clapton. ex.*
Christ's kingdom and majesty.

mæ 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
di Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humbled there.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord,
cr Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Zion stands his throne,
His honors are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

mæ 4 How holy is his name!
How fearful is his praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment join,
In all his works of grace.

99. SECOND PART. S. M.—*Watchman.*

A holy God worshipped with reverence

vi 1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet:
His ways are wisdom, pow'r, and truth;
And mercy is his seat.

" 2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel pray'd,
He gave his people rest.

aff 3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abus'd his grace.

f 4 Exalt the Lord our God,
His grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

100. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Park-street. Rothwell.*

Praise to our Creator.

f. " 1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King·
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.

di 2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give:
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pasture live.

vi.f 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honors there.

di 4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
cr And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

100. SECOND PART. L. M.—*Winchester. Rothwell.*

[A PARAPHRASE.]

mæ 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
di Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

'' 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
cr What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

f 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise:
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

mæ 5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

100.

THIRD PART. 11's and 8's.—*Palestine.*
Same subject.

f.'' 1 BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
O serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with holiest mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.

mæ 2 Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator and ruler o'er all:
p And we are his people, his sceptre we own;
cr His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 O, enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise in melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
p His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
f And shall to eternity stand.

Montgomery.

101.

L. M.—*Luton.*
The magistrate's psalm.

1 MERCY and judgment are my song,
And since they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous King,
To thee my songs and vows I bring.

2 If I am rais'd to bear the sword,
I'll take my counsels from thy word;
Thy justice and thy heav'nly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside;
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealousy.

4 I'll seek to elevate the just,
To posts of honor and of trust;
The men that do thy holy will,
Shall be my friends and fav'rites still.

ex 5 Scoffers in vain shall hope to rise,
By flattering or malicious lies:
And while the innocent I guard,
The guilty never shall be spared.

102.

FIRST PART. C. M.—*Burford.*
A prayer of the afflicted.

aff 1 HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But answer, lest I die;
Hast thou not built a throne of grace
To hear when sinners cry?

[2 My days are wasted like the smoke
Dissolving in the air;
My strength is dried, my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.]

3 As on some lonely building's top
The sparrow tells her moan;
Far from the tents of joy and hope,
I sit and grieve alone.

[4 Dark, dismal thoughts, and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.]

5 Earth can afford no real joy,
To souls that feel thy frown:
cr-di Thou canst restore me or destroy,
cr-di Canst raise, or cast me down.

cr.vi 6 But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God;
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.

7 Thou wilt arise and show thy face;
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.

102. SECOND PART. C. M.—*Barby. Colchester.*

Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice,
Behold the promis'd hour:
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

di 2 Her dust and ruins that remain,
Are precious in our eyes:
cr Those ruins shall be built again;
And all that dust shall rise.

f 3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

m 4 He sits a Sovereign on his throne,
aff With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying pris'ners' groan,
p And sees their sighs arise.

cr 5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death;
Nor, while his saints complain,
Shall it be said, that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

[6 This shall be known, when we are dead,
And left on long record;
That ages yet unborn, may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.]

102. THIRD PART. C. M.—*Retirement.*

God unchangeable amid changes of creation.

1 THROUGH endless years thou art the same
O thou eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth,
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heav'n
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Form'd by thy pow'rful hand,
p Be like a vesture laid aside,
And chang'd at thy command.

cr 4 But thy perfections all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminish'd rays.

T. & B.

102. FOURTH PART. L. M.—*Darwen.*

The church shall live, though the saints must die.

aff 1 IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand,
Weakens our strength amid the race:
Disease and death, at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

ex 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon:
Thy years are one eternal day;
And must thy children die so soon!

3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrow shall assuage—
cr "Our Father and our Saviour live;
Christ is the same through ev'ry age"

4 The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments, shall be laid aside;
f But still thy throne stands firm on high,
Thy church for ever must abide.

5 Before thy face, thy church shall live,
And near thy throne, thy children reign.
di This fading world shall they survive,
f Wake from the dust, and live again.

102. FIFTH PART. 7's.—*German Hymn.* *ex.*

Prayer in tribulation.

aff 1 HEAR my prayer, Jehovah, hear,
Listen to my humble cries;
See the day of trouble near;
Heavy on my soul it lies.

2 Hide not thou thy gracious face,
When the storm around me falls;
Hear me, O thou God of grace,
In the time thy servant calls!

cr 3 Earth and hell their censures pour,
Madly rage against my soul :
When my God appears no more,
Who their fury can control ?

4 Hide not thou thy gracious face
When the storm around me falls ;
Hear me, O thou God of grace,
Hear me when thy servant calls.

Pratt's Coll.

103. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Chatham. Park-street.*

Praise for Divine goodness.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;
Let all the pow'rs within me join,
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace,
Whose favors claim the highest praise ;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot !

di 3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son,
To die for crimes which thou hast done ;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

f 4 Let the whole earth his pow'r confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace ;
Let every living creature join,
In work and worship so divine.

103. SECOND PART. L. M.—*Seasons. Luton.*

Forgiveness—gentle chastisement.

1 THE Lord, how wondrous are his ways !
How firm his word, how large his grace !
Mercy and truth surround his throne ;
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heav'ns above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise—
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far hath nature plac'd
The eastern regions from the west,
di As his forgiving grace removes,
The daily guilt of those he loves.

m.p 4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
vi On swifter wings salvation flies;
cr And if he lets his anger burn,
—p How soon his frowns to pity turn!

cr 5 His loving kindness still is sure;
To all the saints it shall endure:
From age to age, his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

103. THIRD PART. S. M.—*Watchman.*

Praise for mercies, spiritual and temporal.

f 1 OH, bless the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
To bless his great and holy name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

p 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

cr 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave:
He that redeem'd my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign pow'r to save.

5 He fills the poor with good,
p He gives the suff'rers rest:
f The Lord hath judgments for the proud
And justice for th' oppress'd.

6 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
To bless his great and holy name,
Whose favors are divine.

103. FOURTH PART. S. M.—*Watchman.*

God's compassion; or, mercy in the midst of judgment.

1 MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
di So ready to abate.

cr 2 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread;
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

aff 4 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name.
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

p 5 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd by every breath;
cr His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

di 6 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
cr If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
p It withers in an hour.

cr 7 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

103. FIFTH PART. S. M.—*Clapton.*

Angels praise the Lord.

mæ 1 THE Lord, the sovereign King,
Has fix'd his throne on high;
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they praise,
Join in the praise they sing.

4 While all his wondrous works
Through his vast kingdom show
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his praises too.

104.

L. M.—*Park-street.*
God's majesty as the Creator and sovereign King.

vi 1 MY soul, thy great Creator praise;
When cloth'd in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And like a robe his glory wears.

2 The heav'ns are for his curtains spread;
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed;
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.

[3 The world's foundation by his hand
Was laid, and must for ever stand:
Thy wisdom and thy love we see;
The spacious earth is full of thee.]

4 Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord!
All nature rests upon thy word;
And the whole race of creatures stand,
di Waiting their portion from thy hand.

p [5 But when thy face is hid, they mourn,
And trembling, to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign,
Life, breath, and spirit, all are thine.]

ag 6 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke;
di Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sovereign grace.

7 In thee, my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditation sweet;
cr Thy praises shall my breath employ
Till it expire in endless joy.

105.

C. M.—*Coventry. Arlington.*
God's covenant mercy.

vi - GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.

2 The cov'nant which he kept in mind,
Through ages that have gone;
Ages to come shall ever find,
As lasting as his throne.

" 3 He swore to Abram and his seed,
And made the blessing sure,
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

di 4 Like pilgrims through the desert ground,
The tribes securely mov'd;
And haughty kings that on them frown'd,
Severely he reprov'd.

[5 The Lord himself chose out their way,
And led their steps aright:
Gave them a shadowing cloud by day,
A fiery lamp by night.]

[6 He gave them water from the rock,
Fed them with bread from heav'n;
And while his blessed laws they broke,
How oft were they forgiv'n!]

7 He gave them Canaan for their rest,
The type of heav'nly joys;
Through them, the nations shall be blest,
And in thy name rejoice.

cr 8 Then let the world forbear its rage,
The saints renounce their fear:
The church shall live from age to age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

106. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Park-street. Vanhall's.*

God's goodness and mercy are wonderful.

vi 1 OH! render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
So wise, so vast and numberless?
What human eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

m 3 Extend to us that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Oh let us thy salvation see.

T. & B.

106. SECOND PART. L. M.—*Park-street. Rothwell.*
Same subject.

vi 1 TO God, the great, the ever blest,
Let songs of honor be address'd:
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And seek to learn and do thy will.

di 3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

f 4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice.
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

106. THIRD PART. S. M.—*Dunbar. St. Giles.*
God's discipline of ancient Israel.

aff 1 GOD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways!
And yet how oft did Israel prove
Thy constancy of grace!

2 They saw thy wonders wrought,
cr And then thy praise they sung:
—di But soon thy works of power forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.

cr 3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with rivers flow!
di Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,
And he reduc'd them low.

cr 4 Yet when they mourn'd their guilt,
He harken'd to their groans,
Thought of his covenant, and felt
That they were still his sons.

cr 5 Their names were in his book,
He sav'd them from their foes;
Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook
The people that he chose.

vi 6 We bless thy goodness, Lord,
To Israel's ancient race;
To Christian nations still afford,
The riches of thy grace.

107. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Chatham.*

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to heaven.

vi [1 GIVE thanks to God, he reigns above,
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.]

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord,
The wonders of his grace record;
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty foes.

m 3 They trac'd the desert, wand'ring round
A wild and solitary ground;
Nor food, nor fountain, to assuage
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.

4 In their distress, to God they cried,
cr God was their Saviour and their guide;
He fed and cloth'd them with his hand,
And brought their tribes to Canaan's land.

5 So when our first release we gain,
From thraldom worse than Egypt's chain,
We have a wilderness to pass;
—di This world's a tiresome, desert place.

" 6 He feeds and clothes us by the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly land.

vi.f 7 O, let the saints with joy record,
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

107. SECOND PART. L. M.—*Luther's Hymn.* *ex.*

Correction for sin, and release by prayer.

vi 1 FROM age to age exalt his name,
God and his grace are still the same;
He fills the hungry souls with food,
And calls them to his blest abode.

di'' 2 But if their sinful murm'rings rise
Against the God that rules the skies:
If they neglect his heav'nly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord:

ag 3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
Where no deliv'rer shall be found;
Laden with grief, to waste their breath,
p In darkness and the shades of death.

cr 4 Yet if to him, they raise their cries,
Mingled with penitential sighs,
He'll scatter all the dismal shade,
That hangs so heavy round their head.

f.'' 5 He'll break the bars of brass in twain;
No more as pris'ners they'll remain,
Take off the load of guilt and grief,
And give the lab'ring soul relief.

m⌒ 6 O may the sons of men record,
The wondrous goodness of the Lord:
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

107. THIRD PART. L. M.—*Vanhall's.*

Mariners' psalm.

1 WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
With the bold mariners survey
The boundless regions of the sea.

2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favor of the wind,
—cr Till God command and tempests rise,
f That heave the ocean to the skies.

ag 3 When helpers fail, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry;
cr His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

4 He bids the winds their wrath assuage;
—p The furious waves then cease to rage:
cr The gladsome train their fears give o'er,
And hail with joy their destin'd shore.

f 5 O, may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
Their vows and off'rings, grateful bring,
And in the church his praises sing.

107. FOURTH PART. C. M.—*Barby.* *ex*

Same subject.

1 THY works of glory, mighty Lord,
Who rul'st the boist'rous sea;
The sons of courage shall record,
Who tempt the dang'rous way.

cr 2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring waves:
f The men, astonish'd, mount the skies,
—p And plunge in gaping caves.

ag 3 They hear the dreadful tempest roar,
And pant with flutt'ring breath;
Till hopeless of the distant shore,
They look for instant death.

ex. 4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He hears the loud request;
di—p The winds are hush'd, the tempest dies;
—pp The billows sink to rest.

vi.f 5 Soon to their joy the port appears:
Grateful their vows they pay
To him who sav'd them from their fears,
Whom winds and waves obey.

6 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
Let those that see thy wondrous ways,
Thy wondrous love record.

107. FIFTH PART. C. M.—*Dunchurch.*

God's protection to mariners.

1 HOW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

f 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

di 4 The storm is laid; the winds retire
Obedient to thy will;
cr The sea, that roars at thy command,
p At thy command is still.

cr 5 In midst of dangers, fear, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

Addison.

107.

SIXTH PART. 7's.—*Benevento.*
Same subject.

1 THEY that toil upon the deep
And in vessels light and frail,
O'er the mighty waters sweep,
With the billow and the gale;
Mark what wonders God performs,
When he speaks, and, unconfin'd,
f Rush to battle all his storms,
In the chariots of the wind.

ff 2 Up to heav'n their bark is whirl'd,
On the mountain of the wave;
di Downward suddenly 'tis hurl'd,
p To th' abysses of the grave;
cr Mid the tempest now they roll,
As intoxicate with wine;
ag Terrors paralyze their soul,
—p Helm they quit and hope resign.

aff 3 Then unto the Lord they cry:
He inclines a gracious ear;
Sends deliv'rance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear:
f O, that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace.

Montgomery.

108.

C. M.—*Tolland. Colchester.*
Exalted praise.

vi 1 AWAKE, my soul, to sound his praise,
Awake, my harp, to sing,
Join all my pow'rs the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.

2 Among the people of his care,
And through the nations round,
Glad songs of praise let saints prepare
And there his name resound.

cr 3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry frame;
Diffuse thy heav'nly grace abroad,
And teach the world thy name.

4 So shall thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng thy courts above;
While sinners hear thy pard'ning voice,
And taste redeeming love.

Anon

109.

C. M.—*Dunchurch.*

Love to enemies, from the example of Christ.

1 GOD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song;
Though sinners speak against thy grace,
With a blaspheming tongue.

di 2 When in the form of mortal man,
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compass'd him around.

aff 3 Yet would his kind compassion move:
Their peace he still pursu'd;
Receiving hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

f 4 Their malice rag'd without a cause:
p Yet with his dying breath,
He pray'd for murd'rers on his cross,
And bless'd his foes in death.

cr 5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
In vain before my eyes?
Give me a soul akin to thine,
To love my enemies.

vi 6 The Lord shall on my side engage;
And in my Saviour's name,
I shall defeat their pride and rage,
Who slander and condemn.

110. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Park-street.*

Exaltation of Christ, and success of his Gospel.

m '' 1 THUS God, th' eternal Father, spake
To Christ the Son: "Ascend and sit
At my right hand, till I shall make
Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2 "From Zion shall thy word proceed;
Thy word the sceptre in thy hand,
—*di* Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
And bow their wills to thy command.

vi 3 "That day shall show thy power is great,
When saints shall flock with willing minds;
And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
Where holiness in beauty shines."

f. m 4 O blessed power! O glorious day!
How large a vict'ry shall ensue!
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew

110. SECOND PART. C. M.—*Colchester. Coventry.*

Christ's kingdom and priesthood.

1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit;
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The num'rous drops of morning dew.
And own thy sovereign grace.

f. ' 3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore;
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
di While Aaron's is no more."

cr 4 Jesus our priest, for ever lives,
To plead for us above;
f Jesus our King, for ever gives
The blessings of his love.

5 God shall exalt his glorious head,
His lofty throne maintain;
ag Shall strike the powers and princes dead
Who dare oppose his reign.

111. FIRST PART. C. M.—*Colchester.*

God's wisdom and grace.

vi.f 1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my Almighty God;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand hath wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How fair and glorious nature's frame,
How wise th' Eternal mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
His thoughts at first design'd.

4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
He fix'd his cov'nant sure:
The orders that his lips pronounce
To endless years endure.

[5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heav'nly skill proclaim;
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn and fear thy name?]

di 6 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace
Is our divinest skill;
He is the wisest of our race
Who best obeys thy will.

111. SECOND PART. C. M.—*Dunchurch.*

The perfections of God.

1 GREAT is the Lord; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
O let th' assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food;
And ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his cov'nant sure;
ma Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.

[4 They that would grow divinely wise
Must with his fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.]

f 5 Great is the Lord: his works of might
Demand our highest praise;
Mercy and truth are his delight,
And justice marks his ways.

112. FIRST PART. L. P. M.—*Newcourt.*

Blessings of the liberal man.

'' 1 THAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;
His seed on earth shall be renown'd:
His house the seat of wealth shall be,
An unexhausted treasury,
And with successive honors crown'd.

2 His lib'ral favors he extends;
To some he gives, to others lends;
A generous pity fills his mind:
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs,
And thus he's just to all mankind.

3 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd;
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root, revives and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
p When dying nature sleeps in dust.

f 4 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground,
His conscience holds his courage up:
The soul that's filled with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night,
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

112. SECOND PART. L. M.—*Luton.*

Blessings of the pious and charitable.

vi 1 THRICE happy man, who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands and trusts his word;
Honor and peace his days attend,
And blessings on his seed descend.

di 2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclin'd;
He lends the poor his cheerful aid,
Or gives them not to be repaid.

p 3 When times grow dark and tidings spread,
That fill th' unguarded soul with dread;
cr His heart is arm'd against the fear,
For God with all his power is there.

f 4 His soul thus fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heav'nly courage from his word;
Sees mid the darkness, light arise,
To cheer his heart and bless his eyes.

112. THIRD PART. C. M.—*New Cambridge.*

Reward of liberality.

1 HAPPY is he that fears the Lord
And follows his commands;
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with lib'ral hands.

di 2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;
cr So God shall answer his request,
With blessings on his seed.

[3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well establish'd mind;
His soul to God his refuge flies,
Leaving his fears behind.]

4 In times of danger and distress,
Some beams of light shall shine;
For God, his strength and righteousness
Shall give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love,
Remain before the Lord;
Honor on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

113. FIRST PART. L. P. M.—*St. Helen's.*

Majesty and condescension of God.

vi 1 YE that delight to serve the Lord,
The honors of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Let landsand seas his power confess.

2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds;
The heav'ns are far below his height.
mæ Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated might.

di 3 He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things:
His sovereign hand exalts the poor;
He takes the needy from the door,
And fits them for the thrones of kings.

113.

SECOND PART. L. M.—*Park-street.*
God sovereign and gracious.

vi 1 YE servants of th' Almighty King,
In every age his praises sing:
Where'er the sun shall rise and set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.

2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands his high throne of majesty;
Nor time, nor place, his power restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.

p 3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels, with our God compare?
cr His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

di m 4 Behold his love! he stoops to view
What saints above, and angels do:
p And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.

cr 5 From dust and cottages obscure,
His grace exalts the humble poor,
Gives them the honor of his sons,
f And fits them for their heav'nly thrones.

114.

L. M.—*Sterling.*
Miracles attending Israel's journey.

" 1 WHEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land;
The tribes their cheerful homage paid,
To their supreme, exalted Head.

2 Across the deep their journey lay;
It was the Lord's appointed way:
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to its head.

di 3 What pow'r could make that deep divide,
And Jordan backward roll its tide?
vi Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
ag And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

mæ 4 Let every nation, every flood
Retire, and know th' approaching God!
The King of Israel triumphs here;
Tremble, thou earth, thy Maker fear.

115. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Sterling.*

Glory due not to the creature, but to the Creator.

1 NOT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due,
But to thy name, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise, and true.

cr 2 The God we serve maintains his throne
Above the clouds, beyond the skies;
And may his will on earth be done,
Supreme, till time and nature dies.

" 3 Vain are the idols men adore,
Made by themselves of stone or wood;
Senseless the mass of glitt'ring ore,
The silver saint or golden god.

f 4 O Israel! make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And thou shalt be for ever blest.

115. SECOND PART. 10's.—6 lines.—*Walworth.*

God alone to be worshipped.

" 1 NOT to our names, thou only just and true,
Not to our worthless names is glory due;
Thy pow'r and grace, thy truth and justice claim
Immortal honors to thy sovereign name:
cr Shine through the earth, from heav'n thy blest abode,
Nor let the heathen say, "And where's your God?"

2 Heav'n is thy higher court; there stands thy throne,
And through the lower worlds thy will is done;
Our God fram'd all this earth, these heav'ns he spread;
di But fools adore the gods their hands have made:
The moving crowd with looks devout behold
Their silver saviours, and their saints of gold.

3 O Israel! trust the Lord; he hears and sees;
He knows thy sorrows, and restores thy peace;
His worship does a thousand comforts yield;
He is thy help, and he thy heav'nly shield.
O Israel, trust the Lord; let songs arise,
Let Zion bless the God that built the skies.

116. FIRST PART. C. M.—*Chester. Retirement.*

Praise for recovery from sickness.

d 1 I LOVE the Lord; he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord; he bow'd his ear
And chased my griefs away:
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.

p 3 My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead;
ag While inward pangs, and fears of hell,
Perplex'd my wakeful head.

ex 4 "My God," I cried, "thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just;
Thy power can rescue from the grave,
Thy power is all my trust."

5 The Lord beheld me sore distress'd,
He bid my pains remove:
cr Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

6 My God hath sav'd my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears;
f Now, in his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

116. SECOND PART. C. M.—*New Cambridge.*

Public thanks for private deliverance.

vi 1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thy house
My off'rings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

di 3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

cr 4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

f 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record:
Witness, ye saints, that hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

116. THIRD PART. C. L. M.—*The Adieu.*

A song of deliverance.

1 I LOVE the Lord, whose gracious ear
Was open to my cry;
He bade me, in the time of fear,
Upon his grace rely:
Long as I live, I'll trust his care,
To him address my fervent prayer.

aff 2 Death's sorrows had encompass'd me,
I felt the pains of hell;
On every side was misery,
My woes no tongue could tell:
Then I broke forth without control,
ex "Lord, I beseech thee, save my soul!"

di 3 Tender and gracious is his name;
Our God is ever kind;
The meek shall his protection claim,
The humble, mercy find:
Unto thy rest, my soul return,
The bounties of thy God discern.

cr 4 The Lord hath kept my soul from death,
Preserv'd my eyes from tears;
di My feet from falling, where beneath,
Were spread the fowler's snares:
f Living, I'll walk before the Lord;
His name for ever be ador'd.

M. S.

117. FIRST PART. C. M.—*Colchester. Coventry.*

Praise to God from all nations.

1 O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a diff'rent tongue;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

2 His mercy reigns through every land,
Proclaim his grace abroad;
For ever firm his truth shall stand,
Praise ye the faithful God.

117. SECOND PART. L. M.—*Old Hundred.*

Same subject.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

p 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
cr Eternal truth attends thy word;
f Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
—di Till suns shall rise and set no more.

117. THIRD PART. S. M.—*Clapton.*

Same subject.

f 1 THY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace and sure thy word,
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honors spread,
And long thy praise endure;
—di Till morning light and evening shade,
—p Shall be exchang'd no more.

117 FOURTH PART. 7's.—*German Air.*

Same subject.

vi 1 ALL ye nations praise the Lord
All ye lands your voices raise;
Heav'n and earth, with loud accord
Praise the Lord, for ever praise.

2 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past and present and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

f 3 Praise him, ye who know his love,
Praise him from the depths beneath
Praise him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker all that breathe.

Montgomery

118. FIRST PART. C. M.—*Colchester. Peterborough.*

Deliverance from a tumult.

1 THE Lord appears my helper now;
My soul is not afraid
Of what the sons of earth can do,
Since heav'n affords its aid.

di 2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

cr 3 'Tis through the Lord my heart is strong;
In him my lips rejoice:
f While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice!

'' 4 Though angry foes beset me round,
di When God appears they fly;
cr So burning thorns, with crackling sound
Will blaze and quickly die.

vi 5 Joy to the saints and peace belong
The Lord directs their ways;
f Let Israel tune th' immortal song,
To his immortal grace.

118. SECOND PART. C. M.—*New Cambridge.*

Public praise for deliverance from death.

1 LORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescu'd from the grave;
Now shall he live, for none can die
If God resolve to save.

2 Thy praise more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath;
Thy hand that hath chastis'd him sore,
Defends him still from death.

vi 3 Open the gates of Zion now,
That we may worship there:
To thine own house with joy we'll go,
Thy mercy to declare.

4 Among th' assemblies of thy saints,
Our thankful voice we'll raise:
di There we have told thee our complaints,
cr And there we'll speak thy praise.

118. THIRD PART. C. M.—*Remembrance.*

Christ the foundation of his church.

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

d 2 Chosen of God, for ever dear,
The saints adore his name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

! ! 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
cr Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

ag 4 What though the gates of hell withstood!
Yet must this building rise:
f 'Tis thine own work, Almighty God!
And wondrous in our eyes.

118. FOURTH PART. C. M.—*Channing.*

For the Lord's day.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own:
vi Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell:
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

f 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King!
To David's holy Son!
di Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

[4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace!
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.]

ff 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heav'ns in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

118.

FIFTH PART. S. M.—*Shirland.*
Same subject.

'' 1 SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse;
cr Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

di 2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
cr Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.

f 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

di 4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
cr Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray;
Let all the church be glad.

f 5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood;
Bless him, ye saints; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bless thy holy word,
Which all this grace displays:
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

118. SIXTH PART. L. M.—*Rothwell. Chatham.*
Same subject.

1 LO! what a glorious corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse!
Yet God hath built his church thereon
Spite of the rage of envious Jews.

2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes:
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.

vi 3 Sinners, rejoice, ye saints, be glad;
f Hosanna, let his name be blest:
A thousand honors on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory rest.

m 4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
ff Let the whole church address their King
With hearts of joy and songs of praise.

[Watts collects and arranges what he considers the most useful verses of the 119th Psalm, into various heads, forming a distinct poem upon each of them. By such transpositions of the text, he aims at closer connexions of thought, in accordance with the style of modern song.]

119. FIRST PART. C. M.—*Remembrance.*
Blessedness of saints.

'' 1 BLEST are the undefiled in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But flee from every sin.

2 Blest are the men that keep thy word,
And practise thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

3 Great is their peace who love thy law,
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And glorify thy name.

119. SECOND PART. C. M.—*Dunchurch.*

Constant communion with God.

1 TO thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

di 2 My spirit faints to see thy grace,
Thy promise bears me up;
And while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

cr 3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to thee;
Thy bounteous providence demands
Continual praise from me.

di 4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind;
cr My thoughts in warm devotions rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

119. THIRD PART. C. M.—*Colchester.*

God is our portion.

1 THOU art my portion, O my God!
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heav'nly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before my eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

di 4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pard'ning grace.

5 Thou hast induc'd this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil;
And thus, till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform thy will.

cr 6 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O save thy servant, Lord;
Thou art my shield, my hiding place,
My hope is in thy word.

119. FOURTH PART. C. M.—*Remembrance.*

Instruction from the Scriptures.

' ' 1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

cr 3 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day;
di And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

cr 5 Thy precepts make me truly wise,
I hate the sinners' road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise;
But love thy law, my God.

[6 The starry heav'ns thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place;
And these thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and pow'r express.

7 But still thy law and gospel, Lord.
Have lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.]

8 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

119. FIFTH PART. C. M.—*Barby*

Delight in the Scriptures.

d 1 O HOW I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word;
—di My soul with longing melts away,
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

cr 3 Thy heav'nly truths my heart engage,
And well employ my tongue;
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yield me a cheerful song.

4 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

p 5 When nature sinks and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
cr Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

119. SIXTH PART. C. M.—*Peterborough. Moravian.*

Conflict with sin, and comfort from the word.

1 LORD, I esteem thy judgments right
And all thy statutes just;
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With every flatt'ring lust.

2 Thy precepts often I survey;
I keep thy law in sight
Through all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.

d 3 My heart in midnight silence cries,
"How sweet thy comforts are!"
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
My heart in praise and prayer.

4 And when my spirit drinks her fill
At some good word of thine;
f Not mighty men, that share the spoil,
Have joys compar'd to mine.

119. SEVENTH PART. C. M.—*Peterborough.*

The scripture morality surpasses every other system.

ff 1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book:
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiv'n;
Or lead a step beyond the grave:
But thine conduct to heav'n.

3 I've seen an end to what we call
Perfection here below:
How short the pow'rs of nature fall,
And can no farther go.

4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.

di 5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.

6 Our faith and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
cr While perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

119. EIGHTH PART. C. M.—*Retirement.*

Richness and variety of the Scriptures.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice;
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight;
vi While through the promises I rove,
With ever new delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

di 4 The best relief that mourners have;
It makes our sorrows blest:
cr Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

119. NINTH PART. C. M.—*Barby.*

The Spirit teaches by the word.

1 THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good thy works appear!
Open mine eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
My service is thy due:
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.

di 3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid;
cr But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

p 4 When I confess'd my wand'ring ways,
Thou heard'st my soul complain:
cr Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

5 If God to me his statutes show,
And heav'nly truth impart;
His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

[6 When I have learn'd my Father's will,
I'll tell the world his ways;
My thankful lips, inspir'd with zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his praise.]

119. TENTH PART. C. M.—*Dunchurch.*

Pleading the promises.

1 BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
And promis'd quick'ning grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.

aff 3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
O bear thy servant up;
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail
That dare reproach my hope.

4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear;
vi Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

119. ELEVENTH PART. C. M.—*Rochester.*

Breathing after holiness.

aff 1 OH that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
Oh that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 Oh send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Or act the liars' part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes,
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

di 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I keep in mind thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
vi 'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands
Offend against my God,

119. TWELFTH PART. C. M.—*Burford.*

Prayer for comfort and deliverance.

1 MY God, consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause;
Though I have sinn'd against thy grace,
I love thy holy laws.

aff 2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach,
Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my life, sustain my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.

3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress;
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.

4 My eyes with expectation fail,
My heart within me cries,
ex "When will the Lord his word fulfil,
And make my comforts rise?"

5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And show thy grace the same:
Thy tender mercies still afford,
To those that fear thy name.

119. THIRTEENTH PART. C. M.—*Rochester.*

Holy fear, and tenderness of conscience.

aff 1 WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face
O let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinner's way.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

3 I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe;
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.

5 My heart with sacred rev'rence hears
The threat'nings of thy word;
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.

m 6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy salvation still;
Thy holy law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

119. FOURTEENTH PART. C. M.—*Burford.*

Benefit of affliction.

aff 1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliv'rance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints:
When will my troubles end?

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

3 Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight
Had sunk among the dead.

4 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right.
Though they may seem severe;
The sharpest suff'rings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

5 Before I knew thy chast'ning rod,
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

119. FIFTEENTH PART. C. M.—*Barby.*

Holy resolutions.

d 1 O THAT thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning power,
And daily peace I find.

2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all my joy.

vi 3 How would I run in thy commands,
Shouldst thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!

cr 4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
f I'll speak thy word though kings may hear
Nor yield to sinful shame.

119. SIXTEENTH PART. C. M.—*Moreland.*

Prayer for quickening grace.

aff 1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust:
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

[3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quick'ning powers;
The word that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.]

4 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heav'nly road?

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace!

vi 6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word;
When I have felt its quick'ning power
To draw me near the Lord.

119. SEVENTEENTH PART. L. M.—*Uxbridge. Luton.*

Sanctified affliction.

d 1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That brought my conscience to a stand,
And led my wand'ring soul to God!

2 Foolish and vain, I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord,
I left my guide and lost my way,
But now I love and keep thy word.

!! 3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
That pride no more may dare to rise
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
His grace can make me truly wise.

4 The law that issues from thy mouth,
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the south,
Than richest hills of golden ore.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy spirit form'd my soul within:
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

f 6 Then all that love and fear the Lord,
At my salvation will rejoice,
That I have trusted in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

120.

C. M.—*Moreland.*
Trials from bitter contentions.

aff 1 THOU God of love, thou ever blest,
Pity my suff'ring state;
When wilt thou set my soul at rest,
From lips that love deceit?

2 My weary days, O Lord, are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose loud contentions ever waste
My golden hours of life.

vi 3 O might I fly to change my place;
How gladly would I roam
In some wide lonesome wilderness,
To find a peaceful home.

di 4 Peace is the blessing I would seek:
How lovely are its charms!
Yet if for this I dare to speak,
cr They still declare for arms.

f!! 5 What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!
d Let heav'nly love my heart engage,
p Patient to suffer wrong.

121.

FIRST PART. L. M.—*Luton.* *Repose.*
Divine protection.

vi 1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives,
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

cr 2 He lives, the everlasting God,
Who built the world, who spread the flood
The heav'ns with all their host he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

di'' 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way,
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours, while Israel sleeps.

4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest!
Thy Holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber, nor surprise.

5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor moon at night with sickly ray:
Thy Saviour, with a shepherd's care,
Defends thy life from every snare.

cr 6 On thee, foul spirits have no power;
And, in thy last departing hour,
Angels that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward, to thy God.

121.

SECOND PART. C. M.—*Barby.*

Preservation by day and night.

1 TO heav'n I lift my waking eyes,
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord that built the earth and skies,
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall,
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends their humble call,
His eyes can never sleep.

vi 3 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His watchful eye, his boundless power,
Are thine eternal guard.

4 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
Shall have his leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.

5 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

121. THIRD PART. C. M.—*Colchester.*

Help in God.

1 ENCOMPASS'D by ten thousand ills,
And prest by angry foes;
I lift mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence salvation flows.

2 My help is from the Lord, who made
And governs earth and sky;
I look to his Almighty aid,
And ever watching eye.

3 He who thy soul in safety keeps,
Shall drive destruction hence;
The Lord, thy keeper, never sleeps,
The Lord is thy defence.

Montgomery

121. FOURTH PART. H. M.—*Hartford.*

God our preserver.

'' 1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
cr God is the tower
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

di 2 My feet shall never slide,
Nor fall in fatal snares;
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears:
Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep,
Shall Israel keep
When dangers rise.

cr 3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away.
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word,
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord,
To keep my mortal breath;
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

122. FIRST PART. C. M.—*Colchester.*

Going to church.

vi 1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say—
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."

2 I love her gates, I love the road:
The church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joy unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints
mæ And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
ag We tremble and rejoice.

p 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
cr With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants blest.

di 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
cr There my best friends and kindred dwell,
f There God my Saviour reigns.

122. SECOND PART. C. M.—*New Cambridge.*

Joyful worship at church on the Sabbath.

vi 1 WITH joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
Where willing vot'ries throng,
To breathe the humble fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

di 3 Spirit of grace, O deign to dwell
Within thy church below:
Make her in holiness excel—
With pure devotion glow.

p 4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread with grateful zeal around,
Her clear and shining light.

cr 5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast call'd thine own;
f With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at thy throne.

Spirit of the Psalms

122.

THIRD PART. S. P. M.—*Dalston.*

Going to church.

' ' 1 HOW pleas'd and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our Lord to-day!"
vi Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred Gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinners sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

p 4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest!
cr The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
f A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
di "Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell:
cr And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

123.

FIRST PART. C. M.—*Burford.*
Pleading with submission.

aff 1 O THOU, whose grace and justice reign
Enthron'd above the skies,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To thee lift up our eyes.

″ 2 As servants watch their master's hand,
And fear the angry stroke;
Or maids before their mistress stand,
Waiting a peaceful look:

3 So, for our sins, we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God;
Yet wait the gracious moment still
Till thou remove thy rod.

4 Those that in wealth and pleasure live,
Our daily groans deride;
While thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.

5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies;
cr This thought shall bear our spirits up,
That God will not despise.

123.

SECOND PART. 7's.—*Norwich.*
Supplication against spiritual enemies.

aff 1 NOW before thy throne we bend,
Now to thee our prayers ascend,
Servants at the Master's feet,
Lord, for mercy here we wait.

2 Leave us not beneath the power
Of temptation's darkest hour;
Helpless to thy throne we fly,
Abba, Father, hear our cry.

3 Sore distress'd, yet patient still,
Here we wait thy holy will,
Prone to earth and fill'd with fear,
Till our Saviour, God, appear.

ex 4 See our foes insulting come,
Swift to read their captives' doom;
Jesus, Saviour, yet be nigh,
Lord of life and victory.

Pratt's Coll.

124.

L. M.—6 lines.—*Wesley Chapel.*

Deliverance from a military invasion.

1 HAD not the Lord, may Israel say,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our side;
When men to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide:
We had been whelm'd in instant death;
The swelling tide had stopp'd our breath.

vi 2 As flies the bird with cheerful wing,
When first the fowler's snare is broke;
So we, with joy, thy praises sing,
O Shepherd of thy chosen flock!
Thou hast despis'd the fowler's snare,
And made our lives thy constant care.

cr 3 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who form'd the earth and built the skies;
He sav'd us from the threat'ning sword;
To him shall our thanksgivings rise:
Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Whose hand upholds creation's frame.

125.

FIRST PART. C. M.—*Coventry.*

The saint's trial and safety.

f 1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hills,
And firm as mountains stand;
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That trusts th' Almighty hand.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Fair Salem's hallow'd ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

di 3 Divine compassion, when they stray,
Applies the chast'ning rod;
Afflictions, through a Father's love,
Shall draw them near to God.

p 4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere
And lead them safely on,
cr To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.

125.

SECOND PART. C. M.—*Remembrance.*
God the reward of his people.

'' 1 AS round about Jerusalem
The guardian mountains stand,
So shall the Lord encompass them,
Who hold by his right hand.

2 The rod of wickedness shall ne'er
Against the just prevail;
Lest innocence should find a snare
And tempted virtue fail.

3 Do good, O Lord, do good to those
Who cleave to thee in heart,
Who on thy truth alone repose,
Nor from thy law depart.

di 4 While rebel souls, who turn aside,
Thine anger shall destroy;
cr Do thou in peace thy people guide
To their eternal joy.

Montgomery.

125.

THIRD PART. S. M.—*Clapton.*
The saint's safety in trials.

f '' 1 FIRM and unmov'd are they
Who rest their souls on God;
Firm as the mount where David stood,
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God, and his Almighty love,
Embrace his saints around.

p 3 What though the Father's rod,
Drop a chastising stroke;
Yet, by the hand of tenderness,
cr Its terrors shall be broke.

p '' 4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope, and love, and every grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

cr 5 Nor shall affliction's rage,
Too long oppress the saint;
The God of Israel will support
His children lest they faint.

ex 6 But if our slavish fear
Will choose the road to hell,
We must expect our portion there,
Where bolder sinners dwell.

126. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Park-street.*

Surprising deliverance of the church.

vi 1 WHEN God restor'd our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our theme:
The grace beyond our hopes so great,
That rapture seem'd a pleasing dream.

2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honors to thy name;
While we with transport shout thy praise,
In loftiest notes thy love proclaim.

p" 3 When we indulg'd our dismal fears,
Who could believe they'd vanish so!
With God we left our flowing tears,
He made our joys like rivers flow.

4 The man that in his furrow'd field,
His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
f Will shout to see the harvest yield
The welcome loads of joyful sheaves.

126. SECOND PART. L. M.—*Park-street.*

Joyful change.

1 WHEN God from sin's captivity,
Sets his afflicted people free;
Lost in amaze, their mercies seem
Like transient raptures of a dream.

vi 2 But soon their ransom'd souls rejoice,
And mirth and music swell their voice,
Till foes confess, nor dare condemn,
"The Lord hath done great things for them."

3 They catch the strain and answer thus—
"The Lord hath done great things for us,
Whence gladness fills our hearts, and songs,
Sweet and spontaneous, fill our tongues."

m 4 Turn our captivity, O Lord,
As southern rivers, at thy word,
Bound from their channels and restore
Plenty where all was waste before.

5 Who sow in tears shall reap in joy:
Naught shall the precious seed destroy;
vi Not long the weeping exiles roam,
But bring their sheaves rejoicing home.

Montgomery.

126. THIRD PART. C. M.—*Remembrance.*

A remarkable conversion.

d 1 WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name
And chang'd my mournful state:
vi My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change:
And did thy hand confess:
f My tongue broke forth in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

!! 3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
And own'd thy power divine:
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
And be the glory thine.

di 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night:
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
cr To rivers of delight.

[5 Let those that sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come:
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessing home.

6 Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It sha'n't deceive their hope:
Such precious grain will ne'er be lost,
For grace ensures the crop.]

127. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Sterling.*

The blessing of God necessary to success in the pursuits of life.

!! 1 IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost;
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

2 What though we rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done
Careful and sparing eat our bread,
To shun the poverty we dread·

3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest;
He can make rich, can give us rest:
On God, our Sovereign, still depends
Our joy in children or in friends.

vi 4 Happy the man whom he will bless,
With riches of his saving grace:
How sweet our daily comforts prove
Flowing from his paternal love!

127. SECOND PART. C. M.—*Arlington.*

Same subject.

'' 1 IF God to build the house deny,
The builders toil in vain;
And towns without his wakeful eye
A useless watch maintain.

2 Before the morning beams arise
Your painful work renew,
And till the stars ascend the skies
Your tiresome task pursue;

3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare,
In vain, till God has blest:
But if his smiles attend your care,
You shall have food and rest.

4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real blessings prove;
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

127. THIRD PART. 8's and 7's.—*Aberdeen.* *Dismission.*

Same subject.

1 THOUGH the watch their guard are keeping,
To protect us from alarm;
Foes that wake while we are sleeping,
Yield but to th' Almighty arm.

2 Vain were all our toil and labor,
Did not God that labor bless:
Vain, without his grace and favor,
Every talent we possess.

3 Vainer still the hope of heaven
That on human strength relies;
But to him shall help be given
Who in humble faith applies.

4 Seek we then the Lord's Anointed,
He shall grant us peace and rest:
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
Who through Christ his prayer address'd.

Spirit of the Psalms.

128.

C. M.—*Coventry.*

Family blessings promised.

!! 1 O HAPPY man, whose soul is fill'd
With zeal and reverend awe;
Whose lips to God their honor yield,
Whose life adorns thy law.

2 A watchful Providence shall stand,
Ever to guard his head:
Shall on the labors of his hand,
Its kindly blessings shed.

3 The Lord shall his best hopes fulfil,
For months and years to come;
And bless him from Mount Zion's hill,
In heav'n beyond the tomb.

4 This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase,
Shall see the mourning church arise;
Then leave the world in peace.

129.

C. M.—*Moreland.*

Persecutors punished.

aff 1 UP from my youth, may Israel say,
Have I been nursed in tears;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.

2 Up from my youth, I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife;
Oft they assail'd my riper age,
But God preserv'd my life.

3 The Lord beheld them from his throne,
With an impartial eye;
Measur'd the mischiefs they had done,
And bid th' oppressors die.

ag 4 How were the rebel hosts surpris'd
To hear his thunders roll!
How were the foes of Zion seiz'd
With horror to the soul!

5 So will the men that hate thy Son,
Soon perish by thy breath:
They must repent before thy throne,
p Or meet the second death.

130. FIRST PART. C. M.—*Burford.*

Pardoning grace.

aff 1 OUT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair;
I've sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.

2 Great God, should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

di 3 But there are pardons with my God,
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.

4 I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.

vi 5 Now in the Lord let Zion trust,
Ye sinners, seek his face;
The Lord is good, the Lord is just,
And plenteous is his grace.

[6 There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslav'd;
Those that believe in Christ the Son,
Through grace shall all be sav'd.]

130. SECOND PART. L. M.—*Vernon. Darwen.*

Same subject.

aff 1 FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, O Lord, I rais'd my cry;
If thou severely mark our faults,
Oh who can stand before thine eye!

2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope, and love, as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for break of day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?

cr 4 My trust is fix'd upon his word,
Nor shall I trust his word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

130.

THIRD PART. S. M.—*Bridgeport.*
Same subject.

aff 1 FROM lowest depths of wo
To God I send my cry;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

ag 2 Shouldst thou severely judge,
Who could the trial bear?
p Forgive us, for thy mercy's sake,
And save us from our fear.

cr 3 My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never failing word.

4 My longing eyes look out
For thine enlivening ray,
More than the nightly watch that wait
To hail the dawning day.

vi 5 Let Zion trust in God,
His word can never fail:
There's full redemption bought with blood,
Which shall with heav'n prevail.

T & B.

130.

FOURTH PART. S. M.—*St. Giles.*
Mourning in spiritual darkness.

aff 1 OUT of the depths of wo,
To thee, O Lord, I cry:
Darkness surrounds me, but I know
That thou art ever nigh.

2 Then hearken to my voice,
Give ear to my complaint;
Thou bidst the mourning soul rejoice,
Thou comfortest the faint.

3 I cast my hope on thee,
Thou canst, thou wilt forgive,
Wert thou to mark iniquity,
Who in thy sight could live?

4 Humbly on thee I wait,
Confessing all my sin,
Lord, I am knocking at thy gate;
Open and let me in.

cr 5 Though storms thy face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
di Jehovah's covenant is sure,
His bow is in the cloud.

Montgomery.

131. FIRST PART. C. M.—*Barby.*

Humility and submission.

'' 1 IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see:
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

p.⌒2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
cr Shall have a large reward;
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

131. SECOND PART. 7's.—*Benevento.*

An acquiescent temper.

'' 1 LORD, for ever at thy side,
Let my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride;
Clothe me with humility.

2 Meekly may my soul receive
All thy spirit hath reveal'd;
Thou hast spoken: I believe,
Though the prophecy were seal'd

di 3 Quiet as a weaned child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtlety beguil'd,
On thy faithful word I rest.

cr 4 Saints rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him in all his ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

Montgomery.

132. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Sterling. Duke-street.*

God dwells with his church.

'' 1 WHERE shall we go to seek, and find
A habitation for our God,
A dwelling for the Eternal mind,
Among the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion, for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still,
His church is with his presence blest.

3 Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever, saith the Lord;
Here shall my power and love be known.
And blessings shall attend my word.

4 Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
di All that will stand at mercy's door,
With sweet provision shall be fed.

cr 5 Girded with truth, and clothed with grace,
My ministers shall rise and shine;
Not Aaron, in his costly dress,
Appear'd with tidings so divine.

6 The saints, unable to contain
—f Their inward joy, shall shout and sing;
The Son of David here shall reign,
And Zion triumph in her King.

7 Jesus shall see a num'rous seed
Born here t' uphold his glorious name;
Heav'n's brightest glories crown his head,
While all his foes are clothed with shame.

132. SECOND PART. C. M.—*St. Ann's.*

For the dedication of a house of worship.

mæ 1 ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest!
—di Lo, thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest;

vi.f 2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

m.di 3 Here, mighty God! accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill the poor with bread.

vi.f 4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his courts maintain,
With love and power divine.

mæ 5 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

132. THIRD PART. C. M.—*Luton. Repose.*

Promise of the reign of Christ as the Son of David.

1 LORD, for thy servant David's sake,
Perform thine oath to David's Son:
Thy truth thou never wilt forsake;
Look on thine own Anointed one.

2 The Lord in faithfulness hath sworn
His throne for ever to maintain;
From realm to realm, the sceptre borne,
Shall stretch o'er earth, Messiah's reign.

3 Zion, my chosen hill of old,
My rest, my dwelling, my delight,
With loving kindness I uphold;
Her walls are ever in my sight.

vi 4 I satisfy her poor with bread,
Her table in abundance bless,
cr Joy on her sons and daughters shed,
And clothe her priests with righteousness.

f 5 Arise into thy resting place,
Thou and thy ark of strength, O Lord;
Shine through the veil, we seek thy face,
Speak, for we hearken to thy word.

Montgomery.

133. FIRST PART. C. M.—*Retirement. Coventry.*

Brotherly love.

1 LO! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite
Of piety and love!

2 Where streams of bliss, from Christ the spring,
Descend to every soul;
And heav'nly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.

[3 'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,
On Aaron's rev'rend head:
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.]

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews,
That fall on Zion's hill,
di Where God his milder glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

133. SECOND PART. C. M.—*Chester Tunbridge.*

Same subject.

d 1 SPIRIT of peace! celestial Dove!
How excellent thy praise!
How rich the gift of Christian love,
Thy gracious power displays!

2 Sweet as the dew on hill and flower
That silently distils,
At evening's soft and balmy hour,
On Zion's fruitful hills.

3 So with mild influence from above,
Shall promis'd grace descend;
Till universal peace and love
O'er all the earth extend.

Spirit of the Psalms

133.

THIRD PART. S. M.—*Watchman.*
Christian love, as seen in a family.

d 1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

di 3 As when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich purfume,
So shall the incense rise and spread,
To fill the cheerful room.

cr 4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
d And all the air is love.

133.

FOURTH PART. S. P. M.—*Dalston.*
Blessing of Christian friendship.

'' 1 HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move:
And each fulfil his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love.

di 2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet:
The oil through all the room
Diffus'd a rich perfume,
Ran through his robes, and bless'd his feet

cr 3 Like fruitful show'rs of rain
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighb'ring hills:
Such streams of pleasure roll,
To every friendly soul,
—*p* Where love, like heav'nly dew, distils.

133. FIFTH PART. H. M.—*Bethesda. Stafford.*

Same subject.

vi.d 1 HOW beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree
In friendship to unite,
And bands of charity!
'Tis like the precious ointment shed,
In sacred rite, on Aaron's head.

2 'Tis like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flow'rs;
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
cr Bright with the drops of show'rs:
di Where mingling odors breathe around,
—f And notes of grateful joy resound.

di 3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings in boundless store,
From his unsparing hands—
E'en life forevermore:
—f Thrice happy they who meet above,
To spend eternity in love.

134. FIRST PART. C. M.—*Remembrance. Coventry.*

Daily and nightly devotion.

" 1 YE that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his name,
And sing his wondrous grace.

cr 2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And raise your thanks on high;
di Send your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

—cr 3 The God of Zion cheer your hearts
With rays of quick'ning grace:
f 'Tis he that spreads the heav'ns abroad,
di Whose presence fills the place.

134. SECOND PART. C. M.—*New Cambridge.*

Constant devotion.

d 1 BLESS ye the Lord in solemn rite,
With pure devotion's flame;
Praise ye the Lord, with songs by night,
By day rehearse his name.

2 Lift up your hands amid the place
Where God reveals his love;
And seals the trophies of his grace,
For brighter realms above.

cr 3 From Zion, from his holy hill,
The Lord our Maker send
The saving knowledge of his will,
—di To earth's remotest end.

Montgomery.

135. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Rothwell.* *Park-street.*

General praise.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: exalt his name,
While in his earthly courts we wait,
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord: the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ·
Israel he chose of old; and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

3 The Lord himself will judge his saints;
He treats his servants as his friends;
p And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

cr 4 Through every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod;
He gives his suff'ring servants rest,
And will be known th' Almighty God!

5 Praise ye the Lord, who taste his love,
And learn the wonders of his name:
Among his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

135. SECOND PART. C. M.—*Colchester.* *Barby.*

Praise due to Jehovah.

d 1 AWAKE, ye saints, to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise:
Your pious pleasure, while ye sing,
Increasing with the praise.

2 Great is the Lord; and works unknown
Are his divine employ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.

3 Heav'n, earth, and sea, confess his hand,
He bids the vapors rise;
f Lightning and storm, at his command,
Sweep through the sounding skies.

4 All pow'r that gods or kings have claim'd
Is found with him alone;
di The heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd
Where our Jehovah's known.

mæ 5 O Zion! trust the living God,
Serve him with holy fear;
He makes thy courts his blest abode,
And claims thine honors there.

136. FIRST PART. C. M.—*St. Ann's.**

Thanks to God for his works of creation, providence, and redemption.

vi 1 GIVE thanks to God, the Sovereign Lord,
His mercies still endure;
And be the King of kings ador'd:
His truth is ever sure.

2 What wonders hath his wisdom done!
How mighty is his hand!
Heav'n, earth, and sea he fram'd alone,
How wide is his command!

[3 He cleft the swelling sea in two:
His arm is great in might;
And gave the tribes a passage through:
His pow'r and grace unite.]

[4 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand,
Victorious is his sword;
While Israel took the promis'd land:
How faithful is his word!]

aff 5 He saw the nations dead in sin;
He felt his pity move:
How sad the state the world was in!
How boundless was his love!

6 He sent to save us from our wo,
His goodness never fails;
From death, and hell, and every foe,
And still his grace prevails.

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* This version seems intended for responsive singing. The short lines are for the chorus, and the long ones for a single voice. The last verse, however, should be sung in full chorus.

f 7 Give thanks to God, the heav'nly King,
His mercies still endure;
Let all the earth his praises sing;
His truth is ever sure.

136. SECOND PART. H. M.—*Stafford.* *Bethesda.*
Same subject.

vi 1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The Sovereign King of kings;
And be his name ador'd:
di Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
cr And ever sure
Abides thy word.

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders he hath done!
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heav'ns alone:
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

di 3 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin;
aff And pitied the sad state
The ruin'd world was in:
p Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
cr And ever sure
Abides thy word.

di 4 He sent his only Son
To save us from our wo,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And ev'ry hurtful foe:
cr His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

f 5 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heav'nly King.
And let the spacious earth
His boundless glories sing:

di Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
f And ever sure
Abides thy word.

136. THIRD PART. L. M.—*Park-street. Rothwell.*
Same subject.

f" 1 GIVE to our God immortal praise,
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown:
di His mercies ever shall endure,
—p When lords and kings are known no more.

cr 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry gems on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
And bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

di 5 He form'd our race of humble clay,
And bade us his command obey:
cr Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

aff 6 He saw us perishing in sin,
And felt his pity move within:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.

7 He sent his Son with power to save
di From guilt and darkness and the grave:
f Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

m 8 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure
When this vain world shall be no more.

136. FOURTH PART. 7's.—*German H.* *German Air.*

Same subject.

vi 1 LET us with a joyful mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
di For his mercies shall endure,
cr Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He hath form'd us by his word,
He is the creation's Lord:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

aff 3 He beheld, with pitying eye,
Sinful man condemn'd to die:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

di 4 He his life a ransom gave,
vi Quick to love and strong to save:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

f 5 He arose; he reigns on high:
Grave, where is thy victory?
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

di 6 He will lead his chosen race
Through the world's dark wilderness:
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

7 He will bring them, by his love,
cr To the courts of heav'n above:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

f 8 Let us then with heart and voice
In Jehovah's name rejoice:
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Anon.

137. FIRST PART. S. M.—*Clapton.* *ex.*

Love to the church.

d 1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer sav'd
With his own precious blood.

[2 I love thy church, O God,
Her walls before thee stand
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.]

3 If e'er to bless thy sons
My voice or hands deny,
di These hands let useful skill forsake,
p This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her wo;
ex Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

p 5 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
cr To her my cares and toils be giv'n,
Till toils and cares shall end.

f 6 Beyond my highest joy,
I prize her heav'nly ways;
di Her sweet communion, solemn vows
Her hymns of love and praise.

d⌒ 7 Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King;
cr Thy hand, from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliv'rance bring.

[8 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be giv'n,
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heav'n.]

Dwight.

137. SECOND PART. L. M.—*Repose. ex.*

Israel exhorted to hail the Messiah.

p 1 WHY on the bending willows hung,
O Israel, sleeps thy tuneful lyre?
Why still refrain thy nobler tongue?
Can no high theme thy soul inspire?

f 2 Awake! thy sweetest raptures raise,
Let harp and voice unite their strains;
Thy promis'd King his sceptre sways;
Jesus thine own Messiah reigns!

di'' 3 No taunting foes the song require:
No strangers mock thy captive chain:
But friends provoke the silent lyre;
And brethren ask the holy strain.

4 Nor fear thy Salem suffers wrong,
If other hands thy triumph share:
f A heav'nly city claims thy song,
A brighter Salem rises there.

di 5 By foreign streams no longer roam;
Nor weeping, think of Jordan's flood:
cr In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God!

Pratt's Coll.

137.

THIRD PART. 10's.—*Louville.*
The Babylonian captivity.

aff.'' 1 ALONG the banks where Babel's current flows,
The captive bands in deep despondence stray'd;
While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,
di Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

cr 2 The tuneful harp that once with joy they strung,
When praise employ'd and mirth inspir'd the lay,
di Was now in silence on the willows hung,
While growing grief prolong'd the tedious day.

cr 3 Their proud oppressors, to increase their wo,
With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim;
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
—p While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.

4 But how, in heathen chains, and lands unknown,
Shall Israel's bands the sacred anthems raise?
ex "O hapless Salem! God's terrestrial throne,
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise!

5 "If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame,
ag My hand shall perish and my voice shall cease.

mæ 6 "Yet shall the Lord who hears when Zion calls,
O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay;
His arm avenge her desolated walls,
And raise her children to eternal day."
B.

138.

L. M.—*Luton. Rothwell.*
Restoring and preserving grace.

vi 1 WITH all my pow'r of heart and tongue
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 The God of heav'n maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud and scorns the great;
di But from his throne descends to bless,
The humble souls that seek his grace.

p 3 To God I cried, when troubles rose;
cr He heard me and subdued my foes,
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffuse through all my soul.

m 4 Amid a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand:
Thy promises my soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

5 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

vi 6 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord:
I'll sing the treasures of thy word:
Not all thy works of might below,
So much thy pow'r and glory show.

139. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Winchester.*

Omniscience of God.

m. 1 LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers

p 2 My thoughts before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak
Ere from my opening lips they break.

cr 3 Within thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand:
'' Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

mæ 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
—p Is in the boundless prospect lost.

cr.⌒ 5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
di Nor let my weaker passions dare
—pp Consent to sin, for God is there.

PAUSE.—*Uxbridge.*

'' 6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love;
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run!

7 Should I to heav'n pursue my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light
ex Or plunge to hell, where darkness reigns,
There justice fills the burning plains.

vi 8 Or should the wings of morn convey
Me o'er the distant land and sea;
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

di 9 Or should I try to shun thy sight,
—pp Beneath the spreading vale of night;
cr—f One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

ag 10 O may these thoughts possess my breast
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
—pp Consent to sin, for God is there.

139. SECOND PART. L. M.—*Sterling.*
God our Creator and kind preserver.

'' 1 'TWAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of such a curious frame;
In me thy fearful wonders shine;
And each proclaims thy skill divine.

2 Great God, our feeble nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise:
Thy thoughts of love to me, surmount
The power of numbers to recount.

cr 3 I could survey the ocean o'er,
And count the sands upon the shore,
Before my utmost thoughts could trace
The matchless wonders of thy grace.

di 4 These on my heart are still imprest:
p With these I give my eyes to rest;
cr And at my waking hour I find
God and his love possess my mind.

139. THIRD PART. L. M.—*Derby. Vernon.*
Appeal to the heart-searching God.

aff 1 MY God, what inward grief I feel,
When impious men transgress thy will;
I mourn to hear their lips profane
ag Take thy tremendous name in vain.

'' 2 Does not my soul detest and hate
The works of malice and deceit?
Those that oppose thy laws and thee—
Are they not enemies to me?

m⌒3 Lord, search my heart, try every thought
Though my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

p 4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
cr O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
—p And lead me in thy perfect way.

139. FOURTH PART. C. M.—*St. Ann's.*

God everywhere.

mæ 1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

p ‼ 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

cr 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

di 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secur'd by sovereign love.

PAUSE.—*Burford. Moreland.*

aff 6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful ire,
In heav'n thy glorious throne.

ag 7 Should I suppress my vital breath,
T' escape the wrath divine;
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And bid the grave resign.

‼ 8 Should I with beams of morning light,
Fly to the distant west;
The hand which would support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

p 9 Should I o'er sin presume to draw
The curtains of the night;
cr Those flaming eyes that guard thy law,
Would turn the shades to light.

10 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee:
Oh, may I ne'er provoke that pow'r
From which I cannot flee!

139. FIFTH PART. C. M.—*Chester. Fabius.*

God our Creator and preserver.

1 WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey;
I see thy work, and own the hand
That built my humble clay.

2 And when I count thy mercies o'er,
They fill me with surprise;
cr Not sands upon the ocean's shore
To equal numbers rise.

di 3 These on my heart by night I keep,
My Lord, how dear to me!
O may the hour that ends my sleep,
Still find my thoughts with thee.

139. SIXTH PART. L. M.—*Wesley Chapel.*

God our Maker, the searcher of hearts.

1 IN God's own workmanship display'd,
A miracle of power, I stand:
How wonderfully was I made,
And wrought in secret by thy hand!
I liv'd ere into being brought,
Through thy eternity of thought.

d 2 How precious are thy thoughts of peace,
O God, to me! how great the sum!
New every morn, they never cease;
They were, they are, and yet shall come,
In number and in compass more,
Than ocean's sand, or ocean's shore.

3 Search me, O God, and know my heart;
Try me, my secret soul survey:
And warn thy servant to depart
From every false and evil way:
So shall thy truth my guidance be,
In life and immortality.

Montgomery.

140. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Derby. Quito.*

A prayer against public enemies.

aff 1 O LORD, the God of heaven and earth,
From men of violence defend;
Whose ranks are daily marching forth,
Against our well-beloved land.

2 In fields of blood their souls delight;
They seek for plunder mid the slain;
Against the church and thee unite,
Alike the foes of God and man.

di 3 By night they form some foul design.
And lie in wait against our peace;
cr By day their bands in war combine,
To waste, to slaughter, and oppress.

m⌒4 Oh thou Preserver of mankind!
Our hope, our shield, our strength, our God!
Thou hast an ear to prayer inclin'd,
Our cries have reach'd thy dread abode.

Dwight.

140. SECOND PART. S. M.—*Bridgeport.*

Complaint against personal enemies.

aff 1 MY God, while impious men,
With malice in their heart,
My peace destroy, my life defame,
Thy guardian grace impart.

p ׀׀ 2 Daily they lie in wait
My footsteps to betray,
Full many a snare for me they set,
Beside my peaceful way.

ex 3 Oh, hear my humble cry,
Their cherish'd hopes destroy:
Their arts confound, their plots disclose,
And blast their envious joy.

4 Thou wilt sustain the poor,
And bid th' afflicted sing;
Before thee shall thy children dwell,
Their Father and their King.

Dwight.

141. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Luton.*

Christian watchfulness and reproof—A morning psalm.

d 1 MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thine house;
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

di 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

cr 3 O, may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way!
Their gentle words like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them press'd with grief,
I'll cry to heav'n for their relief:
And by my warm petitions prove,
How much I prize their faithful love.

141.

SECOND PART. L. M.—*Repose. Seasons.*
Christian watchfulness and reproof.

d 1 LORD, let my prayer like incense rise:
And when I lift my hands to thee,
As in the evening sacrifice,
Look down from heav'n well pleas'd on me.

2 Set thou a watch to keep my tongue,
Let not my heart to sin incline;
Save me from men who practice wrong:
Let me not share their mirth and wine.

3 But let the righteous, when I stray,
Smite me in love; his strokes are kind:
His mild reproofs, like oil, allay
The wounds they make, and heal the mind.

aff 4 But O, redeem me from the snares
With which the world surrounds my feet,
Its riches, vanities, and cares,
Its love, its hatred, and deceit!

Montgomery.

142.

C. M.—*Bangor.*
God is the hope of the helpless.

aff 1 TO God I'll make my sorrows known;
From God I'll seek relief;
In long complaints before his throne
I'll pour out all my grief.

2 On every side I cast mine eye,
And find my helper s gone;
My friends and strangers pass me by,
Neglected and alone.

vi 3 But I will raise my prayer to thee;
Now let thine ear attend;
And make the foes who vex me see,
That God is still my friend.

cr 4 From depths of sorrow set me free,
Then shall I praise thy name;
And holy men shall join with me
Thy kindness to proclaim.

143. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Darwen. Vernon.*

Heavy affliction in body and mind.

aff 1 MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad;
I cry for succor from thy throne;
O, make thy truth and mercy known.

ag 2 Destroy me not in judgment, Lord;
Thy pard'ning mercy still afford;
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No living man is guiltless there.

li 3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burden me;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
—pp Like one long buried and forgot.

tr '' 4 My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace;
Thence I derive a gleam of hope,
To bear my sinking spirits up.

ex 5 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And God for ever hide his love?

PAUSE.—*Repose. ex.*

p. aff 6 The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distracting fears;
O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my wearied powers rejoice

7 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
And lift my trembling soul on high;
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the painful hours away.

8 Teach me submission to thy will,
And lead me to thy holy hill;
Let the good Spirit, by thy love,
Prepare me for thy courts above.

f 9 There shall my soul no more complain;
The tempter then shall rage in vain:
And flesh and sin, my foes before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

143. SECOND PART. L. M.—*Derby.*

Mental afflictions and trials.

aff 1 HEAR me, O Lord, in my distress,
Hear me in truth and righteousness;
For at thy bar of judgment tried,
None living can be justified.

ag 2 Lord, I have foes without, within,
The world, the flesh, indwelling sin,
Life's daily ills, temptation's pow'r,
And Satan, roaring to devour.

3 O let me not so hopeless lie,
Like one condemn'd at morn to die;
But with the morning may I see,
Thy loving kindness visit me.

4 Teach me thy will, subdue my own;
Thou art my God, and thou alone;
By thy good Spirit guide me still,
Safe from all foes, to Zion's hill.

5 Release my soul from trouble, Lord:
Quicken and keep me by thy word;
May all its promises be mine;
Be thou my portion—I am thine.

Montgomery.

144. FIRST PART. C. M.—*Colchester.*

Victory in spiritual warfare.

vi 1 FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me in the heav'nly fight,
And guards me through the war.

d 3 A friend and helper so divine,
Doth my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the praise.

144. SECOND PART. C. M.—*Barby. ex.*

Vanity of man, and condescension of God.

aff 1 LORD, what is man! poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first!
His life, a shadow, light and vain,
p Still hastening to the dust.

cr 2 Oh what is feeble dying man,
Or all his sinful race,
That thou shouldst make it thy concern,
di To visit him with grace!

ag 3 That God, who darts his lightning down,
Who shakes the worlds above;
While mountains tremble at his frown,
d How wondrous is his love!

144. THIRD PART. L. M.—*Seasons. Repose.*

God's goodness and man's ingratitude.

d 1 THE Lord is gracious to forgive,
And slow to let his anger move;
The Lord is good to all that live,
And all his tender mercy prove.

mæ 2 Glorious in majesty art thou;
Thy throne for ever shall endure;
di Angels before thy footstool bow,
Yet dost thou not despise the poor.

3 The Lord upholds the men that fall;
He raises men of low degree:
O God, our health, the eyes of all,
Of all the living, wait on thee.

4 Thou op'nest thy exhaustless store,
And rainest food on every land:
The dumb creation, thee adore,
And eat their portion from thy hand.

aff 5 But, most indebted, most ingrate,
Man only is a rebel here:
Teach him to know thee, ere too late;
Teach him to love thee and to fear.

Montgomery.

145. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Rothwell. Seasons*

All praise due to God.

d 1 MY God, my King, thy various praise,
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

vi 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear:
di And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

mæ 3 Thy works with boundless glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let every realm with joy proclaim,
The honors of thy holy name.

4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

m 5 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness, all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways!
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

145. SECOND PART. C. M.—*Colchester.*

Same subject.

d 1 LONG as I live, I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love:
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song,
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5 The world is govern'd by thy hand,
Thy saints are rul'd by love:
For ever shall thy kingdom stand,
Though rocks and hills remove.

145. THIRD PART. C. M.—*Tunbridge. Colchester.*

Goodness of God.

d 1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King!
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

cr 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food:
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.

di 4 How kind and gracious is the Lord,
How slow his anger moves!
How soon he sends his pard'ning word
To cheer the soul he loves!

cr 5 Creatures with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints that taste thy richer grace,
Adore thy wondrous name.

145. FOURTH PART. C. M.—*Barby.*

God's mercy to the weak and helpless.

d 1 LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

di 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
And virtue lies distress'd,
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 God strengthens our declining days:
He guards the hours of youth;
mæ Holy and just are all his ways,
His word is heavenly truth.

p 4 He knows the pains his servants feel,
He hears his children cry:
And their best wishes to fulfill
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never shall remove,
From men of heart sincere:
He saves the soul where humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

ag 6 His foes unyielding he will slay,
Who dare oppose his reign:
d But none that serve the Lord shall say,
They sought his aid in vain.

146. FIRST PART. L. M.—*Park-street.*

God is to be praised for his perfections and providences.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine;
The work of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

'' 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God, who reigns on high;
The God of angels and of men,
None ever found his promise vain.

3 His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves the oppress'd, he feeds the poor
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

4 He loves his saints, he knows them well;
ag But turns the wicked down to hell;
mæ Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns,
Praise him in everlasting strains.

146. SECOND PART. L. P. M.—*St. Helen's.*

Same subject.

vi.'' 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God, who made the sky,

And earth and sea, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
—p But turns the wicked down to hell:
mæ Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns!
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage,
Praise him in everlasting strains.

PAUSE.

di 4 Why should I make a man my trust?
Why should I cleave to brittle dust,
Or look for help from flesh and blood?
Man's breath departs, his pomp and pow'r
His thoughts all vanish in an hour;
p Nor can he make his promise good.

cr 5 The Lord supports the sinking mind;
The Lord gives eyesight to the blind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

f 6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

147. FIRST PART. C. M.—*Rothwell. Luton.*

Praise for divine grace.

vi 1 PRAISE ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name;
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 Great is our Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

di 5 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

147. SECOND PART. C. M.—*Colchester. Tolland.*

Seasons of the year.

f. vi 1 WITH songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high:
Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessing down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown
And corn in valleys grow.

3 His steady counsels change the face
di Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wint'ry days appear.

4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
m The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

vi 5 He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

148. FIRST PART. H. M.—*Weymouth.*

Universal praise.

vi 1 YE tribes of Adam join
With heav'n, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise:
f Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light,
Begin the song.

d 2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rul'st the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light:
f His power declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.

mæ 3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command:
di He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came
To praise the Lord.

PAUSE.

mæ 4 Rulers of earth, adore
The Lord, the heav'nly King,
Obey him evermore,
And his high praises sing:
di Nor mid the dream
Of power and state,
cr Dare to forget
The great Supreme.

" 5 Children and youths, engage
To sound his praise divine;
While men of riper age,
cr Their louder voices join:
f Wide as he reigns,
His name be sung
By every tongue,
In endless strains.

6 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
di He brings his people near
p And makes them taste his love:
f While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honors high.

148. SECOND PART. L. M.—*Luther's Hymn.*

Same subject.

vi.mœ 1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell;
Let heav'n begin the solemn word,
ag And sound it dreadful down to hell.

mœ 2 The Lord! how absolute he reigns!
Let every angel bend the knee;
Sing of his love in heav'nly strains,
f. ag And speak how fierce his terrors be.

⌒ 3 High on the throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss;
vi Fly through the world, O sun, and tell
—p How dark thy beams compar'd with his.

FIRST PAUSE.

mœ 4 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;
p Let the sweet whispers of his name
Fill every gentler breeze of air.

cr 5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire.

d 6 Ye flow'ry plains, proclaim his skill,
p Valleys, lie low before his eye;
cr And let his praise from every hill,
f Rise tuneful to the neighb'ring sky.

SECOND PAUSE.—*Park-street. ex.*

vi 7 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
While all the wide creation sings!
f O, for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains, and lofty kings.

8 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
ff Loud as his thunders shout his praise.
And sound it lofty as his throne.

m.mæ 9 Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word!
O may it dwell on every tongue:
But saints who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

ri 10 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;
cr From all below, and all above,
f Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

148. THIRD PART. S. M.—*Clapton.*

Same subject.

f 1 LET every creature join
To praise th' eternal God:
Ye heav'nly hosts the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays;
Ye starry lights, ye twink'ling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame:
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

di 4 By all his works below,
His honors be express'd:
Saints, who his loving kindness know,
Should sing his praises best.

148. FOURTH PART. L. C. M.—*Warning.*

Same subject.

f!! 1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise the Almighty name:
Let heav'n and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,
Ye clouds proclaim your Maker God,
Ye thunders speak his power;
ma Lo! on the lightning's fiery wing,
In triumph walks th' eternal King:
Th' astonish'd worlds adore.

ex 3 Ye deeps with roaring billows rise,
To join the thunders of the skies,
Praise him who bids you roll:
di His praise in softer notes declare,
p Each whispering breeze of yielding air;
—pp And breathe it to the soul.

cr 4 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing:
d Ye feather'd warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.

f 5 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
Let man, in God's own image made,
His breath in praise employ;
Spread wide his Maker's name around,
cr Till heav'n shall echo back the sound,
In songs of holy joy.

Ogilvie.

148. FIFTH PART. 8's and 7's.—*Ch. Hymn.*

Praise to God.

f 1 PRAISE the Lord, ye heav'ns adore him,
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon rejoice before him,
Praise him all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken,
Worlds his mighty voice obey'd;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high, his pow'r proclaim;
Heav'n and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

Doublin Coll.

148. SIXTH PART. 7's.—*Nuremburgh.*

Praise for the works of creation.

f'' 1 HERALDS of creation cry
Praise the Lord, the Lord most high!
Heav'n and earth obey the call,
Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.

2 For he spake, and forth from night,
Sprang the universe to light:
He commanded; nature heard,
And stood fast upon his word.

3 Praise him, all ye hosts above,
Spirits perfected in love;
Sun and moon your anthems raise,
Sing, ye stars, your Maker's praise.

Montgomery.

149. C. M.—*Coventry.*

Saints should praise God and rejoice in him.

vi 1 ALL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new:
Amid the church with cheerful voice
His later wonders shew.

2 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
p Whom sinners treat with scorn:
The meek that lie despised in dust,
cr Salvation shall adorn.

3 Saints should be joyful in their King,
E'en on a dying bed;
f And like the souls in glory sing:
di For God shall raise the dead.

mæ 4 When Christ his judgment seat ascends,
And bids the world appear;
Thrones are prepared for all his friends,
Who lov'd, and serv'd him here.

150. FIRST PART. C. M.—*New Cambridge.*

A song of praise.

1 IN God's own house pronounce his praise
His grace he there reveals;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love,
Your highest praise exceeds.

f 3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest:
di Yet, when my voice expires in death,
cr My soul shall praise him best.

150. SECOND PART. H. M.—*Weymouth.*

Same subject.

vi 1 IN Zion's sacred gates,
Let hymns of praise begin—
Where acts of faith and love,
In ceaseless beauty shine:

di In mercy there
While God is known,
cr Before his throne
With songs appear.

f '' 2 The trumpet's martial voice,
The timbrel's softer sound,
The organ's solemn peal,
His praises shall resound:
ff To swell the song
With highest joy,
Let man employ
His tuneful tongue.

ma 3 In heav'n, his house on high,
Ye angels lift your voice;
Let heav'nly harps resound,
And happy saints rejoice:
The glories sing,
That ever shine,
With pomp divine,
Around your King.

Dwight.

150. THIRD PART. 7's.—*Song of Jubilee.* ***Benevento.***

Same subject.

f ' 1 PRAISE the Lord, his pow'r confess,
Praise him in his holiness,
Praise him as the theme inspires,
Praise him as his name requires.

ex 2 Let the trumpet's lofty sound,
Spread its loudest notes around;
Let the harp unite in praise,
With the sacred minstrel's lays.

3 Let the organ join to bless
God, the Lord of righteousness;
Tune your voice to spread the fame
Of the great Jehovah's name.

ff 4 All who dwell beneath his light,
In his praise your hearts unite;
While the stream of song is pour'd,
Praise and magnify the Lord.

Wrangham.

DOXOLOGIES—SEE END OF HYMNS.

HYMNS.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.*

1.

L. M.—*Sterling. Uxbridge.*
The Bible divinely inspired.

'' 1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spake his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And fill their hearts with heav'nly fire.

2 Great God! mine eyes with wonder look,
Upon the treasures of thy book:
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind:
Here I can fix my hope secure,
The word is THINE, and must endure.

2.

C. M.—*Peterborough. Fabius.*
The Bible a lamp.

'' 1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration giv'n!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heav'n.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

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* See also GOSPEL, and PSALMS 19 and 119.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light,
Of heaven's eternal day.

Rippon's Coll.

3.

C. M.—*Retirement. Chester.*

The Holy Scriptures.

aff 1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a gleam of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

d 2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Beaming in every page.

3 Here is the Judge that ends the strife
When human reas'nings fail:
Here is the guide to endless life
Through all this gloomy vale.

4 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command,
And keep me in the narrow road,
That leads to thy right hand.

4.

C. M.—*Fabius. Moravian.*

The word of God.

d 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd,
For these celestial lines.

[2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast:
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.]

vi 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
cr And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O, may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight:
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructor! gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Steele.

5

L. M.—*Park-street. Vanhall's.*
Excellence of the Scriptures.

vi 1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
For thou hast brought salvation down,
And stor'd its blessings in thy word.

di 2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
ag With deep despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

d 3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how large and free!
Firm on this ground, our comfort stands.

cr 4 Should all the schemes that men devise,
Assault my faith with treacherous art;
I'd count them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

GOD AND HIS ATTRIBUTES.*

6.

L. M.—*Luton. Park-street.*
There is a God.

'' 1 NATURE, with solemn accent cries,
There is a God that built the skies,
That form'd the earth and spread the flood;
A self-existent, mighty God.

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* See DOCTRINAL, also PSALMS 36, 93, 102, 104, 106, 111, 113, 139.

cr 2 Creation's wonders, vast and bright,
Proclaim their Maker infinite;
Her bounties show to every eye,
The goodness of the Deity.

3 But when we view each precious line,
Within the gospel all divine;
Justice and mercy, there we trace,
Eternal truth, transcendent grace.

vi 4 Thanks for the light of nature giv'n,
Thanks for the surer guide to heav'n;
For all the treasures of thy word,
We praise the great creation's Lord.

M. S.

7.

S. M.—*Sicily. Oakland.*

Praise to the Creator.

vi 1 ALMIGHTY Maker God,
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories, how diffus'd abroad
Through all creation's frame!

2 Nature in every dress,
Her humble homage pays;
And finds a thousand ways t' express,
Her undissembled praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing
Her great Creator too:
I would adore th' Eternal King,
And pay the homage due.

4 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days;
And let my voice to God ascend
In grateful songs of praise.

8.

C. M.—*St. Ann's.*

Eternity of God.

mæ 1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And render praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the everliving God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity with all its years
Stands present to thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God, there's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares:
But one eternal thought moves on
Thy undisturb'd affairs.

5 Great God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And render praise to thee.

9.

C. M.—*Colchester. St. Ann's.*

Creating wisdom.

vi 1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise;
Let the creation sing;
While with thy name, rocks, hills, and plains,
And heav'n's high arches ring.

2 How wide thy hand hath spread the sky
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

mæ 3 Thy glories shine the earth around,
And strike the gazing sight:
Let lands and seas thy praise resound,
With rev'rence and delight.

4 Infinite strength and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad:
f Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

d 5 But, still the wonders of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
The heav'n that shines in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

10.

C. M.—*Moravian.*

The glory of God in creation.

1 THE God of nature and of grace
In all his works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

2 Lift to the arch of heav'n your eye;
Thither his path pursue;
ma His glory boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wond'ring view.

3 These lower worlds that swell thy praise,
High as our thoughts can tow'r,
Are but a portion of thy ways,
The hiding of thy pow'r.

ag 4 O shouldst thou rend aside the veil,
And show thy dwelling place;
The souls which thou hast made would fail,
'Twere death to see thy face!

5 None can behold that face and live!
d Yet sinners may draw near;
Jesus is ready to forgive,
His love shall cast out fear.

ma 6 Millions amid his presence stand,
And feel while they adore,
Fulness of joy at God's right hand,
And pleasures evermore.

Montgomery.

11.

C. M.—*Tolland. Moravian.*

Praise for creation and Providence.

f'' 1 I SING th' Almighty pow'r of God
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule by day;
The moon, that shines at his command,
While all the stars obey.

di 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures by his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

4 There's not a plant or flow'r below
But makes thy glories known;
cr And clouds arise and tempests blow
By orders from thy throne.

5 Creatures that borrow life from thee,
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

6 His hand is my perpetual guard:
He keeps me with his eye:
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh.

12.

L. M.—*Duke-street. Stonefield.*
God's condescension to human affairs.

1 UP to the Lord, who reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
f Let praises, echoing through the sky,
Proclaim how large his bounties are.

di 2 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
p On humble souls, the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

aff 3 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Intó the bosom of our God;
d He hears us in the mournful hour,
And gives us strength to bear the load.

cr 4 O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace;
ff To the third heav'ns our songs should rise
And fill the golden harps with praise.

13.

C. M.—*Retirement. Fabius.*
Goodness of God.

1 YE humble souls approach your God,
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move:
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

d 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds with kind regard
The souls that trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
Wilt bless divinely free.

cr 6 Great God, to thy Almighty love,
What honors shall we raise?
f Not all th' angelic songs above,
Can render equal praise.

Steele.

14.

C. M.—*Colchester.*

The goodness of God.

1 GOD, in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres;
Yet, in his providence and grace,
To every eye appears.

mæ 2 He bows the heav'ns! the mountains stand
A highway for our God:
He walks amid the desert land;
'Tis Eden where he trod.

vi 3 In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his spirit blows,
The breath of life and health.

4 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits and flow'rs,
And rings with infant mirth.

5 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound!
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will paradise be found!

Montgomery.

15.

L. M.—*Duke-street.*

Justice and goodness of God.

1 GREAT God, my Maker and my King,
Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing:
All thou hast done, and all thou dost,
Declare thee good, proclaim thee just.

" 2 Thy ancient works, and firm decrees,
Thy threat'nings and thy promises;
The joys of heav'n, the pains of hell,
What angels taste, what devils feel:

3 Thy terrors, and thine acts of grace,
Thy chast'ning rod, thy smiling face,
Thy wounding and thy healing word,
A world undone, a world restor'd:

d 4 While these excite my fear and joy;
While these my tuneful lips employ,
Accept, O Lord, the humble song,
The tribute of a trembling tongue.

Beddome.

16.

C. M.—*St. Ann's. Moravian.*

God a Sovereign.

ma 1 KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod:
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree:
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Chain'd to his throne a volume lies
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' Eternal pen.

[4 His Providence unfolds the book
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke
Fulfils some deep design.]

di 5 My God! I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes;
p What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

cr 6 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name;
Recorded in some humble place,
di Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

17.

L. M.—*Luther's Hymn.*
God the sovereign ruler.

mæ 1 GOD is a King of pow'r unknown,
Firm are the orders of his throne,
If he resolve, who dares oppose,
Or ask him why, or what he does!

di 2 He wounds the heart, or makes it whole,
He calms the tempest of the soul;
p When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?

ag 3 * He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
p The fainting sun grows dim at noon,
ag † The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

" 4 He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
His voice can raise the angry storm,
He swells the billows with his breath,
And whelms the sons of pride in death!

5 These are a portion of his ways;
But who shall dare describe his face?
Who can endure his light, or stand
Beneath the thunders of his hand?

18.

L. M.—*Luther's Hymn.*
The divine government.

mæ 1 JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe,
His justice guards his holy law,
di His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.

cr 3 Through all his works what wisdom shines!
He baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil,
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 Thus glorious, will he condescend
d To be my Father and my Friend?
cr Then let my songs with angels join,
Heaven is secure, if God is mine.

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* Job xxv. 5. † Job xxvi. 11. &c.

19.

H. M.—*Weymouth. Haddan.*

The divine government.

mæ 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high,
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

ag 2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe,
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law.
di And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

cr 3 Through all his ancient works,
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,
And breaks their dark designs:
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
f His great decrees, his sovereign will.

p 4 And can this mighty King
Of glory, condescend?
And will he write his name,
d My Father and my Friend?
cr I love his name, I love his word,
f Join all my pow'rs to praise the Lord.

20.

L. M.—*Luton.*

Joy in God's government.

1 THE righteous Lord, supremely great,
Maintains his universal state;
O'er all the earth his pow'r extends;
All heav'n before his footstool bends.

2 Yet justice firm, with pow'r presides,
And mercy mild his empire guides;
Mercy and truth are his delight,
And saints are lovely in his sight.

3 No more, ye wise, your wisdom boast
No more, ye strong, your valor trust:
Nor let the rich enjoy his store,
Elate with heaps of shining ore.

cr 4 Glory, my soul, in this alone,
That God, thy God, to thee is known,
That thou hast own'd his sovereign sway,
That thou hast felt his cheering ray.

di 5 All else that I my treasure call,
May in one fatal moment fall;
cr But what his happiness can move,
Whom God, the blest, will deign to love?

Doddridge.

21.

L. M.—*Rothwell. Luther's Hymn.*

God exalted above all praise.

mæ 1 ETERNAL Pow'r, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God:
In vain the loftiest angel tries
To reach thy height with wond'ring eyes.

2 Thy dazz'ling glories while he sings,
p He hides his face beneath his wings;
cr Seraphs that most with ardor glow,
di Still at an humble distance bow.

cr 3 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name;
f But oh, the glories of thy mind,
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

4 God is in heav'n and man below;
di Soft be our strains, our words be few;
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
pp And praise sits trembling on our tongues.

22.

C. M.—*Dunchurch.*

God all in all. Psalm lxxiii. 25.

d 1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all;
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

f 2 What though the bright, the burning sun,
Pours forth his floods of light:
di 'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
—p If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

cr 3 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
Our health and safe abode;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things:
But they are not my God.

'' 4 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd with thee!
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends, to me?

5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own;
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

f 6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
di Grant me the visits of thy grace,
And I desire no more.

23.

S. M.—*Watchman.*
God all in all. Psalm lxxiii. 25.

d 1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This wilderness below;
'Tis paradise, when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis wo.

3 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

'' 4 Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place;
If God his presence but remove
Or hide his smiling face.

5 Not earth nor all the sky
Can one delight afford;
Nor give one thrill of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

cr 6 Thou art the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
The centre of my soul.

24.

C. M.—*St. Ann's.* *Moravian.*
God glorious in the salvation of sinners.

mæ 1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines,
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies!

[2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.]

3 But when we view thy strange design,
To save rebellious worms;
Where vengeance and compassion join,
In their divinest forms:

cr 4 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess,
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

f 5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

6 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song:
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue!

25.

C. M.—*St. Ann's.*
God's holy sovereignty.

1 HOW should the sons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God?
ag If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
What vain presumers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise,
Or tempt th' unequal war.

mæ 3 Mountains are melted by his wrath,
Or from their bases torn;
His vengeance shakes the solid earth,
While all her pillars mourn.

cr 4 He bids the sun forbear to rise,
di Th' obedient sun forbears:
cr His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
—pp And seals up all the stars.

f 5 He walks upon the raging sea,
Flies on the stormy wind;
There's none can trace his wondrous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.

CHRIST.*

26.

8's and 7's.—*Dismission. Parting Soul.*
Song of angels

d 1 HARK, what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the sky?
cr Lo! th' angelic host rejoices,
f "Glory be to God most high!

p 2 "Peace on earth, good will from heaven,"
Harps and voices loud resound:
"Souls redeem'd and sins forgiven,
Far as guilty man is found."

f '' 3 Christ is born! ye saints adore him,
Fear his name and taste his joy
Till in heav'n ye sing before him,
ff "Glory be to God most high."

Cawood.

27.

7's.—*Nuremburg. Song of Jubilee.*
Song of Christ's nativity.

'' 1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
cr "Glory to the new-born King!
di Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd."

f 2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies,
With th' angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

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* See Doctrinal, the Lord's Supper, Experimental, &c., also Psalms 8, 16, 20—22, 24, 40, 45, 47, 60, 68, 85, 96, 97, 99, 109, 110.

[3 Mild he lays his glories by;
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.]

di 4 Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd, as man with men to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel!

cr 5 Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings!

ff 6 Let us loud the anthem sing,
" Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd."

J. C. W.

28.

S. M.—*Clapton. Dover.*
The nativity of Christ.

1 BEHOLD the grace appear,
The blessing promis'd long;
Angels announce the Saviour near,
And triumph in their song.

mæ 2 " Glory to God on high,
And heav'nly peace on earth;
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth."

di 3 In worship so divine,
Let men employ their tongues,
With the celestial chorus join,
And loud repeat their songs.

ff 4 " Glory to God on high,
And heav'nly peace on earth;
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth."

29.

C. M.—*New Cambridge. Barby.*
The advent of Christ.

vi 1 HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes
The Saviour promis'd long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
cr The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

di 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray:
cr And on the eyes oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.

p 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

cr 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
ff And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

Doddridge.

30.

C. M.—*Moravian. New Cambridge. St. Ann's.*
The incarnation.

f " 1 MORTALS awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay:
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

di 2 In heav'n the rapt'rous song began;
And sweet seraphic fire,
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.

vi 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
f And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heav'n could hold.

cr 4 Down through the portals of the sky,
The heav'nly tidings ran;
And angels flew with eager joy,
—p To bear the news to man.

cr 5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat—
" Glory to God on high;
Good will and peace to man complete,
—di Jesus is born to die."

f⌒6 Hail, Prince of Life, for ever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

Medley.

31.

8's and 7's.—*Dismission.*
The incarnation.

d 1 SHEPHERDS, hail the wondrous stranger!
Now to Bethl'em speed your way;
Lo! in yonder humble manger,
Christ the Lord is born to-day.

2 Christ, by prophets long predicted,
Joy of Israel's chosen race;
Light to Gentiles long afflicted,
Lost in error's darkest maze.

3 Bright the Star of your salvation,
Pointing to his rude abode!
Rapt'rous news for every nation—
Mortals now behold your God!

4 Glad, we trace th' amazing story,
Angels leave their bliss to tell;
cr Theme sublime, replete with glory,
Sinners sav'd from death and hell.

f 5 Love eternal mov'd the Saviour,
Thus to lay his radiance by;
Blessings on the Lamb for ever,
Glory be to God on high.

Anon.

32.

C. M.—*St. Ann's. Colchester.*
The incarnation. John i. 14.

mæ 1 AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord:
Let every heart, and every tongue,
Adore th' Eternal Word!

2 That awful Word, that sovereign Pow'r,
By whom the worlds were made;
Himself in that illustrious hour,
di In human flesh array'd.

cr 3 Then shone Almighty pow'r and love,
In all their glorious forms;
—*cr* When Jesus left his throne above,
—*p* To dwell with sinful worms.

4 To dwell with misery here below,
The Saviour left the skies:
pp And sunk to wretchedness and wo,
That worthless man might rise.

cr 5 Adoring angels tun'd their songs,
To hail the joyful day;
vi.f With rapture then, let human tongues,
Their grateful homage pay.

Steele.

33.

11's and 10's.—*Hail to the Brightness.*

The star of the east.

1 BRIGHTNESS of glory, thou God of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Shine like the star the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

p 2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Sages adore him in slumbers reclining,
cr Maker and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

di 3 Say, shall they yield him in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and off'rings divine?
Gems from the mountain, or pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly they offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
f Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
—di Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Heber.

34.

L. M.—*Sterling. Park-street.*

The incarnation, titles, and reign of Christ. Isa. ix. 2, 6—7.

vi 1 THE lands that long in darkness lay,
Now have beheld a glorious light;
Nations that sat in death's cold shade,
Are blest with beams divinely bright.

2 The great Messiah now is born:
Behold th' expected child appear!
What shall his names or titles be?
f ' ' The "Wonderful," the "Counsellor."

3 The Son of David and his Lord,
Shall be the Saviour of our race:
He shall be called "the Mighty God,"
di "Th' Eternal Father, Prince of Peace!"

4 The government of earth and seas
Upon his shoulders shall be laid;
His wide dominion shall increase,
And worship to his name be paid.

d 5 Jesus the holy child shall sit,
High on his father David's throne:
ag Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
f And reign to ages yet unknown.

35. L. M.—*Sterling. Park-street.*

Christ's deity and humanity. Coll. i. 16. Eph. iii. 9, 10. Jn. i. &c.

1 ERE the blue heav'n's were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was; the Word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.

vi 2 By his own pow'r were all things made;
By him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

" 3 Ere sin appear'd, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars:
His generation who can tell?
Or count the number of his years.

p 4 But lo, he leaves those heav'nly forms,
The Word descends and dwells in clay;
That he may converse hold with worms,
Drest in such feeble flesh as they.

cr 5 The saints with joy behold his face,
Th' Eternal Father's only Son:
d How full of truth! how full of grace!
While veil'd in flesh, the Godhead shone!

6 Angels would leave their high abode,
To learn new myst'ries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

36.

L. M.—*Luther's Hymn.*
Christ's divinity.

!! 1 BEHOLD! the blind their sight receive!
Behold, the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.

2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son:
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

m.p 3 He dies! the heav'ns in mourning stood:
cr He rises, and appears a God!
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.

ri 4 Hence, and for ever from my heart,
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

37.

L. M.—*Luther's Hymn.* *Winchester.*
The Son of God equal with the Father.

mæ 1 BRIGHT King of glory, mighty God!
Our spirits bow before thy feet:
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful seat.

2 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who, among the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee!

p !! 3 Yet, there is one, of human frame,
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

cr 4 Their glory shines with equal beams,
Their essence is for ever one:
Distinct in persons, and in names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

f 5 Then let the name of Christ our King,
With equal honors be ador'd:
His praise let every angel sing,
Let all the nations own him Lord.

38.

L. M.—*Stonefield. Rothwell.*

Christ the supreme God and King.

vi. f 1 AROUND the Saviour's lofty throne,
Ten thousand times ten thousand sing;
They worship him as God alone,
And crown him everlasting King.

2 Approach, ye saints, this God is yours:
'Tis Jesus fills the throne above;
Ye cannot want while God endures;
Ye cannot fail while God is love.

3 Jesus, thou everlasting King,
To thee the praise of heav'n belongs;
d Yet, smile on us, who fain would bring
The tribute of our humble songs.

p 4 Though sin defile our worship here,
We hope ere long thy face to view:
cr And when in heaven we appear,
f We'll praise thy name as angels do.

Kelly.

39.

8's and 7's. Double.—*Christmas Hymn.*

Praise to God the Saviour.

vi 1 MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
May a mortal lisp thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme;
Lord of every land and nation!
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation,
Be thy just exalted praise.

2 For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For thy Providence that governs,
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be thy gentle reign.

3 For thy rich, thy free redemption,
Bright though veil'd in darkness long;—
p Thought is poor, and poor expression,
Who can sing that wondrous song!

cr Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die.

4 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest wo,
Came to ransom guilty captives!—
Flow, my praise, for ever flow:
ff Re-ascend, immortal Saviour,
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne,
Thence return and reign for ever;
Be the kingdom all thy own!

Robinson.

40.

7's.—*Nuremburgh.*
Sun of righteousness.

vi 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night.
Day-spring from on high be near,
Day-star in my heart appear.

p 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Peace and gladness to my heart.

vi 3 Visit then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine!
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
f Shining to the perfect day.

Wesley.

41.

L. M.—*Uxbridge.*
Christ our wisdom, righteousness, strength, &c. 1 Cor. i. 30.

p 1 BURIED in shadows of the night,
—cr We lie till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

di 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears:
cr Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing "the Lord our righteousness."

'' 3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the pris'ner free, and breaks
The iron bondage from their necks.

p 4 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
cr Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness:
f Thou art our All in All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee

42.

S. M.—*St. Giles.*
Same subject.

aff 1 HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light,
Over our souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heav'n,
Till by his righteousness array'd
We see our sins forgiv'n.

'' 3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure,
With sanctifying grace.

cr 4 The pow'rs of hell agree
To hold our souls, in vain:
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks th' accursed chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways,
To bring us near to God:
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thy atoning blood.

43.

L. M.—*Munich. ex.*
Agony in the garden.

aff 1 'TIS midnight! and on Olive's brow,
The star is dimm'd that lately shone
'Tis midnight! In the garden now,
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight! And from all remov'd,
Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears:
E'en the disciple whom he loves,
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears

3 'Tis midnight! And for others' guilt,
The man of sorrows weeps in blood:
Yet he, that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forgotten by his God.

4 'Tis midnight! From the heav'nly plains,
d Is borne the song that angels know:
cr Unheard by mortals are the strains
—p That sweetly soothe the Saviour's wo!

Tappan.

44.

S. M.—*Clapton.* *ex.*

Christ our sacrifice.

'' 1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

d 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

aff 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
ag When hanging on th' accursed tree;
—p And hopes her guilt was there.

f 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

45.

C. M.—*Dundee.* *ex.*

Christ dying on the cross.

aff 1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Nail'd to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed, and die for me!

ex 2 Hark! how he groans, how nature shakes,
ag And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil asunder breaks,
ff The solid marbles rend!

di⁓3 'Tis done: the precious ransom's paid;
"Receive my soul," he cries;
See where he bows his sacred head!
—*p* He bows his head and dies.

f!! 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain
And in full glory shine:
ex O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine?

Pratt's Coll.

46.

L. M.—*Vernon. Dresden. ex.*
A dying Saviour.

aff 1 STRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies,
Hark! his expiring groans arise!
See from his hands, his feet, his side,
Fast flows the sacred crimson tide!

2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And pours from every bleeding wound:
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

[3 And didst thou thus for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No: he withdrew his sick'ning ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.]

4 Oh! can I view this scene of wo,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart, unmov'd, remain
Insensible to love or pain!

5 Come, dearest Lord, thy Grace impart
Thy power to warm this languid heart;
Till all its thoughts and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

Steele.

47.

C. M.—*Windsor. Burford.*
Sufferings of Christ. Ps. xxii. 1. Matt. xxvii. 46.

aff 1 "MY God, my God, why now forsake
Thy well-beloved Son!"
'Twas thus in agony he spake:
Creation felt the groan!

2 With a loud voice, again he cried,
—*pp* And yielded up his breath;
The earth, the rending rocks replied,
The saints awoke from death.

f⌒ 3 O wondrous grief! O grace divine!
Love that shall never end!
Our souls and bodies we resign,
To thee, the sinner's Friend.

M. S.

48.

L. M.—*Munich.* *ex.*
Christ expiring upon the cross.

aff 1 "'TIS finish'd!" so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head and died;
'Tis finish'd; yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.

2 'Tis finish'd! This his dying groan,
Shall sins of deepest hue atone:
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By Jesus' last expiring breath.

cr 3 'Tis finish'd! Heav'n is reconcil'd,
And all the pow'rs of darkness spoil'd;
d Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

vi 4 'Tis finish'd! Let the thrilling sound,
Be heard through all the nations round:
f 'Tis finish'd! Let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

Stennet.

49.

8's, 7's, and 4's.—*Georgetown.* *Suffolk.* *ex.*
"It is finished."

aff 1 HARK, the voice of love and mercy,
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
"It is finish'd,"
'Tis the dying Saviour's cry!

2 "It is finish'd!" What emotions
Do these precious words afford!
Heav'nly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finish'd,"
Saints the dying love record.

cr 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
"It is finish'd!"
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

F.

50.

8's and 7's.—*Aberdeen. Happy Soul.*
Christ crucified and glorified.

d 1 HAIL! thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, thou bleeding, conq'ring King!
Thou didst suffer to release us:
Thou didst free salvation bring!

2 Hail, thou agonizing Saviour!
Thou didst bear our sin and shame,
Through thy merit we find favour;
Life is given through thy name.

3 Paschal Lamb by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.

di 4 All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
cr Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Man is reconcil'd to God.

f 5 Jesus hail, enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:

di 6 There for sinners thou art pleading,
Urging them thy bliss to share:
There for us art interceding,
f Till in glory we appear.

Montgomery's Coll.

51.

L. M.—*Vernon. Dresden. ex.*
Christ dying, rising, and reigning.

aff 1 HE dies! the friend of sinners dies,
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
ag A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

p 2 Ye saints, the mighty sorrows view,
Of him who groan'd beneath your load:
He felt the pangs of death for you;
For you he shed his precious blood!

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men:
vi But lo! what sudden joys we see;
Jesus the dead revives again!

cr 4 The rising God forsakes his tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies:
f Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

vi 5 Oh! dry your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great deliv'rer reigns!
f Sing, how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains.

mæ 6 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem and strong to save,
Then ask the monster where's thy sting:
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave!

52.

C. M.—*Retirement. Chester.*
Christ's mediation. John iii. 16, 17.

d 1 COME, happy souls, approach your God,
With new melodious songs;
Come, render to Almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was his love,
To guilty, dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son,
To give them life again.

di 3 Thy hands, O Jesus, were not arm'd
With an avenging rod,
Some dread commission to perform,
From an offended God:

4 But all was mercy pure and mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came
And brought salvation down.

cr 5 Ye sinners, come and heal your wounds,
And let your tears be dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

d 6 Now, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

53.

S. M.—*Clapton. ex. Oakland. ex.*
Christ's mediation. John iii. 16, 17.

f " 1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace hath done.

2 Sing, how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

di 3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
p. ag To fiercer flames below.

p. aff 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

cr 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love
And take the offer'd peace.

d 6 Lord, we obey the call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

54.

L. M.—*Darwen. Vernon.*
Redemption by Christ alone. 1 Peter i. 18, 19.

aff 1 ENSLAV'D by sin, fast bound in chains,
Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,
And doom'd to everlasting pains,
We wretched guilty captives lay.

2 Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace,
Nor the whole world's collected store
Suffice to purchase our release;
A thousand worlds were all too poor.

3 Jesus, the Lord, the mighty God,
An all-sufficient ransom paid:
Invalu'd price! his precious blood
For vile, rebellious traitors shed.

m 4 Jesus the sacrifice became,
To rescue guilty souls from hell;
The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb
Beneath avenging justice fell!

mæ 5 Amazing goodness! love divine!
O may our grateful hearts adore
The matchless grace, nor yield to sin,
Nor wear its cruel fetters more!

d 6 Dear Saviour, let thy love pursue
The glorious work it has begun;
Each secret lurking foe subdue,
And let our hearts be thine alone.
Steele.

55.

L. M.—*Seasons. ex. Luton.*
Redemption.

1 BEGIN, my soul, the heav'nly song,
A burden for an angel's tongue:
Redeeming mercy now proclaim,
f And sound aloud the Saviour's name.

di 2 Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Descends to earth his grace to prove,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
—p And veils the God in mortal clay.

cr 3 He that distributes crowns and thrones
aff Hangs on a tree and bleeds and groans:
The Prince of Life resigns his breath,
—p The King of Glory bows in death.

vi 4 But see the wonders of his power,
cr He triumphs in his dying hour;
E'en while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.

5 Thus was the pow'r of death subdu'd,
And life was bought by Jesus' blood:
f Then he arose; he reigns above,
Our hearts are conquer'd by his love.

56.

L. M.—*Uxbridge. Luton.*
The resurrection of Christ.

1 "COME, see the place where Jesus lay,"
For He hath left his silent bed;
What angel roll'd the stone away?
What spirit brought him from the dead?

cr 2 By his omnipotence he rose,
By his own Spirit liv'd again;
ag To crush for ever all his foes,
f To raise for ever ruin'd men.

di 3 Those who his image here partake,
Though long in dust their flesh consume,
—*f* Shall sleep in Jesus, and awake,
To life eternal from the tomb.

Montgomery

57.

S. M.—*Clapton. Oakland.*
Christ's resurrection. Luke xxiv. 34.

vi ‖ 1 "THE Lord is ris'n indeed!"
Then is his work perform'd:
The captive Surety now is freed;
And death our foe disarm'd.

2 "The Lord is ris'n indeed!"
He lives to die no more;
d He lives the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

3 "The Lord is ris'n indeed!"
‖ Then hell has lost its prey:
With him are ris'n the ransom'd seed,
cr To reign in endless day.

[4 "The Lord is ris'n indeed!"
This yields my soul a plea:
He bore the punishment decreed,
And satisfied for me.]

5 "The Lord is ris'n indeed!"
Attending angels hear;
vi Up to the courts of heav'n with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

f 6 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each tuneful chord;
Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing the risen Lord.*

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* The first lines of these stanzas may be sung as a solo.

58.

S. M.—*Watchman.*

Christ's resurrection.

1 THE promise is fulfill'd,
Salvation's work is done;
Justice with mercy reconcil'd,
For God hath rais'd his Son.

di 2 He quits the dark abode,
From all corruption free;
The holy, harmless Son of God,
Could no defilement see.

f 3 Angels with saints above,
The risen Victor sing;
And all the blissful seats of love
With loud hosannas ring.

p 4 Ye pilgrims here below,
cr Your cheerful voices raise!
Let every heart with joy o'erflow,
And every tongue with praise.

5 My soul, thy Saviour bless,
Who all thy sorrows bore;
He is thy strength and righteousness,
He lives to die no more.

6 His death procur'd thy peace,
His resurrection thine;
Believe, and take thy full release,
Confirm'd by blood divine.

Anon.

59.

C. L. M.—*Tune—How Calm, &c.*

For a Sabbath morning.

THE LORD IS RISEN.

d 1 HOW calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where once the Crucified was borne,
And veil'd in midnight gloom!
O, weep no more, the Saviour slain;
The Lord is ris'n—he lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord,
"Behold the place—he is not there,"
The tomb is all unbarr'd:
The gates of death were clos'd in vain;
The Lord is ris'n—he lives again.

vi 3 Now cheerful to the house of pray'r
Your early footsteps bend,
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

m 4 How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
O, weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is ris'n—he lives again.

p 5 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
cr How blissful then to die:
Since he has ris'n that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

S. Songs.

60.

H. M.—*Weymouth.*
Resurrection of Christ.

f. '' 1 YES, the Redeemer rose:
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er infernal foes,
High rais'd his conq'ring head!
ag In wild dismay,
The guards around
di Fall to the ground.
—p And sink away.

cr 2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands
di And worship at his feet:
vi Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day,
di To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heav'n they fly,
The joyful news to bear:
'' Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!

Their anthems say,
ex "Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead,
cr He rose to day."

f 4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell!
Transported cry,
ex "Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead,
No more to die."

f 5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us by thy blood;
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou rising, reigning God:
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain,
Beyond the skies.

Doddridge.

61.

C. M.—*Retirement. Colchester.*
Resurrection and ascension.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Light
That cloth'd himself in clay,
ag Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

di 2 Death is no more the king of dread
Since our Immanuel rose;
cr He took the tyrant's sting away,
And triumph'd o'er his foes.

3 See him ascend with angel throngs
To reach his high abode!
f Ten thousand thousand were the tongues
That hail'd th' incarnate God.

4 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
ff Let heav'n and all created things,
Repeat Immanuel's praise.

62.

7's.—Pleyel's Hymn.
Resurrection and ascension of Christ

!! 1 ANGELS roll the rock away!
Death, yield up thy mighty prey!
See! he rises from the tomb,
Cloth'd in heaven's immortal bloom.

cr 2 'Tis the Saviour! seraphs, raise
Your triumphant songs of praise:
f Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
See him high in glory rise!
Hosts of angels on the road,
Hail him, the Incarnate God!

4 Heav'n unfolds its portals wide,
See the Conq'ror through them ride;
King of Glory! mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.

ff 5 Praise him, all ye heav'nly choirs,
Praise him with your golden lyres,
Praise him in the noblest songs,
Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

Gibbons.

63.

S. M.—*Watchman.*
Christ's intercession.

1 YES, the Redeemer's gone,
T' appear before our God;
ag To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne,
With his atoning blood.

d 2 No fiery vengeance now,
No injur'd Father's frown:
The sinner's blood may cease to flow:
The Saviour shed his own.

3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves:
The Father lays his anger by,
—p And looks, and smiles, and loves.

ri 4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honor sing;
Jesus the Priest presents our songs
Before the heav'nly King.

f 5 We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high:
Hosanna to the God of grace,
Who brings salvation nigh.

64.

C. M.—*Chester. Laight-street.*
Christ's intercession.

d 1 LIFT up your eyes, behold the seats
That lie within the veil;
There Christ the Intercessor sits
Whose off'ring will prevail.

aff 2 'Twas well, my guilty soul, for thee,
That Jesus shed his blood:
He died to set the sinners free;
And then arose to God.

'' 3 Petitions now, and songs may rise,
While saints their off'rings bring;
The Priest, with his own sacrifice,
Presents them to the King.

4 Jesus alone shall bear my cries
Up to his Father's throne,
He will regard my feeblest sighs,
And send deliv'rance down.

65.

L. M.—*Repose. Seasons. ex.*
Christ's intercession.

d 1 HE lives, the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now before his Father God,
He pleads the merit of his blood.

ag 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, arm'd with frowns, appears
d But in the Saviour's lovely face,
—p Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

ex 3 Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts
Above our fears, above our faults,
His pow'rful intercessions rise,
—p And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

'' 4 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their pow'r,
cr This hope repels each fiery dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend!
On thee alone our hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads and must prevail.

Steele.

66.

C. M.—*Chester. Dunchurch.*
Christ's compassion to the tempted. Heb. iv. 15, 16. 7. 7.

d 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above:
His heart is made of tenderness,
His soul is fill'd with love.

p 2 Touch'd by a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 All spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
ag While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
Resisting unto blood.

' ' 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r:
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In every trying hour.

67.

L. M. 6's.—*Wesley Chapel. ex. When gathering, &c.*
Christ a sympathizing priest. Heb. iv. 15.

d 1 WHEN gath'ring clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienc'd ev'ry human pain:
p He feels my griefs, he sees my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

cr 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
d Still he who felt temptation's pow'r,
Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.

cr 3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismay'd my spirit dies;
Then he who once vouchsaf'd to bear
The sick'ning anguish of despair,
p Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

aff 4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
p Divides me for a little while;
cr Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
—p For thou didst weep o'er Laz'rus dead.

cr 5 And oh! when I have safely past
Through ev'ry conflict but the last;
Still, still unchanging watch beside
—di My bed of death; for thou hast died:
cr Then point to realms of endless day,
—p And wipe the latest tear away.

Grant.

68.

7's and 6's. Peculiar.—*Ashfield.*
Help from the great Physician.

aff 1 JESUS, thou Prince and Saviour,
May sinners, sick and poor,
Through thy atoning favor
Approach to mercy's door?
We come, in spirit broken,
Before thy throne of grace;
O grant us some kind token,
And bid us go in peace.

di 2 Lord, we are helpless creatures,
Unworthy, but in need;
In all our moral features
By nature wholly dead.
Our strength is perfect weakness,
Our hearts are prone to sin;
Deficient still in meekness,
While tumults war within.

cr 3 In this forlorn condition,
Who shall afford us aid?
Where shall we find compassion,
While wounded and dismay'd?

d Jesus, thou Prince and Saviour,
Restore us by thy love;
And let thy heav'nly favor
No more from us remove.

4 Now hear our supplication,
We fervently implore!
Restore us thy salvation,
And we shall want no more.
Upheld by thy free Spirit,
We'll celebrate thy praise,
Till sinners feel thy merit,
And sing converting grace.

Anon.

69.

L. M.—*Darwen. Repose. ex.*

Christ the physician of souls.

aff 1 DEEP are the wounds which sin hath made
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid,
The work exceeds her utmost power.

2 And can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?

vi 3 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live!
See, in his heav'nly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give!

d 4 See, in the Saviour's precious blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow!
Sinner, approach that sacred flood,
And cleanse thy heart and heal thy wo.

Steele.

70.

L. M.—*Duke-street. Repose.*

Christ as a vine, fountain, rock, star, sun.

[1 GO worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet;
The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord.]

2 Is he a vine? His heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit;
O let a lasting union join
My soul, the branch, to Christ, the vine.

—p 3 Is he a fountain? there I bathe
And heal the plagues of sin and death:
The waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.

cr 4 Is he a rock? how firm he proves?
The Rock of Ages never moves;
Hence copious streams descend and flow
To cheer us all our journey through.

vi 5 Is he a star? he breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning star.

d 6 Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness:
f Nations rejoice when he appears,
To chase their gloom, to quell their fears.

7 O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise:
There he displays his pow'rs abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.

71.

H. M.—*Haddam.*

The offices of Christ.

[1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.]

2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
vi The joyful news of sin forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

aff 3 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

cr 4 O thou Almighty Lord,
Our conq'ror and our King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the power, behold I sit
In willing bonds, before thy feet.

PAUSE.—*Haddam.*

5 Array'd in mortal flesh,
Christ like an angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands;
Commission'd from
His Father's throne,
To make his grace
To mortals known.

d 6 I love my shepherd's voice,
His watchful eye shall keep
My wand'ring soul among
The thousands of his sheep:
He feeds his flock,
He calls their names,
p His bosom bears
The tender lambs.

cr 7 Be thou my counsellor,
My pattern and my guide;
And through this desert land
Still keep me near thy side:
O let my feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove nor seek
The crooked way.

8 My advocate appears
For my defence on high;
a The Father bows his ear,
And lays his anger by:
Not all that hell
Or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart,
His love away.

72.

C. M.—*Colchester. Fabius.*

Offices of Christ.

vi 1 WE bless the prophet of the Lord
Who comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word,
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We worship our High-Priest above,
d Who offer'd up his blood;
Who lives and fills heav'n of love,
Pleading our cause with God.

mæ 3 We honor our exalted King,
How pure are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By his almighty hands.

4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
How kind are all his ways!
His mercies lay a boundless claim
To our immortal praise.

73.

L. M.—*Luther's Hymn. ex.*

Christ the Redeemer and Judge.

d 1 NOW to the Lord that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love;
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings
That brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus our atoning Priest,
cr To Jesus our eternal King,
f Be everlasting power confess'd,
And every tongue his glory sing.

mæ 4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move.
Though with our sins we pierc'd him once,
Now he displays his pard'ning love.

ag 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
d While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

74.

C. M.—*Colchester. New Cambridge.*
King of saints.

vi 1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

ma 2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd,
With glories all divine;
And tell the wond'ring nations round,
How bright those glories shine.

3 Infinite pow'r and boundless grace,
In him unite their rays;
You that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise?

di 4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

cr 5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

[6 O happy period! glorious day!
When heav'n and earth shall raise,
With all their pow'rs, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.]

Steele.

75.

H. M.—*Weymouth. Triumph.*
Christ the universal King. Phil. iv. 4.

f'' 1 REJOICE, the Lord is King!
Your God and King adore:
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore!
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice!

2 His kingdom cannot fail
He rules o'er earth and heav'n,
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n:
Lift up the heart, &c.

3 He shall his foes subdue,
Shall all our sins destroy,
di Our inmost souls renew;
Fill them with peace and joy;
f Lift up the heart, &c.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope:
mæ Jesus the judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home!
ff We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound "rejoice."

Rippon's Coll.

76.

L. M.—*Seasons. Repose.*
The example of Christ.

d 1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life, thy law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

aff 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptation knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.

d 4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

77.

L. M.—*Luton. Quito.*
Christ our example.

1 WHEN the rebellious passions rise
And urge us in the toils of strife:
d To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

ex 2 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
" Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

3 To do the heav'nly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

aff 4 But ah! how blind, how weak are we!
How frail, how prone to turn aside!
Lord, all our help must come from thee;
We ask thy Spirit for our guide.

Steele.

78.

L. M. D—*Olivet.*

Christ an example of experimental piety.

aff 1 CHRIST had his sorrows: when he shed
His tears, Jerusalem, for thee!
And when his trembling followers fled,
In his dark hour of agony.
Christ had his sorrows: so must thou,
Who tread'st the path that Jesus trod;
Oh, then, like him submissive bow,
Adore the sovereignty of God.

'' 2 Christ had his joys: but they were not
The joys the son of pleasure boasts;
Ah no! 'twas when his spirit sought
Thy will, thy glory, God of hosts!
Christ had his joys: and so hath he
Who feels the Spirit in his heart—
cr Who yields, O God, his all to thee,
And loves thy name for what thou art.

f '' 3 Christ had his foes: the prince of hell
With all his legions sought his death!
See! human hearts with malice swell,
And murder feign affection's breath!
Christ had his foes: and so, if thou
Shalt with him walk and near him live,
The cruel world will hate thee now,
And *thou* shalt suffer—and forgive!

d 4 Christ had his friends: his eye could trace,
Through the long train of coming years,
The chosen children of his grace,
The full reward of all his tears!
di Christ had his friends: and *his* are *thine*,
If thou to him hast bow'd the knee:
cr And where those ransom'd millions shine
Shall thy eternal mansion be.

N. E. J.

79.

7's. 6 lines.—*Gethsemane.*

Christ our example in sufferings.

aff 1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye who feel the tempter's pow'r;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour:
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraign'd:
ex O, the wormwood and the gall!
O, the pangs his soul sustain'd!
di Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

p 3 Calv'ry's mournful mountain climb:
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
ex "It is finish'd," hear him cry,
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
di Where they laid his breathless clay,
All is solitude and gloom;
—p Who hath taken him away?
f Christ has ris'n, he meets our eyes,
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

80.

Christ our confidence.

1 MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire:
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be
A living fire.

di 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide:
cr Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrows' tears away,
Nor let me ever stray,
From thee aside.

m.p 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
cr Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransom'd soul!

Palmer.

81.

7's. 6 lines.—*Mount Calvary. Rock of Ages.*
Christ the Rock of refuge.

aff 1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flow'd,
Be of sin the perfect cure,
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
cr Thou must save, and thou alone:
di In my hand no price I bring;
ag Simply to thy cross I cling.

p 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
mæ When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
d Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
—di Let me hide myself in thee.

Toplady.

82.

L. M.—*Repose. ex.*
Christ our only refuge. John vi. 67, 69.

d 1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my Almighty Friend!
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

aff 2 Whither, ah whither shall I go,
A wretched wand'rer from my Lord!
Can this dark world of sin and wo,
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart;
On thee my fainting spirit lives;
d Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

cr 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call;
p One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

cr [5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
ex Depart from thee! 'tis death! 'tis more:
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair!]

p 6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
There safety dwells, and peace divine,
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
cr For life, eternal life is thine.

Steele.

83.

C. M.—*Chester. Refuge. Dunchurch.*

Christ my refuge.

aff 1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee when sorrows rise:
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For every pain I feel.

ex 3 But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine:
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
p And all my hopes decline.

cr 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace,
Be deaf when I complain?

6 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat:
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

Steele.

84.

7's. Double.—*Hotham.*

Jesus the refuge.

aff 1 JESUS! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past:
di Safe into the haven guide;
cr O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
—di Cover my defenceless head,
—p With the shadow of thy wing.

cr 3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
vi Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life, the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Wesley.

85.

7's.—*German Hymn.*

Fulness of Christ.

d 1 BLEEDING hearts, defil'd by sin,
Jesus Christ can make you clean:
Contrite souls, with guilt opprest,
Jesus Christ can give you rest.

2 You that mourn o'er follies past,
Precious hours and years laid waste;
Turn to God, O turn and live,
Jesus Christ can still forgive.

3 You that oft have wander'd far,
From the light of Bethlehem's star,
Trembling, now your steps retrace,
Jesus Christ is full of grace.

aff 4 Souls benighted and forlorn,
Griev'd, afflicted, tempest-worn,
Now in Israel's Rock confide,
Jesus Christ for man has died.

di 5 Fainting souls, in peril's hour,
Yield not to the tempter's pow'r;
cr On the risen Lord rely,
Jesus Christ now reigns on high.

S. Songs.

86.

H. M.—*Bethesda. Stafford. ex.*

Christ's name a sweet savor.

1 PRAISE to the Lord on high,
Who spreads his triumphs wide!
d While Jesus' fragrant name
Is breath'd on every side;
Balmy and rich the odors rise,
And fill the earth and reach the skies.

2 Ten thousand dying souls
Its influence feel, and live:
Sweeter than vital air
The incense they receive:
They breathe anew, arise and sing,
Jesus the Lord, their conq'ring King!

cr !!3 But they who scorn the grace
That brings salvation nigh,
—di And turn away their face,
—pp Must faint, and fall, and die!
m. ex So sad a doom ye saints deplore,
For oh! they fall to rise no more!

Doddridge.

87.

C. M.—*Chester. Retirement.*

The name of Jesus.

d 1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It sooths his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the broken spirit whole;
It calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Through him my prayers acceptance gain,
For he is undefil'd;
Satan accuses me in vain;
For I am own'd a child.

cr 4 Jesus, my Shepherd and my Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King!
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

di 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought:
cr But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

vi 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
—p Refresh my soul in death.

Newton.

88.

C. M.—*Colchester. Kedar.*

Praise to the Redeemer.

f 1 OH for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

di 2 My gracious master and my God,
Let saints thy love proclaim,
cr And spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

d 3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrow cease;
'Tis music to our ravish'd ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

cr 4 It breaks the pow'r of reigning sin,
And sets the pris'ner free;
Thy blood can cleanse the foulest stain
And can avail for me.

Wesley.

89.

C. M.—*Chester. Retirement.*
Chief among ten thousand.

d 1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon the Saviour's brow:
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heav'nly train.

ex 3 He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

vi 4 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine;
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

S

90.

H. M.—*Bethesda. Stafford.*
Praise to Christ.

d [1 COME every pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name;
Your noblest pow'rs exert
To celebrate his fame:
cr Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.]

d 2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside,
On wings of love came down,
—pp And wept, and bled, and died:
ex What he endur'd, O, who can tell?
To save our souls from death and hell.

cr 3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansions of the dead:
And thence his mighty foes
f In glorious triumph led:
vi Up through the sky the conq'ror rode;
He reigns on high, the Saviour God.

mæ 4 From thence our Lord will come,
Nor long his chariot stay;
He'll bear our spirits home,
To realms of endless day:
d Then shall we see his lovely face,
—p And ever rest in his embrace.

cr 5 Jesus! we ne'er can pay
The debt of boundless love!
We give ourselves away,
Our gratitude to prove:
Our hearts, our all, to thee we give,
The gift, though small, thou wilt receive.
Stennet.

91.

7's and 6's. Peculiar.—*Missionary H.*
Praise to the Saviour.

vi. f 1 TO thee, my God and Saviour,
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings:
I'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above;
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

d 2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication,
My Saviour, thou shalt hear;
O grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

cr 3 By thee, through life supported,
I pass the dang'rous road,
With heav'nly hosts escorted,
Up to thy bright abode:
Then cast my crown before thee,
And, all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore thee;
What could an angel more?
Anon.

92.

7's.—*Song of Jubilee.*
Redeeming love.

f 1 NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

d 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

di 3 Mourning souls, dry every tear,
Banish every sinful fear;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

aff 4 Ye, alas, who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Turn and taste redeeming love.

d 5 Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest:
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

cr 6 Hither then your music bring,
ff Strike aloud each joyful string,
Mortals join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

Anon.

93.

L. M.—*Rothwell. Park-street. ex.*
Christ's exaltation and glory.

vi. f 1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays
Proclaim the wonders he hath done.

2 Sing how he left the worlds of light
And those bright robes he wore above;
And hastened in his earthward flight,
On wings of everlasting love.

di 3 He came to die for sinful men,
He came to save our ruin'd race,
To wash away our guilty stain,
And open wide the door of grace.

m. aff 4 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
The Lord a willing pris'ner lay:
vi Th' Almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

ff 5 Among ten thousand harps and songs
Jesus the God exalted reigns:
His praises fill th' angelic throngs,
And echo through the heav'nly plains

94.

L. M.—*Stonefield. Luther's Hymn.*
Christ's exaltation. Rev. v. 12.

1 WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb:
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name!

d 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
—di The Prince of Peace that groan'd and died:
cr Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.

3 Power and dominion are his right,
Infinite riches are his own:
f Eternal wisdom, boundless might,
Honor and glory fill his throne.

4 Honor immortal must be paid,
—p Instead of scandal and of scorn;
cr While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

5 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound his sacred name,
ff And every creature say, Amen.

95.

8's and 6's.—*Resignation, vi.*
Excellence of Christ.

vi 1 OH, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth
That in my Saviour shine;
I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes that are divine.

di 2 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears

Exalted on his throne;
cr In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

3 Soon the delightful morn will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home
And I shall see his face;
There with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Medley.

96.

6's and 4's.—*Tune, "My Faith looks," &c.*
Worthy is the Lamb. Rev. v. 12.

f '' 1 GLORY to God on high!
Let earth to heav'n reply,
Praise ye his name!
di His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
cr Sing aloud evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb."

2 They who surround the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name;
di We who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
cr Sound his dear name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Join, all ye ransom'd race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name;
On him we fix our choice,
In him we will rejoice,
f Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb."

di 4 Soon we shall reach the place,
Where we shall never cease
Praising his name;
cr Then richer songs we'll bring;
Hail him our gracious King:
f And thus for ever sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

Hill's Coll.

97.

C. M.—*Moravian. Laight-street.*

The glory of Christ in heaven.

vi 1 OH the delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his transcendent grace!

d 2 Sweet majesty and awful love,
Sit smiling on his brow;
mæ And all the glorious ranks above,
At humble distance bow.

3 This is the Lord, the exalted Lord,
Whom we unseen adore,
And when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

cr 4 Here, while we wait with strong desire
To see thy bright abode,
Let heav'nly love our souls inspire
With praises to our God.

98.

C. M.—*Colchester. St. Ann's.*

A new song to the Lamb that was slain. Rev. v. 6, 8, &c.

mæ 1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amid his Father's throne!
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
As they the throne surround
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

di 3 Those* are the pray'rs of all the saints,
And these† the songs they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He listens to our praise.

4 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free;
Hast made them kings and priests with God,
And they shall reign with thee.

f 5 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid:
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head.

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* The vials. † Harps.

99.

C. M.—*New Cambridge. Remembrance.*
The Lamb of God worshipped. Rev. v. 11, 13.

vi. f 1 COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

d 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"—
cr "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply
—di "For he was slain for us."

cr 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

f 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And earth, and air, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.

ff 5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

100.

C. M. WITH A CHORUS.—*Harborough.*
The Saviour crowned. Sol. Songs iii. 11.

mæ 1 ALL hail the pow'r of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him LORD OF ALL.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who form'd this floating ball:
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him LORD OF ALL.

3 Ye chosen seed of sinful race;
Ye ransom'd from the fall;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him LORD OF ALL.

d 4 Sinners whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
mæ And crown him LORD OF ALL.

5 Let every tribe, and every tongue
On this terrestrial ball,
ff Now shout in universal song,
And crown him LORD OF ALL.

Duncan.

101.

L. M.—*Stonefield. Rothwell.*
Love of God in Christ.

vi.f 1 NOW to the Lord a nobler song,
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to th' Eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

di 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone

cr 3 Creation's glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star:
But in his looks such glories rise
As far outshine the lofty skies.

m.d 4 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme!
My soul exults in Jesus' name:
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound:
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground.

5 Oh may I reach that happy place,
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

102.

C. M.—*St. Ann's.*
Hosanna to the Son of David. Matt. xxi. 9.

mæ 1 HOSANNA to th' Eternal Son
Of David's ancient line;
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and Divine.

2 Blessed is he that comes to men
With joyful news from heav'n:
Hosanna in the highest strain,
To Christ the Lord be given.

3 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
Hosannas on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise and break
Their silence into songs.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.*

103.

C. M.—*Dunchurch. Dundee.*
The Spirit desired.

d 1 GREAT Father of our feeble race,
Here would thy servants wait:
With longing eyes and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.

2 O shed abroad that choicest gift,
Thy Spirit from above;
To fill our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiv'n:
cr And bear with energy divine,
Our raptur'd thoughts to heav'n.

4 Diffuse, O God, thy copious show'rs,
Thy richest grace disclose:
And cause the barren wilderness
To blossom as the rose.

Doddridge.

104.

H. M.—*Hartford. Bethesda.*
Pleading the promise of the Spirit.

aff 1 O THOU that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

p '' 2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply:
cr Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

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* See TRINITY, GOSPEL, DOCTRINAL, REVIVAL, &c., also HYMNS 139, 241, and 242.

3 Our heav'nly Father, thou;
We, children of thy grace:
O let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place:
So shall we feel the heav'nly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

4 Oh, may that sacred fire,
Descending from above,
Our languid hearts inspire
With fervent zeal and love;
Enlighten our beclouded eyes,
And teach our grov'ling souls to rise.

5 And send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word,
Till heathen lands shall own thy sway
And cast their idol gods away.
Pratt's Coll.

105.

C. M.—*Dundee.*
Prayer for the Holy Spirit.

d 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

di 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

' ' 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
—*p* And our devotion dies.

aff 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate!
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!

cr 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love
And that shall kindle ours.

106.

S. M.—*Watchman. Haverhill.*
Invocation to the Holy Spirit.

p.d 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beams arise,
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
cr To pour fresh light in every part,
And new create the whole.

4 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
f And kindle in our hearts the flame
Of never dying love.

Hart.

107.

C. M.—*Barby. Chester.*
Invocation before sermon.

d 1 NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting heritage inspire
With joy, and peace, and love.

vi 2 Wake, heav'nly wind, arise and come,
Blow on the drooping field;
di Our spices then shall rich perfume
And fragrant incense yield.

3 Touch with a living coal, the lip
That shall proclaim thy word;
And bid us all devoutly keep
p Attention to the Lord.

Anon.

108.

S. M.—*Watchman. Dover.*
Pleading for the Spirit.

d 1 COME, gracious Spirit, come,
With energy divine;
And on this poor, benighted soul,
With beams of mercy shine.

ex 2 Oh, melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue;
These evil passions overcome,
And form my soul anew.

vi 3 From the celestial hills,
Life, light, and joy dispense,
That I may daily, hourly feel,
Thy quick'ning influence.

4 Mine will the blessing be:
But thine be all the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

Rippon's Coll

109.

L. M.—*Repose. Uxbridge.*

Invocation of the Spirit.

d 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Guest,
And make thy mansion in my breast;
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.

2 Come, make thy constant dwelling here,
Fill me with hope, dispel my fear;
Still let thy presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel thee to depart.

cr 3 Thou God of love and peace divine,
O make thy light within me shine!
Forgive my sins, my guilt remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.

Higinbotham.

110.

L. M.—*Luton. Duke-street.*

Leadings of the Spirit.

d 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way!
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Conduct us safe, conduct as far
From sin and every hurtful snare;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heav'n, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

Browne.

111.

7's.—*German Hymn.*
Influences of the Spirit.

d 1 GRACIOUS Spirit! Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
Let my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heav'nly love.

2 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me;
Set the burden'd sinner free:
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
p Breathe thyself into my breast,
cr Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

Stocker.

112.

L. M.—*Uxbridge.*
Quickening gales of the Spirit.

d 1 AT anchor laid, remote from home,
To thee I cry, "O Spirit, come!"
di Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
cr But swell my sails and speed my way.

d 2 Fain would I feel the Spirit move,
In breathings of celestial love;
And while I spread my feeble sails,
Oh send thy gentle, quick'ning gales!

Toplady.

113.

C. M.—*Burford. Dunchurch.*
Witnessing and sealing of the Spirit. Rom. viii. 14, 16.
Eph. i. 13, 14.

aff 1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days!
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal them heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiv'n?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
d And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

114.

L. M.—*Luton.* *ex.* *Repose.*
Presence of the Comforter.

aff 1 SURE the blest Comforter is nigh;
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hope for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

2 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires:
Can it be less than power divine,
Which animates these strong desires?

cr 3 And when my cheerful hope can say,
I love my God and taste his grace;
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace.

4 Let thy good Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love;
And light and heav'nly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

Steele.

115.

L. M.—*Luton.*
Work of the Holy Spirit.

d 1 ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlighten'd by thy heav'nly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

di 3 Thy power and glory work within,
To break the chains of raging sin;
cr Our wild imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

di 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
cr Thy cheering words awake our joys;
—di Thy words allay the stormy wind,
—pp And calm the surges of the mind.

116.

L. M.—*Luton. Uxbridge.*
Power of the Spirit upon the heart.

1 JESUS, thy witness speaks within:
The doctrine which thy words reveal,
Refines the heart from sense and sin,
And stamps its own celestial seal.

2 'Tis God's all-sovereign gracious hand,
Subdues and forms the heart anew,
Transgression can no more withstand,
But bows and owns that God is true.

3 The guilty soul that trusts thy blood,
Finds peace and pardon at the cross;
The soul that was averse to God,
Receives and loves his Maker's laws.

4 Let proud opposers cease their strife,
And own, O Lord, the work is thine:
cr The Spirit calls the dead to life
By power Almighty and divine.

THE TRINITY.*

117.

C. M.—*Colchester. Retirement.*
The Trinity. Eph. ii. 18.

vi 1 FATHER of glory, to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honor to the Son
Who makes thine anger cease;
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
He died to make our peace.

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* See Doxologies.

3 To thine Almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given,
Whose influ'nce brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heav'n.

cr 4 Let men with their united voice
Adore the triune God,
And spread his honors and their joys
Through nations far abroad.

5 Let faith and love and duty join,
One gen'ral song to raise;
Let saints on earth and heav'n combine
In harmony and praise.

118.

C. M.—*St. Ann's.*

The unseen Trinity.

mæ 1 OUR soaring spirits fain would rise
Tow'rd the celestial throne,
Where ever dwell the blessed Three,
The undivided One.

2 Our reason stretches every thought
To climb above the sky;
li But oh how far beneath thy feet
The grov'ling mind must lie.

cr 3 Thy glories infinitely rise
Above our lab'ring tongue;
In vain the highest seraph tries
To form an equal song.

119.

6's and 4's.—*New Haven. Trinity.*

Invocation.

vi !! 1 COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Come, thou Incarnate Word;
Jesus, our glorious Lord,
d Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless;
Come, give thy word success,
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

m 3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who Almighty art
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

f 4 To the great ONE in THREE
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore:
His sovereign majesty,
May we in glory see,
And to eternity,
Love and adore.

Anon

120. C. M.—*New Cambridge. Colchester.*

Praise to the Trinity.

1 LET those neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But we thy wonders will record,
In joyful songs of praise.

2 'Twas he, whose glory ne'er decays,
That form'd us by a word;
'Tis he redeems our ruin'd race:
Salvation to the Lord.

cr 3 We raise our thanks, O God, to thee,
Before thy lofty throne:
All glory to th' united THREE,
The undivided ONE.

f 4 Hosanna ! let the earth and skies,
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice,
In one eternal round.

121. 7's and 6's. Peculiar.—*Missionary H.*

Praise to the Trinity.

1 GREAT Author of creation,
When all thy work was done,
Loud shouts of exultation
Re-echo'd round thy throne;
The morning stars were ringing,
Throughout the vault above;
The sons of God were singing
Thy wisdom, power, and love.

2 Blest Author of salvation,
When Adam's sinful race
Had sunk in desolation,
Had fall'n in death's embrace;
Oh, then thy Love hung bleeding,
Upon the cross to die:
That Love still interceding,
Is prevalent on high.

aff 3 Thou new-creating Spirit,
Thou Searcher of the heart;
Who, through the Saviour's merit,
Dost quick'ning grace impart:
Thou precious gift from heaven,
Thou messenger of peace,
Speak all our sins forgiven,
And make our joys increase.

vi 4 Thou triune God, before thee
Shall every creature bow,
Confess that thou art worthy,
With rapture or in wo:
Angels shall shout thy praises,
And saints lift up their voice,
While every song that rises
Shall bid the heav'ns rejoice.

M. S.

THE GOSPEL.*

122.

L. M.—*Sterling. Uxbridge.*
Object of the gospel.

'' 1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above,
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his Almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did Wisdom find
To heal diseases of the mind:
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature man.

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* See SCRIPTURES, CHRIST, DOCTRINAL, THE LORD'S SUPPER, &c., also PSALMS 89, 98, 110.

cr 3 The gospel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice and live;
Dry bones are rais'd and cloth'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

4 Lions and beasts of savage name,
Put on the nature of the Lamb,
While the wide world, esteem it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.

d 5 May but this grace my soul renew,
ag Let sinners gaze and hate me too:
vi The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

123.

L. M.—*Luton. Rothwell.*
Excellence of the gospel.

m 1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace and learn his name,
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.

3 Here Jesus in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays;
Recounts his poverty and pains,
d And tells his love in melting strains.

4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts
Its influ'nce makes the sinner live,
And bids the drooping saint revive.

5 Our raging passions it controls,
Brings peace to humble, contrite souls,
Opens a better world to view,
And guides us all our journey through.

d 6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye;
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

Beddome.

124.

L. M.—*Stonefield. Repose.*
A Saviour revealed in the Bible.

1 NOW let my soul, Eternal King,
To thee its grateful tribute bring
My heart with humble homage bow,
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below and worlds above:
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 There, what delightful truths I read!
aff There, I behold a Saviour bleed:
d His name salutes my list'ning ear,
Revives my heart and checks my fear.

p 4 There, Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my lab'ring conscience peace:
cr Raises my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

—*f* 5 For love like this, O let my song
Through endless years thy praise prolong,
And distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

Heginbotham

125.

C. M.—*Remembrance. Fabius.*
God glorified in the gospel.

vi 1 THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near,
Mercy, and truth, and boundless love
Display their glories here.

2 Here, in the gospel's heav'nly frame,
What wisdom we perceive;
We learn of thy beloved name,
And in that name believe.

3 Deep graven in celestial lines,
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom through all the myst'ry shines,
Shines in Immanuel's face.

!! 4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God:
And thy avenging justice shows
Its honors in his blood.

vi 5 But still, the lustre of thy grace
cr Our warmest thought employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

126.

C. M.—*Dundee.* *ex.*
Gospel call embraced.

aff 1 HOW sad our state by nature is,
Our sin, how deep its stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

cr 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners come,"
And trust th' atoning Lord.

vi 3 My soul obeys th' Almighty call,
And runs to this relief:
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
di Oh help my unbelief.

d 4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly!
Here would I cleanse my guilty soul
From sins of deepest dye.

5 A sinful, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thine arms I fall;
Be thou my strength, my righteousness,
My Saviour, and my all.

127.

C. M.—*Colchester.*
Different success of the gospel. 1 Cor. i. 23, 24. iii. 6. 7, 2 Cor. ii. 16.

1 CHRIST and his cross are all our theme;
The myst'ries that we speak,
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlighten'd from above
With joy receive the word:
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
di But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down
Like show'rs of heav'nly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

128.

S. M.—*Clapton.*
The gospel.

[1 THE law by Moses came,
But peace and truth and love
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name
Descending from above.

2 Amid the house of God
Their diff'rent works were done;
Moses, a faithful servant stood,
Christ, a beloved Son.]

3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid:
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The sovereign and the Head.

4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
ag Behold! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.

5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hear not, when the Saviour calls,
And dare resist his grace.

DOCTRINAL.*

129.

C. M.—*Moreland.*
The fall of man.

'' 1 THEY came to the forbidden tree
And tasted of the food:
ex 'Twas death, 'twas endless misery,
Beneath the wrath of God.

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* See SCRIPTURES, GOD AND HIS ATTRIBUTES, CHRIST HOLY SPIRIT TRINITY, GOSPEL, THE LORD'S SUPPER, &c.

aff 2 How awful was the curse of sin!
How deep was the disgrace!
Guilt and pollution reign within,
And desolate the race.

" 3 There's none that looks to heaven's abode,
Or treads the narrow way:
There's none that seeketh after God;
For all have gone astray.

4 What thoughts and feelings that defile,
What purposes unseen;
Actions that show the heart is vile,
Unholy and unclean!

cr 5 The world is in rebellion cast,
Man's nature is undone;
The whole creation runs to waste,
By sin and death o'erthrown.

di 6 No single ray of holiness
Will rise within the heart,
Till God by his renewing grace
The heav'nly gift impart.

M. S.

130. C. M.—*Windsor. Moreland.*

The fall of man; or, the first and second Adam.

aff 1 BACKWARD we look with grief and shame
On our original;
On all the race what ruin came,
Through our first father's fall.

2 What dreadful darkness veils the mind,
How obstinate the will!
To all that's good averse and blind,
And prone to all that's ill.

" 3 What mortal power from things unclean,
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?

d 4 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love
Can make us pure within:
Christ and his grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.

cr 5 The second Adam shall restore
Salvation to our race;
He saves by new-creating power,
Through free and sov'reign grace.

131.

L. M.– *Luton.* ex. *Quito.*

The first and second Adam. Rom. v. 12, &c.

aff 1 DEEP in the dust before thy throne,
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;
Great God, we own th' unhappy name
Whence sprang our nature and our shame.

mæ 2 But while our spirits, fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law;
We sing the honors of that love,
That sent salvation from above.

ri 3 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own;
Adam the second from the dust,
Raises the ruins of the first.

4 Where sin did reign and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Immortal life and matchless grace,
Through the Redeemer of our race

132.

C. M.—*Moreland.*

Deceitfulness of sin.

'' 1 SIN has a thousand treach'rous arts,
To practise on the mind;
With flatt'ring looks, to tempt our hearts,
Yet leave a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue it deceives
The aged and the young;
And, while the heedless soul believes,
It makes the fetters strong.

3 It pleads for all the joys it brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heav'nly things.
And chains it down to sense.

[4 So. on a tree divinely fair,
Grew the forbidden food;
Our parents took the poison there,
And tainted all their blood.]

133.

C. M.—*Windsor.*

Depravity.

aff 1 GREAT King of Glory and of Grace!
We own, with humble shame,
How vile is our degen'rate race,
And our first parent's name.

2 We live estrang'd, afar from God
And love the distance well;
With haste we run the downward road,
That leads to death and hell.

di 3 And can such rebels be restor'd!
Such natures made divine!
vi Let sinners see thy Glory, Lord,
And feel this power of thine.

cr 4 Praise to the Sovereign Power on high,
Whose Spirit oft descends,
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
Converting foes to friends

134.

S. M.—*St. Giles.*
Man guilty.

aff 1 AH, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we, for one of thousand faults,
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God,
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries th' unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

ag 4 The mountains in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood!

Epis. Coll.

135.

C. M.—*Windsor. Moreland.*
Conviction of sin by the law. Rom. vii. 8, 9.

aff 1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive, without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright
But since the precept came,
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appear'd but small before,
ag Till terribly I saw,
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Is thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins reviv'd again:
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 I'm like a helpless captive, sold
Under the pow'r of sin;
I cannot do the things I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.

ex 6 My God, I cry with every breath
For some kind Pow'r to save;
Lord, break the bonds of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

136.

C. M.—*Burford. Windsor*
Sense of sin.

aff 1 THE deep defilement of the heart,
O how can I endure!
The inner man in every part,
Unholy and impure!

2 How can I look to thy abode,
Or how for mercy pray?
Oh! lead me to the Lamb of God,
And take my guilt away!

3 If thou hast shed one beam of heav'n
On this dark soul of mine,
'Tis by the Holy Spirit giv'n,
The glory shall be thine.

M. S.

137.

C. M.—*Rochester. Barby.*
Love to the creature dangerous.

aff 1 HOW vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky,
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, our nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love—
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food:
And grace command my heart away,
From all created good.

138.

C. M.—*Windsor. Moreland.*
Temptation to presumption and despair.

aff 1 I HATE the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flatt'ring breath;
While he assumes ten thousand forms,
To lure the soul to death

" 2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or leads to slavish fear,
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption or despair.

3 Now he persuades " how easy 'tis
To walk the road to heav'n ;"
Anon, he swells our sins, and cries,
" They cannot be forgiv'n."

4 Thus he supports his cruel throne
By mischief and deceit;
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.

5 Almighty God! cut short his pow'r,
Restrain his cruel rage;
Nor let him vex thy children more,
Or mar thy heritage.

139.

C. M.—*Burford. Barby. ex.*
Need of spiritual renovation.

ff 1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchang'd can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a pow'r divine,
A stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

vi 3 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And bid them upward rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes;

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live:
A beam of heav'n, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

m 5 Renew these wretched hearts of ours,
O give us life divine!
cr Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

Steele.

140.

C. M.—*Rochester. Barby.*
Regeneration. John i. 13. iii. 3, &c.

' ' 1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has giv'n;
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heav'n.

2 The sovereign will of God alone,
Creates us heirs of grace,
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

p 3 The Spirit, like some heav'nly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh;
cr Creates anew the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

vi 4 Our quicken'd souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death:
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

141.

C. M.—*Dunchurch.*
The new creation.

1 MIGHTY Redeemer, set me free
From all the bonds of sin;
O make my soul alive to thee,
And cleanse my heart within.

2 Open my eyes, unstop my ears,
And mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

3 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell,
In the new world that grace hath made,
I would for ever dwell.

142.

L. C. M.—*Warning Voice.*
Conviction and the new birth.

'' 1 AWAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go:
One solemn truth increas'd my pain—
"The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless wo."

ag 2 How did the law its thunders roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast, oppressive load!
All human aid I saw was vain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God.

d 3 I heard the saints with rapture tell
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
To bring salvation near:
ag Yet would the dreadful truth remain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink in black despair.

d 4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The bleeding Saviour pass'd that way,
My bondage to remove:
The sinner once by justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

Ockum.

143.

L. M.—*Sterling*. *Luther's Hymn.*
Christ came to save, not to condemn. John iii. 16, 18.

d 1 NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ the Son of God appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sin, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford;
His hands a thousand blessings give.

ag 4 Yet just damnation ever lies
On rebels, who refuse his grace;
Who God's eternal Son despise—
di The lowest hell shall be their place.

144.

C. M. Double.—*Moravian*. *Retirement.*
Sinai and Zion. Heb. xii. 18, &c.

" 1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke:
But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

vi 2 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!
Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n!
And God, the Judge of all, declare
di Their many sins forgiv'n!

3 The saints of earth and heav'n combine,
And one communion make;
In Christ the living Head they join,
And of his grace partake.

In such society as this,
My weary soul would rest:
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.

145.

S. M.—*St. Bridges. Psalm* 25.
The shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

aff 1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
Far from the fold of God,
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
But all, the downward road.

ex 2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
His vital blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

vi 4 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men;
And make him see a num'rous seed,
To recompense his pain.

cr 5 "I'll give him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong,
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honors long."

146.

C. M.—*Moravian. Barby. ex.*
Redemption.

aff 1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eye the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
—cr He saw, and—O, amazing love!
He came to our relief.

vi 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
di Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
—p And dwelt among the dead.

f 4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!

p 5 Angels, assist the mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
f But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

147.

S. M.—*Clapton.* *ex.*
Christ our righteousness.

1 THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne:
Mercy and justice are the names
By which he will be known.

di.aff 2 Ye dying souls, that sit
In darkness and distress;
Look from the borders of the pit,
To his recov'ring grace.

cr.vi 3 Sinners shall hear the sound;
Their thankful tongues shall own
Their righteousness and strength are found
In thee, O Lord, alone.

f 4 In Christ shall Israel trust,
And see their sins forgiven;
God will regard the saints as just,
And take them up to heav'n.

148.

L. M.—*Repose.* *Quito.* *Seasons.*
Christ's righteousness. Phil. iii. 7, 9.

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss:
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands,
Dares not appear before thy throne:
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

149.

C. M.—*Barby. Chester. Laight-street.*
God reconciled in Christ.

d 1 DEAREST of all the names above
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist thy heav'nly love,
Or trifle with thy blood!

di 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath,
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till Christ th' incarnate God I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
ag The holy, just, and sacred Three,
Bring terror to the mind.

ri 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

di 5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
cr I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

150.

C. M.—*Chester. Barby. ex.*
Salvation by grace. Titus iii. 3, 7.

1 LORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been:
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

cr 2 But O, my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways,
Of folly, sin, and shame.

' [3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are sav'd by sovereign grace,
Abounding through the Son.]

[4 'Tis from the mercy of our God,
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood,
Our souls are wash'd from sin.]

di 5 'Tis through the purchase of his death
Who hung upon the tree,
p The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

cr. vi 6 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

151.

S. M.—*Grazebrook. Clapton.*
Grace.

f. vi 1 GRACE, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

di 2 Grace first contrived the way,
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

d 3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

aff 4 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Tis grace hath kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

cr 5 Grace, all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
f It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Doddridge.

152.

C. M.—*Barby. ex.*
Salvation.

f 1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound,
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

aff 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heav'nly day.

f. vi 3 Salvation! let the echo fly,
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

153.

L. M.—*Luther's Hymn. ex.*
Salvation by grace in Christ.

1 NOW to the power of God supreme,
Be everlasting honors giv'n;
He saves from hell, we bless his name—
He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.

2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

di 3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

cr 4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known,
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

m. ex 5 He died: and in that dreadful night,
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
vi Rising, he brought our heav'n to light,
And took possession of the joy.

154.

C. M.—*Colchester. Tunbridge.*
Access to the throne by a Mediator.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
To heav'nly courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

p 2 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood
That calm'd his frowning face;
ag That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace.

p 3 The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss
Are open'd by the Son;
f High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' Almighty throne.

4 To thee, ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th' Eternal King,
Who lays his anger by.

155.

L. M.—*Sterling.*
Shall man contend with God? Job iv. 17, 21.

'' 1 SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator God?
Shall dying worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just than he?

2 Behold, he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures when compar'd with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

3 But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust and dwell in clay
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
We vanish, crush'd before the moth.

cr 4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight;
Buried in dust whole nations lie,
—*p* Like a forgotten vanity.

aff 5 Almighty Power, to thee we bow,
How frail are we, how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

156.

C. M.—*Moravian. Peterborough.*
Sovereignty.

1 SHALL Atheists dare insult the cross
Of our Redeemer, God?
Shall infidels reproach his laws,
Or trample on his blood!

2 What if he chose mysterious ways
To cleanse us from our faults?
May not the works of sovereign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts?

3 What if his gospel bids us fight
With flesh, and sense, and sin?
The prize is most divinely bright,
Which we are call'd to win.

vi 4 Then let our faith grow firm and strong,
Our lips profess his word;
Nor blush, nor fear, to walk among
The men that love the Lord.

157.

C. M.—*Moravian. Barby.*
Divine sovereignty; or, God's decrees.

mæ 1 LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before their God:
Whate'er his sovereign hand hath form'd
He governs with a nod.

2 Ages unbounded ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
And all eternity to come,
Stand present to his thought.

3 There's not a sparrow or a worm
But God its course foresees:
Nations arise, and monarchs reign
Or fall, as he decrees.

4 When light attends the course I run,
'Tis he provides the rays;
And when thick darkness veils my sun,
'Tis he that clouds my days.

d.m 5 Yet, O my soul! in him confide;
Nor vainly strive to see,
In volumes of his secret will,
What lines are drawn for thee.

vi 6 When he reveals the book of life
O may I read my name
Among the chosen of his love,
The foll'wers of the Lamb.

158.

L. M.—*Luther's Hymn.*
Sovereignty. See Rom. ix.

1 MAY not the sovereign Lord on high
Dispense his favors as he will?
Choose some to life while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still?

ag 2 What if, to make his terrors known,
He lets his patience long endure;
Suff'ring proud rebels to go on,
And seal their own destruction sure?

di 3 What if he means to show his grace,
And his electing love employs
To mark out some of human race,
And fit them for eternal joys?

mæ 4 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust,
ag The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust.

f 5 But O, my soul, if truth so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight;
Yet still his written word obey,
And wait the great decisive day.

159.

7's.—*Benevento.* *German Hymn.*
Events in God's hands. Psalm xxxi. 15. xxxiv. 1.

d 1 SOVEREIGN ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

2 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;

3 Times the tempter's pow'r to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love:
All that come, must last and end,
As shall please my heav'nly Friend.

4 O thou gracious wise and just,
In thy hands my life I trust:
Have I aught that's dearer still,
I resign it to thy will.

Dr. Ryland.

160.

C. M.—*Fabius.* *Dunchurch.*
Sovereignty.

1 THY way, O God, is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace;
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

di 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense,
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of Providence,
My inward thoughts confound.

3 As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love:
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

4 Though but in part I know thy will,
I bless thee for the sight:
cr When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light?

vi. f 5 In rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

Fawcett.

161.

L. M.—*Luther's Hymn. ex.*
Decrees and submission.

m 1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will,
Tumultuous passions all be still!
Nor let a murm'ring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise,

p 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals:
cr But, though his methods are unknown,
f Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heav'n, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
By saints and angels still confess'd,
That what he does is ever best.

di 4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
ag Amid the terrors of his rod,
Still trust a wise and gracious God.

Beddome.

162.

C. M.—*Dunchurch.*
Submission in view of divine government.

1 SINCE all the changing scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys;
Then who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!

2 Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

d 3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind!
To his unerring, gracious will,
Be every wish resign'd.

4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name;
There let it fill some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

Hervey

163.

C. M.—*Moravian.*
The divine purpose and providence.

mæ 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

p 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
cr But trust him for his grace:
p Behind a frowning providence
—cr He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

di 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
cr God is his own interpreter;
And he will make it plain.

Cowper.

164.

L. M.—*Luther's Hymn.* *ex.*
Mystery of Providence.

ma 1 LORD, how mysterious are thy ways,
How blind are we, how weak our praise!
Thy steps no mortal eyes explore,
'Tis ours to wonder and adore.

2 Great God, I would not ask to see
What future lot belongs to me:
cr If light and bliss my days attend,
I'll praise thy mercy to the end.

di 3 If darkness and distress I share,
Still let me trust thy guardian care;
Enough for me if love divine
At length through every cloud shall shine.

cr 4 One thing my soul desires to know,
And 'tis my choicest wish below—
d "That Christ is mine"—grant this request,
My gracious God, and I am blest.

Anon.

165.

11's and 8's.—*Palestine.*
Election of grace.

vi 1 IN songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye saints, who the gospel embrace,
Break forth and extol the great Ancient of days,
His rich and distinguishing grace:
His love, from eternity fix'd upon you,
Discover'd its heavenly flame,
d When each with the cords of his kindness he drew,
And brought you to love his great name.

p 2 There was nothing in you that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight:
But "even so, Father," ye ever must sing,
"Because it seemed good in thy sight:"
cr Then give all the praise to his glorious name,
To him all the wisdom belongs;
f Be yours the high joy, to acknowledge his fame
And crown him in loftiest songs. *K.*

166.

L. M.—*Vanhall's.* *Park-street.*
Election. Rom. viii. 33, &c.

f'' 1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls;
d And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

f'' 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
di 'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead;
And, the salvation to fulfil,
cr Behold him rising from the dead!

vi 3 He lives, he lives and sits above,
For ever interceding there:
d Who shall divide us from his love?
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

di 4 Shall persecution or distress—
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
cr He that hath lov'd us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conq'rors too.

5 Faith has a strong prevailing power,
It triumphs in the dying hour;
f Christ is our life, our joy, our hope;
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or separate us from his love.

167.

L. M.—*Stonefield.* *Duke-street.*
Christ the believer's life.

l 1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires;
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

vi 2 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my eternal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives,
Here I can build and rest secure.

f'' 3 Here would my faith unshaken dwell,
For ever firm the promise stands;
Not all the pow'rs of earth and hell,
Can ere dissolve the sacred bands.

m. d 4 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is for ever thine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Can break a union so divine.

Steele.

168.

L. M.—*Seasons. ex. Quito. ex.*

Faith taking hold of the promises.

aff 1 AH, why should doubts and fears arise,
And sorrows fill my weeping eyes?
Slowly, alas, the mind receives
The comforts which the gospel gives.

cr 2 Oh for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith!
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heav'n my own.

vi 3 Then might the earth's foundations shake
And all the wheels of nature break!
My steadfast soul would move no more
Than solid rocks where billows roar.

169.

C. M.—*Dunchurch.*

Justification by faith, not by works. Rom. iii. 9, 22.

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built:
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile trembling stand,
Without one murm'ring word:
And the whole race of Adam plead
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now:
Since to convince and to condemn,
Is all that law can do.

vi 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

170.

C. M.—*Moravian. Barby.*

The power of faith.

" 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares;

2 Extinguishes the flame of sin;
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God, and heav'nly things,
And feeds the pure desire;

di 3 The wounded conscience knows its pow'r
The healing balm to give:
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

f 4 Wide it unfolds celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.

d 5 It shows the precious promise seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood,
di And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

cr 6 There, there, unshaken would I rest,
Till this vile body dies;
And then on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise!

Turner.

171.

C. M.—*Peterborough. Rochester.*
Living and dead faith.

'' 1 MISTAKEN souls that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast,
Of inward joys and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living head.

vi 3 'Tis faith that renovates the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the soul above.

f 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power:
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

172.

C. M.—*Peterborough.*

Faith the evidence of things not seen. See Heb. xi.

'' 1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight:
It penetrates the veil of sense,
And dwells in heav'nly light.

2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the world was made
By God's almighty word:
We know the heav'ns and earth shall fade,
And be again restor'd.

4 Abra'm obeyed the Lord's command,
From his own country driv'n;
By faith he sought a promis'd land,
And found his rest in heav'n.

5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray,
The promise in our eye;
By faith we walk the narrow way,
That leads to joys on high.

173.

C. M.—*Moravian. Retirement.*

Filial obedience.

'' 1 GRACE, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.

2 Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will;
But with the noblest powers they have
His blest commands fulfil.

3 They find access at every hour,
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quick'ning power,
And joys that never fail.

⌢ 4 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face.

d 5 Lord, I address thy heav'nly throne,
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.

6 Now shed thy tender love abroad,
And make my comfort strong;
Then shall I say, "my Father God,"
With an unwav'ring tongue.

174.

S. M.—*Watchman.*
Adoption. 1 John iii. 1. Gal. iv. 6.

d 1 BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestow'd,
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God.

'' 2 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
cr But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine,
May trials well endure:
Till we are cleans'd from every sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

d 5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

di 6 I would no longer lie,
A slave beneath the throne;
cr My faith shall Abba Father cry,
And thou the kindred own.

175.

C. M.—*Fabius. Dunchurch.*
Adoption.

d 1 MY God, my Father, blissful name!
O, may I call thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim,
A portion so divine?

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy Providence denies,
I cheerfully resign;
Lord, thou art good and just and wise,
I yield my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Still give me strength to bear:
Let me but know my Father reigns,
I'll trust his tender care.

Steele.

176.

8's.—*Birmingham.*
The Father's love.

d 1 HOW wondrous that manner of love,
The Father on us hath bestow'd;
Preparing us mansions above,
And calling us children of God!
di The world our adoption despise,
Our Saviour they will not receive;
They know not the joys that arise
In the bosom of those that believe.

cr 2 Beloved, now are we the sons,
The children of infinite grace,
The heirs of bright sceptres and crowns,
On high in the regions of peace:
p Though ling'ring in darkness and fear,
cr We trust in the Saviour's glad word;
We know, that when he shall appear,
We shall see and resemble our Lord.

M. S.

177.

7's.—*Haven. Pleyel's Hymn.*
Privileges of adoption.

d 1 BLESSED are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesus' blood,
They are ransom'd from the grave
Life eternal they shall have.

2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
All their sins are wash'd away;
They shall stand in God's great day.

3 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness;
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy humble, undefil'd.

4 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heav'nly birth;
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory in them is begun.

Humphreys.

178.

C. M.—*Retirement. Repose.*
Saints' perseverance.

aff 1 YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears!
Be mercy now your theme;
Mercy which like a river flows
In one perpetual stream.

[2 Fear not the want of outward good,
God will for his provide:
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heav'n beside.]

3 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

ag 4 Fear not the pow'r of earth or hell:
God will those pow'rs restrain;
His arm shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting:
f He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

Beddome

179.

C. M.—*Dunchurch. Fabius.*
Saints' perseverance. John x. 28, 29.

vi 1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands
My Lord, my hope, my trust:
The soul committed to thy hands,
I know will ne'er be lost.

2 The Shepherd has engaged to save
The meanest of the flock:
All that his heav'nly Father gave
Are shelter'd by the Rock.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
The chosen from his breast;
d Safe on the bosom of his love,
Shall they for ever rest.

180.

L. M.—*Luton. ex.*

Saints' perseverance. Heb. vii. 17, 19

aff 1 HOW oft have sin and Satan striv'n
To rend my soul from thee, my God;
But boundless is the love of Heav'n,
Seal'd by the Saviour's precious blood.

cr 2 The oath and promise of the Lord,
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Infinite power performs the word,
While heav'n is fill'd with endless praise.

di 3 Amid temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
cr Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
—f When tempests blow and billows rise.

m 4 The gospel bears my spirit up:
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation of my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

181.

L. M.—*Derby.*

The broad and the narrow way.

aff 1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there:
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

cr 2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command—
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain the heav'nly land.

p 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
cr Shall not inherit with the saints,
ag But makes his own destruction sure.

aff 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Renew my heart by sovereign power;
No hypocrites thy favor gain:
Apostates fall to rise no more.

182.

C. M.—*Barby.*
The strait gate.

1 STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high ;
di 'Tis but a few that find the gate,
cr While crowds mistake and die.

″ 2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renew'd,
Passion suppress'd and patience tried,
And vain desires subdu'd.

[3 Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules:
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,
Lest they destroy our souls.]

[4 The love of gold be banish'd hence,
That vile idolatry:
And every member, every sense,
In sweet subjection lie.]

[5 The tongue, that most unruly pow'r,
Requires a strong restraint:
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray, but never faint.]

aff 6 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard ?
Thy grace must all the work perform,
And give the free reward.

183.

11's.—*Goshen. Boxford.*
The promises.

vi 1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word :
What more could his mercy and goodness have said,
To those who for refuge to Jesus have fled.

ag 2 Fear not, he is with thee, O be not dismay'd
For he is thy God, and will give thee his aid.
He'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by his gracious omnipotent hand

di 3 When through the deep waters he calls thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall ne'er overflow.
His presence shall guide thee, his mercy shall bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway is laid,
His grace all-sufficient will lend thee its aid;
The flame shall not hurt thee; he does but design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 His people through life shall abundantly prove
His sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
When age, with gray heirs, shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs, they shall still in his bosom be borne.

6 The soul on his bosom that leans for repose
Is safe from th' assaults of its bitterest foes:
That soul, though all hell should in vengeance awake,
f '' He'll never, NO NEVER, NO NEVER forsake.

Kennady.

184.

7's.—German Hymn.
Strength equal to the day. Deut. xxxiii. 25.

d 1 WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promis'd needful grace,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

'' 3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou may'st see,
This is still thy sweet relief,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

f '' 4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With thy promise full and free;
Faithful, positive, and sure—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

Gems

185.

C. M.—*Dunchurch.* *Dundee.*

Promises sure in Christ.

f 1 OUR God, how firm his promise stands,
E'en when he hides his face!
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands,
The kingdom of his grace.

p ! ! 2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints.
Christ and his flock are one:
cr Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

d 3 Beneath his smile my heart has liv'd,
And heav'nly joy possess'd:
I'll render thanks for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

186.

C. M.—*Barby.* *ex.*

Strength from heaven. Isaiah xl. 27—30.

m 1 WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise,
And where's our courage fled?
Have restless sin and raging hell,
Struck all our comforts dead?

cr 2 Have we forgot th' Almighty name
That form'd the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

cr 3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell:
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

di 4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigor cease;
cr But they that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel their strength increase.

f 5 They shall mount up, on eagle's wings,
Celestial bliss to taste;
Till their unwearied feet arrive
To heav'n's eternal rest.

187.

8's and 7's. Double.—*Aberdeen.*

Assurance.

vi.f 1 KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:

Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine,
Think what Jesus did to win thee:
Child of heav'n! canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission:
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Gems.

188. C. M.—*Dunchurch.* *Barby.*

Assurance of hope; or, ready to die. 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

1 MY race is run, my warfare o'er:
The solemn hour is nigh,
When offer'd up to God, my soul
Shall wing its flight on high.

vi 2 With heav'nly weapons, I have fought
The battles of the Lord:
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
Depending on his word.

3 Henceforth there is laid up for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the sovereign Lord decreed
The prize for me alone,
But for the saints who long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 From every snare and evil work,
His grace shall still defend,
And to his heav'nly kingdom safe
Shall bring me in the end.

Durham Coll.

189. C. M.—*Dunchurch.* *Barby.*

Immortality through the resurrection of Christ. 1 Pet. i. 3.

1 BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord,
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls the joyful hope
That they should never die.

di 3 What though the body soon decays,
And long in dust it lies;
cr Yet as the Lord, our Saviour, rose,
So will his saints arise.

4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And fadeth not away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till his salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

GENERAL PRAISE.*

190.

C. P. M.—*Lanesborough.*
Exhortation to the duty of praise.

vi 1 GO, tune thy voice to sacred song:
Exert thy noblest pow'rs!
Go, mingle with the choral throng,
The Saviour's praises to prolong,
Amid life's fleeting hours.

d 2 O! hast thou felt a Saviour's love,
That flame of heav'nly birth?
Then let thy strains melodious prove,
cr With raptures soaring far above
The trifling toys of earth.

3 Hast found the pearl of price unknown,
That cost a Saviour's blood?
f Heir of a bright celestial crown,
That sparkles near th' eternal throne,
O sing the praise of God!

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* See THANKSGIVING, also PSALMS 29, 66, 100, 107, 116, 135, 136, 145, 148, 150.

p 4 Sing of the Lamb that once was slain
That man might be forgiv'n;
ff Sing how he broke death's bars in twain,
Ascending high in bliss to reign,
The God of earth and heav'n.

di 5 Begin on earth the notes of praise,
cr "Glory to God on high,"
Sing through the remnant of thy days;
At death, the song of vict'ry raise,
cr And soar beyond the sky.

M. S.

191.

L. M.—*Rothwell. Park-street.*
Praise for divine goodness.

vi.f 1 YE sons of men with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodness sound,
Through all your tribes the earth around.

2 Sing earth in verdant robes array'd,
Its herbs and flow'rs, its light and shade:
View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns.

3 Let the high heav'ns your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.

cr 4 But oh, that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love!
God's only Son in flesh array'd,
—*p* For man a bleeding victim made;

vi 5 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar;
There in the land of praise adore:
The theme demands an angel's lay;
Demands an everlasting day.

Doddridge.

192.

C. M.—*Colchester. Channing.*
Praise for Creation and Providence.

vi 1 LORD, when my raptur'd thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er;
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid my soul adore.

2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their Source divine.

d 3 On me thy providence has shone,
With gentle smiling rays:
O let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness and thy praise.

cr 4 All bounteous Lord, thy grace impart,
O teach me to improve
Thy gifts with humble, grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

Steele.

193.

C. M.—*Retirement.*

PART I.

Blessings of Providence.

1 ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind Guardian of my days;
Thy mercies, let my heart record,
In songs of grateful praise.

d 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care;
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

' ' 3 When reason with my stature grew,
How weak her brightest ray!
How little of my God I knew,
How prone from thee to stray!

ag 4 Around my path what dangers rose,
What snares o'erspread my road;
No pow'r could guard me from my foes,
But my preserver God.

pp 5 When life hung trembling on a breath,
cr 'Twas thy Almightly love,
That sav'd me from impending death,
And bid my fears remove.

6 Each rolling year new favors brought,
From thy exhaustless store:
m. f. But oh! in vain my lab'ring thought,
Would count thy mercies o'er.

PART II.

Blessings of grace.

d 7 While sweet reflection through my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace,
Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
The blessings of thy grace.

cr 8 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord,
For favors so divine;
That I have known thy sacred word
Where all thy glories shine.

d 9 When blest with the transporting view
That Jesus died for me:
For this sweet hope what praise is due,
O God of grace, to thee!

10 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies;
cr Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

11 Then shall my joyful powers unite,
With all th' angelic throngs,
And join the happy saints in light,
In everlasting songs.

Steele.

194.

C. M.—*Colchester.*

Gratitude for countless mercies.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
vi Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

cr 2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd soul!
But thou canst read it there.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a grateful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

di 4 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
cr My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

5 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

Addison.

195.

S. M.—*Dover. Oakland.*
Persevering grace. Jude, verse 24, 25.

f 1 TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

d 2 'Tis his Almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death—
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
cr With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

f 5 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom with power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

196.

C. M.—*Chester. Dunchurch.*
Praise in the midst of sorrows.

d 1 COME, let us sing the praise of God,
And in his name rejoice;
Though sorrow rises like a flood,
We'll tune our feeble voice.

2 Chasten'd in love, but never slain,
Cast down, but not destroy'd,
Each earthly loss brings heav'nly gain,
Bliss that is unalloy'd.

di 3 Bearing about our feeble frame
The dying of our Lord,
cr We'll seek to glorify his name,
And feed upon his word.

p 4 How kind is his afflicting hand!
How tender is his love!
cr What mercies flow by his command,
Down from the courts above!

vi 5 Yes, we will sing thy praises still,
With melody of soul;
di We'll bow submissive to thy will,
—p And yield to thy control.

M. S.

197.

L. M.—*Repose. Luton.*
Song of gratitude and praise.

1 GOD of my life! through all my days,
I'll tune the grateful notes of praise;
The song shall wake with op'ning light,
—p And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
cr The notes of praise ascending high,
—p Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
cr Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

vi 4 But oh! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to earth no more;
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

f 5 Then shall I learn th' exalted strains
That echo through the heav'nly plains:
And emulate with joy unknown
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

Doddridge.

198.

S. M.—*Clapton. Oakland.*
Exalted praise.

vi. f 1 STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice:
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

di 2 Though far above all praise,
Above all blessing high;
ag Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify?

d 3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
cr And wing to heav'n our thought.

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd,
With all our ransom'd powers.

5 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord our God adore;
f Stand up and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

Montgomery.

199.

C. M.—*Moravian. Tolland.*
Perpetual praise.

f!! 1 YES, I will bless thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong,
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

di 2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
cr My life with all its active pow'rs
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

di 3 Not death itself shall stop my song,
Though death will close my eyes;
cr My thoughts shall then to nobler heights,
And sweeter raptures rise.

f 4 There shall my lips in endless praise
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

Heginbotham.

200.

8's and 7's.—*Dismission*
Universal praise.

vi.f 1 PRAISE to God the great Creator,
Praise to God from every tongue,
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

d 2 Father! source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation;
Praise him for his love divine.

cr 3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy;
Heirs of endless bliss in heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heav'n our song we raise;
—di Then enraptur'd fall before him,
—p Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

ff 5 Praise to God the great Creator,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Praise him every living creature,
Earth and heav'n's united host.

Anon.

GRACES.*

201.

L. M.—*Duke-street. Uxbridge.*
The beatitudes. Matt. v. 3—12.

1 BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Mourners who from their sins depart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Blest are the souls that seek for grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams, and living bread.

PAUSE.

5 Blest are the men whose hearts can move
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

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* See CHRIST, HOLY SPIRIT, GOSPEL, DOCTRINAL, REVIVAL, EXPERIMENTAL, &c.

6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

8 Blest are the suff'rers who partake
Of scorn and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

202.

L. M.—*Sterling.*

The gospel exemplified in the conduct. Titus ii. 10—13

' ' 1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
While his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

[3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.]

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

203.

C. M.—*Peterborough. Fabius.*

Love to God.

' ' 1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
  Where love inspires the breast,
Love is the brightest of the train,
  And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge may boast herself in vain,
  Or fill the soul with fear;
Sin will prevail, and live, and reign,
  If love be absent there.

[3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too,
But they can never love.]

vi 4 Love is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave earth's dark abode,
f The wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

204.

L. M.—*Sterling. Luton.*
Religion nothing without love. 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 3.

'' 1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love were absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To clothe the naked, feed the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name:

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain,
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

205.

C. M.—*Chester. Fabius. Dunchurch.*
Brotherly love.

d 1 HOW sweet and heav'nly is the sight,
When those that fear the Lord,
In mutual love and peace unite,
And thus fulfil his word:

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:

3 When love in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flows,
And union sweet with fond esteem,
In every action glows:

4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds
His bosom fill'd with love.

Swain.

206.

7's.—*German Hymn.*
Christian union.

d 1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid contention ever cease.

2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Wholly like the precious Lord.

3 Let us each for others care,
Each his brother's burdens bear,
To thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

4 Free from envy and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide,
And the depths of love express,
And the heights of holiness.

5 Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above;
There in perfect union raise
Sweeter songs and nobler praise.

Wesley.

207.

S. M.—*Watchman. St. Thomas.*
Christian unity.

' ' 1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Let envy and ill-will
Be banish'd far away,
And all in Christian bonds unite,
Who the same Lord obey.

3 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

Beddome.

208.

L. M.—*Repose. ex. Derby.*
Christian love. Phil. ii. 1. Eph. iv. 30.

aff 1 NOW, by the love of Christ my God,
His deep distress, his sore complaints,
His dying groans and precious blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.

" 2 Clamor and wrath far hence be gone,
Envy and hate for ever cease:
Let bitter words no more be known
Among the saints, the sons of peace.

p ⌒ 3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we ever grieve his love,
Who seals us for eternal life.

p. aff 4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Through all our lives let mercy run;
So God forgives our num'rous faults,
Through grace abounding in the Son.

209.

L. M.—*Duke-street. Stonefield.*
We walk by faith, and not by sight.

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come,
ex We walk through deserts dark as night:
Till we arrive at heav'n, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
vi She bids the pearly gates appear:
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith beholds a heav'nly ray,
f Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

[4 So Abr'am by divine command,
Left his own home to walk with **God**;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.]

REVIVAL.*

210.

8's, 7's, and 4's.—*Greenville. Zion.*
"Lord, revive us."

d 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:
Lord, revive us,
Human help is all in vain.

2 Once, O Lord, thy garden flourish'd,
Every part was gay and green;
All its plants by thee were nourish'd,
How delightful was the scene!
Lord, revive us,
On thy mighty pow'r we lean.

cr 3 Keep no longer at a distance,
Smile upon us from on high;
Lest for want of thine assistance,
di Every plant should droop and die:
cr Lord, revive us,
Hear in heav'n our earnest cry.

' ' 4 Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
Break the bonds of earthly care;
Let our mutual love be fervent;
Help us to prevail in pray'r:
cr Lord, revive us,
Let us now the blessing share.

Newton.

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* See Christ, Holy Spirit, Graces, Appeals to the Unconverted, Conviction and Conversion, Experimental, &c.

211.

8's and 7's.—*Dismission.*
Zion comforted.

aff 1 ZION, dreary and in anguish,
In the desert hast thou stray'd!
O, thou weary, cease to languish;
Jesus shall lift up thy head.

2 Still lamenting and bemoaning,
Mid thy follies and thy woes!
Soon repenting and returning,
All thy solitude shall close.

3 Though benighted and forsaken,
Though afflicted and distress'd;
His Almighty arm shall waken;
Zion's King shall give thee rest.

vi 4 Cease thy sadness unbelieving;
Soon his glory shalt thou see!
Joy and gladness, and thanksgiving,
And the voice of melody.

S. Songs

212.

8's and 7's.—*Aberdeen.*
Spiritual harvest. Ps. cxxvi. 5, 6.

d 1 HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing still the precious seed,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
All his labor shall succeed.
vi Then will fall the rain of heaven,
Then the sun of mercy shine;
Precious fruits will then be given,
Through an influ'nce all divine.

m 2 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Nor let fears thy mind employ;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou may'st reap the fruits of joy.
cr Lo! the scene of verdure bright'ning,
See the rising grain appear;
—f Look again! the fields are whit'ning;
Sure the harvest time is near.

M. S.

213.

C. M.—*Peterborough. Fabius.*
What is prayer?

[1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.]

p 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

[3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try:
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.]

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air:
cr His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heav'n with prayer.

d 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "behold he prays."

aff 6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way;
Behold us from thy high abode:
Lord, teach us how to pray.

Montgomery.

214.

S. M.—*Watchman.* *Psalm* 25.
Prayer for a revival.

aff 1 O LORD, thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2 O let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
cr Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry:
O. come and bring salvation near;
Our souls on thee rely.

S. Songs.

215.

L. M.—*Uxbridge. Duke-street.*
Wrestling for a gracious visitation.

aff 1 WHILE fill'd with sadness and dismay,
To see the work of God decline;
Methought I heard the Saviour say,
"Dismiss thy fear, the ark is mine.

2 "Though for a time I hid my face,
Rely upon my love and pow'r;
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.

cr 3 "Take down thy long neglected harp,
I've seen thy tears, and heard thy pray'r,
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair."

vi 4 Lord, I obey; my hopes revive:
Come join with me, ye saints, and sing:
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.
Newton.

216.

L. M.—*Darwen. Vernon.*
Effects of the fall lamented.

aff 1 ARISE, my tend'rest thoughts arise,
Let sorrows melt my streaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2 See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name;
The Father wounded through the Son,
The world abus'd, the soul undone.

3 See the short course of vain delight,
Ending in everlasting night,
In flames that no abatement know,
Though floods of tears for ever flow.

er 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene,
And yearn with grief o'er dying men:
Fain would my sympathy reclaim
Souls that will perish in the flame.

d 5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves:
cr Thy own Almighty arm employ,
And turn the floods of grief to joy.
Doddridge.

217.

L. M.—*Uxbridge. Derby.*
Vision of dry bones. Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

aff 1 LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
See Adam's race in ruin lie:
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.

'' 2 And can these dead awake and live?
These dry, these perish'd bones revive?
cr That, mighty God, to thee is known:
That wondrous work is all thy own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain,
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine Almighty aid is nigh.

vi 4 But if thy Spirit deigns to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death,
f Dry bones obey thy pow'rful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

Doddridge.

218.

S. M.—*Dover. St. Thomas.*
The active, watchful Christian. Luke xii. 35, 38.

f '' 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait:
Observant of his heav'nly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame:
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 "Watch," 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak he's near;
Mark the first signal from his hand,
And ready all appear.

vi 4 O, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crown'd.

Doddridge.

219

C. M.—*Chester*. *Fabius*.
Love to Christ and his flock.

a 1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And cast each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious still
To my attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

cr 3 Do I not love thee from my soul?
di Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

p 4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
f Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Could not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

d 6 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord·
ex But oh! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

Doddridge.

220.

S. M.—*St. Giles*. *Psalm* 25.
Weeping penitence. Luke xix. 41.

aff 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our tears be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye!

2 The Son of God in tears!
Ye wond'ring angels see!
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee!

di 3 'Tis well for thee to weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heav'n alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

Beddome.

221.

7's.—*German Hymn.*
Winning souls to Christ. Prov. xi. 30.

p 1 WOULD you win a soul to God,
Tell him of a Saviour's blood,
Once for dying sinners spilt,
To atone for all their guilt.

2 Tell him how the streams did glide
From his hands, his feet, his side,
How his head with thorns was crown'd,
And his heart in sorrow drown'd:

3 How he yielded up his breath,
How he agoniz'd in death,
How he lives to intercede,
Christ our Advocate and Head.

4 Tell him, it was sovereign grace,
Led THEE first to seek his face;
Made *thee* choose the better part,
Wrought salvation in thy heart.

p 5 Tell him of that liberty
Wherewith Jesus makes us free;
Sweetly speak of sins forgiv'n,
Earnest of the joys of heav'n.

Hammond.

222.

L. M.—*Vanhall's. Park-street.*
The pentecostal season.

vi 1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great
When the belov'd disciples met,
While on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like cloven tongues of flame.

2 What signs and miracles he gave,
Words that had pow'r to kill or save;
The gift of healing, and of tongues,
Instead of swords or warlike throngs.

3 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Were by those heav'nly arms subdu'd,
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrines of the cross.

4 The weapons of God's holy war,
Of what amazing force they are,
To make the stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

f⌒5 Great King of Grace, my heart subdue!
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

223.

C. M. D.—*Retirement.*
Church fellowship in a revival.

d 1 OUR souls by love together drawn,
Cemented, mix'd in one;
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice —
'Tis heav'n on earth begun:
vi Our hearts have felt the Spirit's pow'r,
And glow'd with sacred fire;
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and blest,
And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.

2 A cloud of mercy rises still;
The heav'ns are big with rain:
Lord, hasten the celestial show'r,
Nor let us plead in vain:
Now while the gentle drops descend,
Pour down a mighty flood;
f Deluge the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.

di 3 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
To form thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine
Proclaim'd by thee, thy own;
d May we, a little band of love,
We sinners sav'd by grace,
cr From glory unto glory chang'd,
Behold thee face to face.

Miller.

224.

H. M.—*Weymouth. Triumph.*
Rejoicing in a general revival.

vi f 1 O ZION, tune thy voice,
And lift thy hands on high;
Tell all the world thy joys,
And shout salvation nigh:
Cheerful in God,
Arise and shine;
While rays divine
Stream all abroad.

di 2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
cr His all resplendent grace
He pours around thy head:
The nations round
Thy form shall view,
With lustre new
Divinely crown'd.

3 In honor to his name
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim
Which makes thy darkness bright:
Pursue his praise,
Till sovereign love
In worlds above,
Thy glory raise.

4 There on his holy hill
A brighter Sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies:
While round his throne
Ten thousand stars,
In nobler spheres
His influence own.

Doddridge.

APPEALS TO THE UNCONVERTED.*

225.

7's.—German Hymn.
Expostulation with the sinner.

'' 1 HASTE, O sinner, to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom warns thee from the skies,
All the paths of death to shun.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore:
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
ag Thy probation may be o'er,
Ere this evening's work is done.

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* See CHRIST, GOSPEL, DOCTRINAL, CONVICTION AND CONVERSION, JUDGMENT, &c., also PSALMS 2, 36, 50, 52, 55, 59, 68, 88, 97 139.

vi 3 Haste, while yet thou canst be blest:
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
ag Death may e'en thy soul arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

Epis. Coll.

226.

7's and 6's.—*The Warning. Kingswood.*
Alarm to the sinner.

ag 1 SINNER, stop, O stop and think,
Before you farther go;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo!
On the verge of ruin stop;—
Now the friendly warning take;
Stay your footsteps, ere you drop
Into the burning lake!

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
Which his justice shall proclaim.
When the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to the bar:
Then you'll hear your awful doom,
And sink in deep despair!
All your sins will round you crowd;
You will mark their crimson die,
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And then—no refuge nigh.

Newton.

227.

C. M.—*Moreland. ex.*
Terrors of divine wrath.

ag 1 ADORE and tremble, for our God
Is a consuming fire;*
Those that despise a Saviour's blood,
Must meet his awful ire.

2 Reluctantly the burning rays
Are forc'd into a flame;
But kindled, oh, how fierce they blaze,
Upon all nature's frame!

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* Heb. xii. 9.

3 At his approach the mountains flee
And seek a wat'ry grave;
Affrighted oceans haste away,
And shrink up every wave.

4 Yet, mighty God, thy sovereign grace
Sits regent on the throne,
The refuge of thy chosen race
When wrath comes rushing down.

228.

7's.—Norwich. German Hymn.
Prepare to meet thy God.

ag 1 SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hand endure,
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, his mighty arm is bared;
Awful terrors clothe his brow;
For his judgment stand prepar'd,
Thou must either break or bow!

3 Who his advent may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Can you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapt in flame!

Newton.

229.

L. C. M.—*Warning Voice.*
A voice of warning.

ag 1 THAT warning voice, O sinner, hear,
And while salvation lingers near,
The heav'nly call obey;
Flee from destruction's downward path,
Flee from the threat'ning storm of wrath
That rises o'er thy way.

2 Soon night comes on with thick'ning shade
The tempest hovers o'er thy head,
cr The winds their fury pour;
The light'nings rend the earth and skies,
The thunders roar, the flames arise,
What terrors fill that hour!

3 That warning voice, O sinner, hear,
Whose accents linger on thine ear;
Thy footsteps now retrace:
Renounce thy sins and be forgiv'n,
Believe, become an heir of heav'n,
And sing redeeming grace.

d 4 Then, while a voice of pardon speaks,
di The storm is hush'd, the morning breaks,
The heav'ns are all serene;
cr Fresh verdure clothes the beauteous fields,
vi Joy echoes from the distant hills,
New wonders fill the scene.

S. Songs.

230.

L. M.—*Luther's Hymn. Sterling.*
Youth admonished of the judgment.

ag 1 YE sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,
Enjoy the day of mirth; but know
There is a day of judgment too!

2 God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness you have done
Must all appear before the sun.

3 The recompense so justly due,
Will strike the soul with terror through.
How will ye stand before his face,
Or answer for his injur'd grace!

aff 4 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From earth's alluring vanities;
And let the terrors of thy word,
Waken their souls to fear the Lord.

231.

L. M.—*Derby. Darwen.*
Life and death of the unconverted. Eccl. xii. 1—7:

1 NOW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator God:
Behold the months come hast'ning on
When you shall say, "my joys are gone.

aff 2 Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

di 3 The dust returns to dust again,
ag The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God, not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

4 Eternal King! I fear thy name:
Teach me to know how frail I am:
And when my soul must hence remove
d Give me a mansion in thy love.

232.

C. M.—*Moreland. Windsor.*
Exhortation to repentance. Acts xvii. 30.

f'' 1 REPENT! the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay:
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets the wrathful day!

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
He sends his messengers abroad,
To warn the world of sin.

3 Ye sinners, in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

ag 4 Soon will the awful trumpet sound
And call you to his bar:
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And yields to vengeance there.

d 5 Oh, listen to the Saviour's call,
While he prolongs your days:
Now yield your hearts, and prostrate fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

Doddridge.

233.

7's. Double.—*Benevento. ex. Hotham.*
Expostulation with sinners.

aff 1 SINNERS turn, why will ye die?
God your Maker asks you why;
God who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live:
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why,
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners turn, why will ye die?
God your Saviour asks you why;
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live;

Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why,
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners turn, why will ye die?
p God the Spirit asks you why;
cr Many a time with you he strove,
d Woo'd you to embrace his love;
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
aff Why will ye for ever die,
O ye guilty sinners, why?

Epis. Coll

234.

L. M.—*Uxbridge. Luther's Hymn.*
Day of grace.

" 1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
Ye sinners, hasten to return.

2 Life is the time that God hath giv'n,
T' escape from hell and fly to heav'n,
The hours of grace soon pass away:
Secure the blessings of the day.

di 3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
ag I would with all my might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found
Amid the slumbers of the ground.

5 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave, to which we haste,
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

235.

L. C. M.—*Warning Voice.*
Eternal realities.

ag 1 LO! on a narrow neck of land,
Between two boundless seas, I stand,
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heav'nly place,
Or shuts me up in hell!

aff 2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight;
Oh, save me, ere it be too late!
Wake me to righteousness.

ag 3 Before me, place in dread array,
The scenes of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar!
Ah, tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
Be there to meet my doom?

4 Be this my solemn purpose here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
To suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

Wesley.

236.

11's.—*Boxford. Goshen. ex.*

Delay not.

aff 1 DELAY not, delay not, O sinner draw near!
The waters of life are now flowing for thee.
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchas'd, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is open'd, how can'st thou refuse
To wash and be cleans'd in his pardoning blood.

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day:
di Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
—p Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

cr 4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,
—di Long griev'd and resisted, may take its sad flight;
—p And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race.
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

—*ag* 5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand—
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What pow'r then, O sinner! shall lend thee its aid!

S. Songs.

237.

S. M.—*Watchman.* *Psalm* 25.
To-day, if ye will hear his voice.

'' 1 NOW is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
O sinner! come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids thee come;
Each message from God's precious word,
Declares there yet is room.

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day:
To-morrow may be never thine;
O why wilt thou delay!

aff 4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
Subdue them by thy grace;
vi Then shall the angels shout for joy
Amid the realms of peace.

Dobell.

238.

S. M.—*St. Giles.* *Psalm* 25.
Uncertainty of life.

aff 1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodg'd in thy sovereign hand:
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines at thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

ag 3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thine almighty pow'r,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care,
O be it still pursu'd!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light;
For soon life's golden beams may die,
In sudden, endless night.

Doddridge

239.

6's and 5's. Peculiar.—*Tune,* "*Child of sin,*" *&c.*
Exhortation to immediate submission.

d 1 CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Fill'd with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day;
Heav'n bids thee come,
While yet there's room;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come, while thou canst borrow,
Help from on high:
Grieve not that love,
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

S. Songs.

240.

C. L. M.—*Tune,* "*Go watch,*" *&c.*
Watch and pray.

'' 1 GO watch and pray: thou canst not tell
How near thine hour may be;
Thou canst not know how soon the bell
May toll its notes for thee:
Death's countless snares beset thy way;
Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

2 Fond youth, while free from blighting care
Does thy firm pulse beat high?
Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
Sparkle before thine eye?
Soon these must change, must pass away,
Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

3 Ambition, stop thy panting breath;
Pride, sink thy lifted eye!
ag Behold, the caverns dark with death
Before you open lie!
The heav'nly warning now obey;
Ye sons of pride, go watch and pray.

m 4 Thou aged man! life's wint'ry storm,
Hath sear'd thy vernal bloom;
With trembling limbs and wasting form,
Thou'rt bending o'er the tomb:
And can vain hope lead THEE astray!
Go! weary pilgrim, watch and pray.

Anon.

241.

L. M.—*Sterling. Derby.*
Warnings by the Holy Spirit.

aff 1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within,
Oft whisper'd to thy heedless soul?
Urg'd thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

cr'' 2 Sinner, it was a heav'nly voice:
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the happy choice,
And take the Saviour for thy all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
The gospel call no longer slight;
Obey, and free salvation find.

di 4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With harden'd, self-destroying men;
They who presume his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

cr 5 Sinner! perhaps this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be:
aff Oh! shouldst thou grieve him thus away,
He never would return to thee.

Hyde.

242.

C. M.—*Windsor.*
God's Spirit will not always strive.

ag 1 QUENCH not the Spirit of the Lord,
The Holy One from heav'n;
The Comforter, belov'd, ador'd;
To man in mercy giv'n.

2 Quench not the Spirit of the Lord;
He will not always strive:
O tremble at that awful word;
Sinner! awake and live.

3 Quench not the Spirit of the Lord,
It is thy only hope:
O let his aid be now implor'd;
Let prayer be lifted up.

d 4 Grieve not the Spirit of the Lord,
Heirs of redeeming grace;
With grateful hearts his love record,
Whose presence fills the place.

M. S.

243.

C. M.—*Barby. Dundee.*
Inquiring the way to Zion.

'' 1 INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Zion's hill,
And thither set your anxious face,
With a determin'd will.

aff 2 Oh come, to God's own temple haste;
And seek his favor there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent prayer.

d 3 Oh come, and join your souls to God,
In everlasting bands;
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

Doddridge.

244.

C. M.—*Chester. Burford.*
Invitation to sinners.

aff 1 RETURN, O wand'rer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery.

2 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee:
The Spirit and the Bride say, come:
O now for refuge flee.

3 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
ag 'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.

S. Songs.

245.

7's. 6 lines.—*Nuremburg.*
Sinners exhorted.

d 1 YE that in his courts are found,
List'ning to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Full of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

aff 2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View his bleeding sacrifice,
See in him your sins forgiv'n,
Pardon, holiness, and heav'n,
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

Burder's Col.

246.

8's, 7's, and 4's.—*Tune, "Lo, he comes," &c.*
Sinners exhorted.

f'' 1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Coming from the courts above!
Mercy beams in every passage,
Every line is full of love:
O believe it!
Every line is full of love.

2 Now the heralds of salvation
Joyful news aloud proclaim:
Sinners freed from condemnation,
Through the all-atoning Lamb!
Life receiving,
Through the all-atoning Lamb!

3 Who hath their report believed?
Who hath heard the solemn word?
Who salvation hath received,
Freely offer'd by the Lord?
Life immortal,
Freely offer'd by the Lord.

Allen.

247.

C. M.—*Barby. ex.*
Exhortation to sinners. Isaiah lv. 7.

f'' 1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard,
p 'Tis mercy speaks to-day:
cr He calls you by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

ag 2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace:
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your soul of ease.

[3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell,
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair!]

aff 4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In vain you travel all your days,
To reap immortal wo.

d 5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those who seek his face.

" 6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

cr 7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts
He pardons like a God:
He will forgive your num'rous faults,
di Through a Redeemer's blood.

Fawcett

248.

C. M.—*Retirement. Fabius.*
Christ's invitation.

aff 1 THE Saviour calls, let every ear
Attend the heav'nly sound:
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal wo.

3 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey:
Mercy invites to heav'nly joys,
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To thee let sinners fly:
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

Steele.

249.

H. M.—*Bethesda. Hartford.*
The gospel call.

aff 1 YE dying sons of men,
Immerg'd in sin and wo,
The gospel calls again,
Its message is to you:
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In mercy's arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame,
Christ bids you come to-day,
The poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready, sinners, come;
In mercy's arms there yet is room.

3 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wand'ring souls, draw near;
He calls you from above,
His melting accents hear:
Oh! whosoever will, may come,
In mercy's arms there yet is room.

Boden.

250.

C. M.—*Barby. ex. Moreland.*
Invitation to the gospel feast. Luke xiv. 22.

aff 1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast:
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

2 Here Jesus stands with open arms,
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet:
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

cr⌒4 Oh come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

[5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' Eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In songs on earth unknown.

vi 6 And yet, ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye dying souls, the grace adore,
And enter while there's room.]

Steele.

251.

L. M.—*Uxbridge. Seasons.*
Christ's invitation to sinners. Matt. xi. 28, &c.

d 1 "COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
di I'll give you rest from all your toils,
cr And raise you to my heav'nly home.

di 2 They shall find rest that learn of me,
p I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
cr But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind."

3 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

252.

C. M.—*Retirement.*
Gospel invitation. Isaiah lv. 1, &c.

ff 1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

[2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind;
And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
To fill th' immortal mind.

[3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast:
And bids your longing appetites
The sweet provision taste.]

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And languish, faint, and die;
Here, you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

cr 5 Rivers of love and mercy here,
A boundless ocean join;
Salvation's waves abundant flow,
Like floods of milk and wine.

mæ 6 O God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines;
Deep as our guilt and wretchedness,
And boundless as our sins.

[7 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants way.]

253.

S. M.—*St. Thomas. Clapton.*

The call of Wisdom; or, Christ's invitation. Prov. viii. 1, &c.

f'' 1 SHALL Wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal Word,
Deserves it no regard?

2 The Father's chief delight,
His everlasting Son:
He built the earth and spread the heav'ns,
And brought salvation down.

aff 3 O come, receive his grace,
Ye children, and be wise;
d Walk in his pleasant, peaceful ways,
—p The man that shuns them dies.

254.

L. M.—*Uxbridge. Quito.*

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

d 1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door,
Who gently knocks in mercy's hour;
In lovely attitude he stands,
With melting heart and bleeding hands.

vi 2 The friend of sinners? yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary:
Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,
And let the heav'nly stranger in.

3 O then his fulness thou shalt see,
And sup with him and he with thee:
ag Refusing still, the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.

Anon.

255.

C. M.—*Chester. Dundee. ex.*
Christ knocking at the door of our hearts.

d 1 AND will the Lord thus condescend,
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall mercy stand,
In all her winning forms?

aff 2 Shall Jesus for admittance plead,
His charming voice unheard?
And this vile heart, for which he bled,
Remain for ever barr'd?

3 'Tis sin, alas, with tyrant pow'r,
The lodging has possess'd;
And crowds of traitors bar the door,
Against the heav'nly Guest.

ag 4 Ye vile seducers! hence depart;
Dear Saviour, enter in;
O guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out every sin.

5 Lord, show me thy all-conq'ring grace,
Thy mighty power display;
d One beam of glory from thy face,
Can drive my foes away.

Steele.

CONVICTION AND CONVERSION.*

256.

L. M.—*Derby. Darwen.*
What shall the sinner do?

aff 1 WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief from all his wo?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?

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* See CHRIST, HOLY SPIRIT, GOSPEL, DOCTRINAL, EXPERIMENTAL, &c. A few of the hymns under this head, expressing the feelings of a convicted sinner, may occasionally be sung, perhaps, by the Christian, as recollections of his own former state, with prayer for the conversion of others.

2 How shall he get his sins forgiv'n,
Or form his nature fit for heav'n?
Can souls impure, defil'd with sin,
Make their own thoughts and passions clean?

3 In vain they search, in vain they try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh:
cr 'Tis there, that pow'r and glory dwell,
Which save rebellious souls from hell.

4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up:
vi We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

257.

S. M.—*St. Giles. Aylesbury.*
"What shall I do?"

ag 1 MY former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;
My guilty soul, alas, is dead
In trespasses and sins:

2 Ah, whither shall I fly,
Or seek for mercy's door?
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And justice arm'd with pow'r.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread th' impending doom,
While yet some friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come!"

aff 4 O that I now might see,
Some glimm'ring from afar,
Some beam of hope to dawn on me,
And save me from despair.

Cowper.

258.

7's and 6's.—*Kingswood.*
Conviction of sin.

aff 1 CONSCIOUS of thy ruin'd state,
Ah, whither wilt thou go?
All within is desolate,
And all without is wo:
If to heav'n thou turn thine eye,
There a frowning Judge appears;
How can he regard thy cry,
Or quell thy rising fears?

2 Oft hast thou the Spirit griev'd,
So kindly sent to thee,
And that message disbeliev'd
That would have set thee free:
All the blessings God hath giv'n,
All the warnings he hath sent,
Have not led thy soul to heav'n,
Or caus'd thee to repent.

ag 3 Guilty soul, what wilt thou do?
Polluted still thou art;
God is faithful, just, and true,
But thou art vile in heart:
f. ‖ Yield thee now; no more repine;
Own the justice of thy doom;
To the Lord thyself resign,
—di And see—there yet is room.

S. Songs.

259.

7's and 6's. Peculiar.—*Ashfield.*
Conviction of sin.

aff 1 WHY sinks my soul, desponding?
Why fill my eyes with tears?
While nature all-surrounding,
The smile of beauty wears:
Why burden'd still with sorrow
Is ev'ry lab'ring thought?
Each vision that I borrow
With gloom and sadness fraught?

2 The pleasures that deceiv'd me,
My soul no more can charm;
Of rest they have bereav'd me,
And fill'd me with alarm;
The objects I have cherish'd
Are empty as the wind;
My earthly joys are perish'd,
What comfort shall I find?

3 If inward still inquiring
I turn my searching eye,
Or upward now aspiring,
I raise my feeble cry,
No heav'nly light is beaming
To cheer my troubled breast,
No ray of comfort gleaming
To give my spirit rest.

cr 4 Oh, from this dreadful anguish
Is there no refuge nigh?
di 'Tis guilt that makes me languish,
And leaves me thus to die:
cr I will renounce my folly
Before the throne of grace,
And make the Lord, most holy,
My strength and righteousness.

S. Songs.

260.

S. M.—*Aylesbury. Psalm* 25.
The evil heart.

ag 1 ASTONISH'D, and distress'd,
I turn my eyes within;
My heart with loads of guilt oppress'd,
The seat of every sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear.

aff 3 Almighty King of saints,
These hateful sins subdue;
Dispel the darkness from my mind,
And all my pow'rs renew.

d 4 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips pronounce thy praise.

Toplady.

261.

C. M.—*Moreland. Windsor.*
Sinners pleading for mercy.

aff 1 LORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door:
With bleeding heart and downcast eye,
Thy favor we implore.

2 'Tis mercy, mercy, now we plead,
Let thy compassion move;
Mercy that led thee once to bleed
In tenderness and love.

3 In mercy now, for Jesus' sake,
O Lord, our sins forgive!
Thy grace our stubborn hearts can break,
And breaking bid us live.

Brown.

262.

7's.—*Norwich. German Hymn.* ex.
Confession of sin.

aff 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all!
Prostrate at thy feet I fall;
Hear, O hear my ardent cry;
Frown not, lest I faint and die.

di 2 Vilest of the sons of men,
Chief of sinners, I have been;
Oft abus'd thee to thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace.

ag 3 Justly might thy vengeful dart,
Pierce this broken, bleeding heart;
Justly might thy angry breath,
Blast me in eternal death.

d 4 But with thee may still be found,
Balm to heal my every wound;
Soothe, O soothe, this troubled breast;
Give the weary wand'rer rest.

Anon.

263.

L. M.—*Repose. Seasons.*
Rest for the weary penitent.

aff 1 COME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,
Come, and accept the promis'd rest,
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppress'd with sin, a painful load,
O come and spread your woes abroad:
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes
Pardon and life, and endless peace,
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

d 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart:
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
di And bless the kind inviting voice.

cr 5 Dear Saviour! let thy powerful love,
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
Oh sweetly influ'nce ev'ry breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

Steele

264.

C. M.—*Moreland. Windsor.*
A sinner coming to Christ.

aff 1 COME, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve:
Come with thy guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
High as the mountains rise:
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whoever may despise.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess:
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
And listen to my prayer;
ag But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know,
I must for ever die."

Jones.

265.

C. L. M.—*Tune, "Go watch and pray."*
Prayer for pardoning mercy.

aff 1 JESUS, incarnate Son of God,
Now hear us from on high;
Oh, seal our pardon by thy blood,
To thee, to thee we cry:
Our prostrate souls no merit claim;
We plead thine all-prevailing name.

2 Thy law, so holy, just, and good,
ag Wakens our guilt and fear;
And sin has risen like a flood,
To whelm us in despair:
Guilty we fall before thy throne,
Thou, Lord, art righteous, thou alone.

3 Ruin'd and all defil'd with sin,
Our souls would turn and live;
d Lord, if thou wilt, now make us clean,
And all our sins forgive:
Thy righteousness, thy bleeding love,
Can ev'ry stain of guilt remove.

S. Songs.

266.

C. M.—*Burford. Windsor.*
Penitence and submission.

aff 1 PROSTRATE, O Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies:
And upward to thy mercy seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

ag 2 Oh let not justice frown me hence;
Stay, stay the vengeful storm;
Forbid it, that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm!

di 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe;
Then tears should from my weeping eyes
In ceaseless currents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
d No tears but those which thou hast shed,
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

Stennet.

267.

L. C. M.—*Resignation.*
Confession, and pleading for pardon.

aff 1 I LOOK to thee, O Lord, alone,
And low beneath thy gracious throne,
Pour out my ardent prayer:
Pardon my sin, my soul reprieve,
No hand but thine can now relieve,
Or save me from despair.

ag 2 My trembling spirit, fill'd with awe,
Beholds the terrors of thy law,
p And bows itself in dust:
cr Thou, Lord, art righteous, just, and good,
My only refuge is thy blood:
Thou art my only trust.

cr 3 Guilty, before thy bar I plead,
Guilty in thought, in word, and deed,
Wholly defil'd by sin:
O heal the leprosy of soul!
One pard'ning word can make me whole,
And bid my heart be clean.

M. S.

268.

H. M.—*Hartford. Bethesda. ex.*
Submission to God.

aff 1 BEFORE thy awful throne,
Now, Lord, in dust we lie;
And all our guilt bemoan
In tears of agony:
Thy law is right,
ag That sends the soul
To weep and howl
In endless night.

di 2 For sinners didst thou die,
To ransom them from wo?
cr THEY rais'd their hands on high,
THEY gave the deadly blow:
Ours is that stain:
Christ for our guilt
His blood has spilt,
By sinners slain.

d 3 And can he still forgive?
May rebels hear his voice,
Repenting, turn and live,
And taste of heavenly joys?
aff Our souls shall bow,
Our hearts shall break,
Or tongues shall speak,
Our tears shall flow.

4 O Lord, we will believe;
Apply thy pard'ning blood;
Our guilty souls receive,
And wash them in that flood:
We will be thine
This blessed hour,
And evermore
Our souls resign.

269.

C. M.—*Windsor. Submission.*
Submission at the bleeding cross.

aff 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my sovereign die:
Did he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
ag Amazing pity! grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

—di 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
p And shut his glories in:
cr When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
--di For man the creature's sin.

p 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears:
d Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

'' 5 But floods of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
cr Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

270.

L. M.—*Sterling. Duke-street.*

The prodigal son.

'' 1 HE sought, and from a father's hand
Obtain'd a portion large and free;
Then wander'd in a distant land,
Living in sin and luxury.

2 His goods were wasted, famine came,
Hunger and poverty severe;
The prodigal is cloth'd with shame,
And finds no friend or helper near.

3 A hireling now, by sin debas'd,
More brutish than the herd he feeds;
E'en husks are grateful to his taste,
While none his want and mis'ry heeds.

PAUSE.—*Vienna. Darwen.*

aff 4 Humbled in dust he thinks of home,
A faithful menial there to prove;
A penitent he now would come,
Nor dare to ask a father's love.

5 "Father, I've sinn'd; my guilt I own;
Sinn'd against Heav'n, and in thy sight;
di Unworthy to be call'd thy son,
—p Or see one ray of heav'nly light.'

cr.vi 6 Ah! what a melting scene appears!
Who can describe a father's heart:
ag What fond embraces, floods of tears!
He with his son no more will part.

f 7 "Bring the best robe, and cast around;
A feast of gladness I ordain;
di. cr My son was lost, but now is found,
Was dead, and is alive again!"

m 8 Great is the love of God to thee!
aff O weeping penitent draw near;
His open arms, his mercy see:
He comes in haste to meet thee here.

Anon.

271.

7's.—*Norwich. German Hymn. ex.*
Deep contrition.

aff 1 JESUS, save my dying soul;
Make the broken spirit whole;
Humbled in the dust I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die.

2 Jesus, full of every grace,
Now reveal thy smiling face;
Grant the joy of sin forgiv'n,
Foretaste of the bliss of heav'n.

3 All my guilt to thee is known,
Thou art righteous, thou alone:
All my help is from thy cross;
All beside I count but loss.

4 Lord, in thee I now believe;
Wilt thou—wilt thou not forgive?
Helpless at thy feet I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die.

S. Songs.

272.

C. M.—*Burford. Moreland.*
Penitence and submission.

ag 1 OH! injur'd Majesty of heav'n!
Look from thy holy throne:
A prostrate rebel owns, with grief,
The treasons he hath done.

2 How shall I lift these guilty eyes
To my offended Lord?
Or how beneath his heaviest frown,
Pronounce one murm'ring word?

aff 3 While love its grateful anthem swells,
Tears mingle with the song:
My heart with tender anguish bleeds,
That I such grace should wrong.

—p 4 Remorse and shame my lips have seal'd,
cr. ex But, O my Father! speak;
—f And all the harmony of heav'n,
—di Shall through the silence break.

Doddridge.

273.

L. M.—*Repose. Uxbridge.*
Forgiveness, and peace of conscience.

d 1 LORD, how secure and blest are they,
Whose souls rejoice o'er pardon'd sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heav'nly peace within.

vi 2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love:
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
Joys that in heav'n will ne'er decay;
Their souls are cloudless as the noon;
Calm as the summer evening's ray.

4 Upward they look to heav'nly hills,
Where fields of living verdure grow;
While radiant hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

274.

L. M.—*Vernon. Luton. ex.*
Prayer for preserving grace.

1 JESUS, my Saviour and my God,
Thou hast redeem'd me with thy blood:
By ties immortal and divine,
I am and ever will be thine.

m. aff 2 But ah! should my inconstant heart,
Ere I'm aware, from thee depart;
What dire reproach would fall on me,
For such ingratitude to thee!

! ! 3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate,
The guilt, the shame I deprecate;
ag And yet, so mighty are my foes,
I dare not trust my warmest vows.

4 O fill this tim'rous heart of mine
With fortitude and love divine:
cr So shall I triumph o'er my fears,
And gather joys from all my tears.
Stennet.

275.

8's and 7's.—*Aberdeen.* *Happy Soul.*
Taking up the cross. Matt. xvi. 24.

d 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despis'd, forsaken,
Thou from hence my All shalt be:
ag Let the world neglect and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too:
Human hopes have oft deceiv'd me;
Thou art faithful, thou art true.

! ! 2 Perish, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn, and pain:
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favour, life is gain:
aff Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy bleeding love I see;
Oh! 'tis not in joy to charm me,
When that love is hid from me.
Gems.

276.

L. M.—*Luton.* *Seasons.*
Entire consecration.

m 1 NOW I resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord;
Nor from his ways will I depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

2 O, be this service all my joy!
Around let my example shine;
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

aff 4 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wand'ring, leave his sacred ways;
Great God! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.
Steele.

277.

L. M.—*Repose.*
Self-dedication to God.

aff 1 LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchas'd alone by blood divine;
With full consent I yield to thee,
And own thy sovereign right to me.

2 Grant me, in mercy, now a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.

cr 3 Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all:
Lord, let me live and die to thee;
Be thine through all eternity!

Pres. Davies.

278.

C. M.—*Remembrance.*
Self-consecration.

'' 1 YES, I will be for ever thine,
Bought at the price of blood;
My feeble pow'rs shall all combine
To serve the living God.

2 Body and spirit, time and health,
And influ'nce, are the Lord's;
Honor or fame, or friends or wealth,
All that my lot affords.

3 I consecrate my all to thee,
Here at thy mercy seat;
di Poor as the offering may be,
p I lay it at thy feet.

4 Accept the tribute of my hands,
The homage of my heart;
cr Still let me walk in thy commands,
Nor from thy ways depart.

M. S.

279.

7's. Double.—*Benevento. Haven.*
Portion with the people of God. Ruth i. 16—19.

aff 1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found:
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh receive me into rest.

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
d Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave:
Mine the God whom you adore;
Your Redeemer shall be mine,
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

Montgomery.

280.

C. M.—*Chester. Retirement.*
Old things passed away.

1 LET earthly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

2 Its visions can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford:
cr Far from my heart be joys like these,
For I have seen the Lord.

di 3 As by the light of op'ning day,
The stars are all conceal'd;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

cr 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
d His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

5 And may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?
Dear Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee.

Newton.

281.

7's.—*German Hymn. ex.*
The three mounts.

mæ 1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

vi 2 When in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb;
At the too transporting light,
di Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest;
God in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

m. aff 4 Here I could for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heav'n on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

Montgomery.

282.

L. M.—*Vanhall's.* *ex.* *Stonefield.*
Star of Bethlehem.

f ˈˈ 1 ONCE on the raging seas I rode,
—di The storm was loud, the night was dark;
—f The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.

ag 2 Deep horror then my vitals froze!
—di Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;
vi. f When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

d 3 It was my guide, my light, my all:
—di It bade my dark forebodings cease;
cr And through the storm and danger's thrall,
p It led me to the port of peace.

cr. d 4 Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
Nor raging waves my bark condemn,
f ˈ For ever, and for evermore,
I'll sing the Star of Bethlehem!

Kirke White.

283.

C. M.—*Colchester.* *Fabius.*
Grace.

1 AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound)
That sav'd a wretch like me:
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

ˈˈ 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
'Twas grace my fear reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd!

3 Full many a danger, toil, and snare,
My soul has overcome;
'Twas grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

d 4 The Lord hath promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
So long as life endures.

5 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess within the veil
A heav'n of joy and peace.

Newton.

284.

C. M.—*Colchester.*
Returning to Zion. Isa. xxxv. 8—10.

f 1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord!
Your great Deliv'rer sing:
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

vi 2 See the fair way his hand hath made;
How peaceful and how plain!
The simplest trav'ller need not err,
Nor seek the path in vain.

3 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Along the blissful road:
Till to the sacred mount ye rise,
And city of your God.

f 4 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

5 March on in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still;
With joyful hope still fix your eye
On Zion's heav'nly hill.

Doddridge.

285.

7's.—*German Hymn.*
Rejoicing.

vi 1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are trav'lling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesus throne shall rest;*
There your seats are now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

5 Lord, obedient, we would go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

Cennick.

286.

S. M.—*Clapton. Oakland.*
Rejoicing.

vi 1 COME ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

[2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But children of the heav'nly King
Should speak their joys abroad.]

3 Soon we shall see his face,
And never, never sin:
There from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below!
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

5 The Hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
di Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

f 6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

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* "It is the Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

287.

5's and 8's.—*Salem.*
Joy in God.

vi. f 1 REJOICE in the Lord,
Believe in his word,
Confide in his mercy and grace;
His throne shall endure,
His promise is sure,
In him shall the righteous have peace.

2 Thrice happy are they,
Who his precepts obey,
Who delight in the law of their God;
Their joys shall increase,
And their trials shall cease,
As they enter the heav'nly abode.

3 What scenes will arise,
As they pass through the skies,
What raptures their bosoms will fill,
As their harps they employ,
In the fulness of joy,
On the height of some heavenly hill!

4 Rejoice in the Lord,
Believe in his word,
Confide in his mercy and grace;
His throne shall endure,
His promise is sure,
In him shall the righteous have peace.

S. Songs.

EXPERIMENTAL.*

288.

C. M.—*Peterborough.*
Sincerity and hypocrisy. John iv. 24. Ps. cxxxix. 23 24

" 1 GOD is a Spirit just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

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* See CHRIST, HOLY SPIRIT, DOCTRINAL, REVIVAL, CONVICTION AND CONVERSION PARENTS AND CHILDREN, THE LORD'S SUPPER, &c.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known,
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground:
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

aff 4 Lord, search my heart, and try my ways
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

289.

L. M.—*Derby.* *Uxbridge.*
Publican and Pharisee. Luke xviii. 10, &c.

" 1 DEAR Saviour, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee,
Who boldly rises near the throne,
To talk of duties he has done.

aff 2 My trembling soul before thee stands
I cry for grace with lifted hands;
I have no merit of my own,
But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

290.

7's. Double.—*Benevento.* *Haven.*
The important inquiry.

" 1 'TIS a point I long to know;
Oft it causes anxious thought:
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his, or am I not?
Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

2 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild:
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?
If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is found with all I do:
Ye that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

cr 3 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
View my sin with grief and shame:
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love his name?
Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find at times the promise sweet
If I did not love the Lord?

aff 4 Oh! decide the doubtful case!
Thou who art thy people's Sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If that work be yet begun:
Let me love thee more and more,
Grant me, Lord, thy heav'nly ray:
Light and comfort now restore,
Lead me to eternal day.

Newton.

291.

L. M.—*Repose. Derby*
Retirement and meditation.

aff 1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee,
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth,
Why should I cleave to things below,
And not on Thee my thoughts bestow!

3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity begone:
di In secret silence of the mind
My heav'n—and there my God I find.

292.

L. M.—*Seasons. Vernon.*
Secret self-examination.

aff 1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase those shadowy forms no more:
Now seek in solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O, thou great God, whose piercing eye,
Distinctly marks each deep recess:
In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

p'' 3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heav'nly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be cleans'd and purified.

d 4 Oh with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove,
That God has fix'd his dwelling here.

Doddridge.

293.

7's. 6 lines.—*Nuremburgh.*
In darkness.

1 ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fix'd, no more to move;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was fill'd with love:
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

di 2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's pow'r;
cr Now I feel my sins renew,
Now I feel the stormy hour!
ag Sin has put my joys to flight,
Sin has turn'd my day to night.

vi 3 Saviour, shine, and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive,
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive:
Speak the word, and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

Newton.

294.

8's.—*Solitude.*
In darkness.

aff 1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see;
The woodlands, the fields, and the flow'rs,
Have lost all their sweetness to me!
d His name yields the richest perfume,
And softer than music his voice;
His presence can banish my gloom,
And bid all within me rejoice.

2 Dear Lord! if indeed thou art mine,
And thou art my Sun and my song;
aff Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
cr Oh drive these dull clouds from the sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or bid me soar upward on high,
Where winters and storms are no more.

Newton.

295.

C. M.—*Barby. ex. Fabius.*

Sin and darkness lamented.

aff 1 OH! how can praise my tongue employ,
While darkness reigns within!
How can my soul exult for joy,
That feels this load of sin!

di 2 If falling tears and rising sighs,
In triumph bear a part,
Then, Lord, behold these streaming eyes,
And search this bleeding heart.

p 3 My soul forgets to use her wings;
My harp neglected lies;
For sin has broken all its strings,
And guilt shuts up my joys.

cr 4 The pow'r, the sweetness of thy voice,
Alone my heart can move;
Make me in Christ my Lord rejoice:
And melt my soul to love.

296.

C. M.—*Barby. ex. Moreland. Burford.*

Earthly pilgrimage.

aff 1 LORD! what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply!
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy.

m 2 Long nights of darkness reign below,
With scarce a twinkling ray:
vi But the bright world to which we go,
Is everlasting day.

di 3 Mid glimm'ring hopes and gloomy fears,
We trace the sacred road:
Through dismal deeps and dang'rous snares
We make our way to God.

cr 4 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
And thro' the trouble and delays,
Arrive at Zion's hill.

[5 See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come:
There Jesus the Forerunner waits,
To welcome trav'llers home.]

f 6 There on a green and flow'ry mount
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labors of our feet.

7 Eternal glory to the King,
Who brings us safely through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
Praise shall be ever new.

297.

8's and 7's.—*Aberdeen.* "*Light of those.*"

Asking for divine light.

d 1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death;
Come, and by thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath;
Thou—new heav'n and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
Pouring light upon our eyes.

di 2 Still we wait for thine appearing:
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart:
Come and manifest thy favor,
To the ransom'd, helpless race;
cr Come, thou glorious God and Saviour,
Come and bring the gospel grace.

aff 3 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins:
vi By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burden'd soul release;
Every weary, wand'ring spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

Anon.

298.

S. M.—*Watchman. Dover.*

Prayer for spiritual life.

m 1 WE lift our hearts to thee,
Thou Day-Star from on high;
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let thy rising beams
Dispel the shades of night;
d And let the glories of thy love
Come like the morning light.

m 3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 May we this life improve
To mourn for errors past;
And live each short revolving day,
As if it were our last.

Anon.

299.

C. M.—*Moreland. Burford.*

Watchfulness and prayer.

aff 1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise
What snares beset my way!
To heav'n I fain would lift my eyes
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
Striving against my foes in vain,
I sink amid my fears.

3 O gracious God! in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid:
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Nor let me be dismay'd.

cr 4 Do thou increase my faith and hope,
When fears and foes prevail:
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Oh, keep me in thy heav'nly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And never, never let me stray
From happiness and thee.

Steele.

300.

C. M.—*Remembrance. Fabius.*
Watch and pray.

'' 1 THE Saviour bids us watch and pray
Through life's brief, fleeting hour,
And gives the Spirit's quick'ning ray
To those who seek its power.

2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
cr O Christian! hear his voice to-day,
Obedience is your life.

3 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
For soon the hour will come,
That calls us from the earth away,
To our eternal home.

4 The Saviour bids us watch and pray;
O hear the Shepherd's voice!
And follow where he leads the way,
To heaven's eternal joys.

Mother's Hymn Book.

301.

S. M.—*St. Thomas. Clapton.*
Vigilance and warfare.

f '' 1 MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Go, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly day by day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thy armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

Heath.

302.

L. M.—*Park-street. Vanhall's.*
Christian warfare.

f''1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fear,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But vanquish'd are those threat'ning foes;
Thy Saviour nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

cr 3 What though the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite;
Eternal chains confine him down,
To fiery deeps and endless night.

4 What though thine inward lusts rebel:
di 'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace,
Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.

mi 5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly gate;
f There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conq'rors wait.

6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

303.

C. M.—*Barby. Remembrance.*
Spiritual sloth.

'' 1 MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 The little ants for one poor grain,
How they will toil and strive!
Yet we who have a heav'n to gain,
How negligent we live!

3 We for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars in courses move;
We for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;

4 We for whom God the Son came down,
To labor for our good:
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

⌢ 5 Lord, shall we be indiff'rent still,
And never act our parts?
aff Spirit Divine, O come and fill,
And purify our hearts.

vi 6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise,
With hands of faith and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

304.

C. M.—*Chester.*
Inconstancy lamented.

aff 1 WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?

!! 3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savor of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some sensual bait to win my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

aff 5 Then I repent and vex my soul,
That I should leave thee so:
Where will those wild affections roll
That let my Saviour go?

6 Wretch that I am to wander thus,
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross
Rather than lose thy sight.

305.

L. M.—*Darwen. Vernon.*
Inconstancy lamented.

aff 1 AH! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart!
Thus fond of trifles, widely rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love.

2 In vain I charge my thoughts to stay,
And chide earth's vanities away:
There's naught beneath a Power divine,
That can this roving heart confine.

di 3 Dear Lord, to thee I would return,
And at thy feet, repentant mourn:
There let me view thy pard'ning love;
And never from thy sight remove.

d 4 Oh, let thy love with sweet control,
Bind every passion of my soul;
Bid every vain desire depart,
And dwell for ever in my heart.

Steele.

306.

S. M.—*St. Giles. Aylesbury.*
Ingratitude deplored.

aff 1 IS this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduc'd our mind;
What strange, rebellious creatures we,
And God as strangely kind.

cr 3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh,
Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone
And give us hearts of flesh.

di 4 Let past ingratitude
p Provoke our weeping eyes,
cr And hourly as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

307.

C. M.—*Burford. Barby. cr.*
Unfruitfulness lamented.

aff 1 LONG have we sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord,
But still how weak our faith is found.
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft we frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace,
In mem'ry we retain.

3 How cold and feeble is our love,
How negligent our fear,
How faint our hope of joys above,
How few affections there!

cr 4 Great God, thy sov'reign power impart,
And give thy word success;
O, write thy law in every heart,
And make us learn thy grace.

5 Show our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

308.

L. M.—*Repose. ex. Quito.*
Hardness of heart lamented.

aff 1 OH for a glance of heav'nly day
To chase the shades of night away,
To melt with beams of love divine,
This unrelenting heart of mine!

2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The ocean roar, the mountains shake:
All nature feels and gives the sign,
But not this stubborn heart of mine.

a 3 Dear Lord, the sorrow thou hast felt,
Might cause a heart of stone to melt:
Yet I can read each sacred line,
And nothing melt this heart of mine.

cr 4 But pow'r supreme, the soul can move,
And purify, and melt to love:
d Come, Holy Spirit, pow'r divine,
O, come, subdue this heart of mine.

Hart.

309.

C. M.—*Retirement. Burford.*
Indwelling sin lamented.

aff 1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy cross, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Oh, was there e'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin!

'' 3 Yet I remember, thy commands
Are holy, just, and true;
I feel that what my God demands,
Is his most rightful due.

4 Thy word I hear, thy counsels weigh,
And all thy works approve:
Still, nature finds it hard t' obey,
And harder yet to love.

aff 5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
This warfare in my breast?
In mercy bow this stubborn will,
And give my spirit rest.

f 6 Break, sov'reign grace, O break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

Stennet.

310.

8's.—*Solitude. ex.*
Desponding.

aff 1 ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine:
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
di I sink at thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God!

2 If sometimes I strive as I mourn,
My hold on thy promise to keep;
cr The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep:
di O'erwhelm'd and cast out from thy sight,
The tempter suggests in that hour,
The Lord has forgotten me quite;
My God will be gracious no more.

vi 3 Shine, Lord, and my terrors shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The rock that is higher than I:
Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tow'r,
Oh, gladden my desolate heart;
Let this be the day of thy pow'r:

Toplady.

311.

5's and 6's.—*Devonshire. Lyons.*
Refuge in the atonement of Christ.

d 1 OH Jesus divine,
My Lord and my God,
My soul I resign,
The purchase of blood:
Thy law, sin reproving,
Brings death to the soul;
But mercy, self-moving,
Can bid me be whole.

cr 2 To thee will I look,
To thee will I cry,
"O lead to the Rock
That's higher than I;"
Thy love interceding
Shall pardon secure,
For while thou art pleading
Salvation is sure.

S. Songs.

312.

11's and 10's.—*Tune—Come, ye disconsolate.*
To the mercy seat.

aff 1 COME ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
" Earth has no sorrows that heav'n cannot heal.

d 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter in mercy saying,
" Earth has no sorrows that heav'n cannot cure.

vi 3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love:
Come to the feast prepar'd; come ever knowing
" Earth has no sorrows but heav'n can remove.

Anon.

313.

L. C. M.—*Resignation*
Longing to forsake the world.

vi 1 THE mind was form'd to mount sublime
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
To everlasting things :
m But earthly vapors dim her sight,
And hang with cold oppressive weight
p Upon her drooping wings.

vi 2 Bright scenes of bliss, unclouded skies,
Invite my soul: O could I rise
Nor leave a thought below;
I'd bid farewell to anxious care,
And say to every tempting snare,
Heav'n calls, and I must go.

3 Heav'n calls, and can I yet delay,
Can aught on earth engage my stay?
aff Ah, wretched ling'ring heart!
ag Come, Lord, with strength, and life, and light,
Assist and guard my upward flight,
And bid the world depart.

Steele.

314.

L. M.—*Uxbridge. Sterling.*
Parting with carnal joys.

'' 1 I SEND the joys of earth away,
Away, ye tempters of the mind!
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

di 2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of black despair.
And while I listen'd to your song,
ag The floods wellnigh convey'd me there.

aff 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss;
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

vi 4 Now to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes:
f Oh for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies.

5 There, from the presence of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

315.

C. M.—*Peterborough. Warwick.*
Parting with carnal joys.

1 MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell;
Base are the pleasures that invite
Where sin and sorrow dwell.

2 No longer will I seek their love,
Nor ask their friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Is not within their pow'r.

3 There's nothing round this spacious earth
That fills th' enlarg'd desire:
To boundless joy, and solid mirth,
My nobler thoughts aspire;

cr 4 Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refin'd,
Still issuing from the throne of God,
To fill the enraptur'd mind.

f.⌒5 Oh! for the pinions of a dove
T' ascend the heav'nly road:
di There sits my Saviour thron'd in love,
—*p* And there a smiling God.

316.

C. M.—*Burford. Laight-street.*
Backsliders invited to return.

d 1 RETURN, O wand'rer, now return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those strong desires which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wand'rer, now return,
Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Go to his feet, and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

3 Return, O wand'rer, now return,
—*p* And wipe the falling tear;
cr Thy Father calls, no longer mourn,
'Tis love invites thee near.

Collier.

317.

8's.—*Solitude. Birmingham. ex.*

Backsliders invited to return.

d 1 RETURN to the guide of thy youth,
Thy Maker, thy Father, thy Friend!
Behold him prepar'd to receive
The child who has dared to offend:
Return, the Redeemer invites;
Full oft he has sought thee before:
But lo! with unspeakable grace
He deigns to entreat thee once more.

vi 2 Return, and enjoyments are thine,
Too vast for the heart to conceive:
Enjoyments which only belong
To those who repent and believe:
A love which for ever expands;
Unceasing composure of heart;
A crown of unfading delight,
A kingdom which cannot depart.

Reed.

318.

C. M.—*Remembrance. Retirement.*

"O that it were with me as in months past." Job xxix. 2

d 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue;
And when the evening shade prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

[4 Then to his saints I often spoke
Of what his love had done;
But now my bleeding heart is broke,
For all my joys are gone.]

aff 5 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

[6 My prayers are now an empty noise,
For Jesus hides his face;
I read: the promise meets my eyes,
But does not reach my case.]

cr 7 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail,
Let me thy mercy share.

Newton.

319.

C. M.—*Burford. Refuge.*
Wanderings forgiven.

aff 1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

' ' 2 Yet sovereign mercy cries, return,
And now to thee I come;
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
m.⌒ O take the wand'rer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
And bid my guilt remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

cr 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so great
For ever I adore:
p Dear Saviour, keep me at thy feet,
And let me rove no more.

Steele.

320.

8's and 7's.—*Dismission. Parting Soul.*
Confession of covenant breaking.

aff 1 LORD, we bow with deep contrition
Low before thy throne of grace;
Hear us in thy kind compassion,
While we seek thy smiling face.

2 Where but to a bleeding Saviour,
Should we come for life and peace!
Nothing but thy boundless favor
Can our burden'd souls release.

3 Thou hast witness'd our transgression,
Thou hast seen our load of guilt;
Witness now our deep confession,
Thou, whose precious blood was spilt.

m.⌒4 Ah, this sin of cov'nant breaking!
Canst thou, wilt thou, Lord, forgive?
Shall we hear thy mercy speaking?
Canst thou bid us look and live?

[5 Pardon, peace, and consolation.
At thy bleeding cross we see:
There we take an humble station,
There our children bring to thee.]

Mother's H. Book.

321.

C. M.—*Dundee. Burford.*

Asking for repentance.

aff 1 OH for that tenderness of heart
That bows before the Lord:
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word!

2 Oh for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow!
That sense of guilt which, trembling, fears
The long-suspended blow!

3 Saviour, to me in pity give
For sin, the deep distress,
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me go in peace.

4 Oh! fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will;
Raise my desires and hopes above;
Thyself to me reveal.

Lutheran Coll.

322.

C. M.—*Dundee. Fabius.*

Seeking after God.

aff 1 OH that I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, how comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones:
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear:
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

323.

7's and 6's.—*Kingswood.*
Pleading for recovering grace.

aff 1 WRETCHED, helpless, and distress'd,
Ah whither shall I fly?
Ever panting after rest,
Where shall I turn mine eye?
Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,
Bound in sin and misery:
Friend of sinners, let me find
My help, my all in thee.

2 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Oh hear my sad complaint;
Be the wanderer's resting place,
A cordial for the faint:
Make me rich, for I am poor;
Let me now thy presence find;
To the dying, health restore,
And eyesight to the blind.

3 Fill my soul with heav'nly grace,
With pure humility:
Clothe me with thy righteousness:
Endue my heart with thee:
Let thine image be restor'd;
Let me thy forgiveness prove;
Fill me with thy fulness, Lord,
For boundless is thy love.

Anon.

324.

C. M.—*Burford.*
Repentance at the cross.

aff 1 OH, if my soul were tun'd to wo,
How I would vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
Down from my weeping eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.

3 Oh how I hate those sins of mine,
That shed the Saviour's blood;
The foes that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

ag 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart has so decreed;
I will not spare the guilty foes,
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 While with a melting, broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll crucify my darling sins:
I'll slay the murd'rers too.

325.

C. M.—*Burford. Moreland.*
Repentance from backsliding.

aff 1 AND are we wretches yet alive?
And can we yet rebel?
What boundless, what amazing love,
That bears us up from hell!

ag 2 The burden of our awful guilt,
Would sink us to the flames,
While justice, threat'ning from above,
Would crush our feeble frames.

3 Infinite mercy cries "forbear,"
di And strait the thunder stays:
And can we now provoke his wrath,
Or trifle with his grace?

aff 4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indulg'd our sin:
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to think
What rebels we have been.

ag 5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,
No more will we obey:
Stretch out, O God, thy powerful hand,
And drive these foes away.

326.

8's.—*Solitude. ex.*
Backsliders returning.

aff 1 O SHEPHERD of Israel divine!
Too far from thy fold I have stray'd;
What hand can restore me, but thine,
Thus wounded, cast down, and dismay'd?
My soul would look upward to thee,
Though prostrate, I'll cry from the dust:
No other salvation I see,
In no other name will I trust.

2 Thou, thou art my strength and my shield,
Henceforth in thy arm I'll confide;
The weapons alone I will wield,
Thy wisdom and mercy provide:
cr Salvation belongs to the Lord,
Deliv'rance must come from his hand;
O! who would not trust in his word,
Acknowledge his right to command!

3 O Shepherd of Israel divine,
Thy life-giving presence I feel;
Let the light of thy countenance shine,
Thine arm now in mercy reveal:
For strength and deliv'rance I wait;
On thee, in my trouble I call,
My sinful backslidings I hate,
Uphold me, dear Lord, or I fall.

M. S

327.

L. M. 6 lines.—*Wesley Chapel.*
Backslider's return through Christ.

d 1 WEARY of wand'ring from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow beneath the rod;
To HIM, with penitence I mourn:
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.

aff 2 O Jesus, full of pard'ning grace;
More full of grace than I of guilt;
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Whose precious blood for man was spilt;
Oh! freely my backslidings heal,
And love the dying sinner still.

3 Now give me, Lord, the tender heart
That trembles at th' approach of sin;
A godly fear to me impart;
Implant and root it deep within:
That I may know thy sovereign pow'r,
And never dare offend thee more.

Anon.

328.

C. M.—*Burford.*
Pleading for pardon through Christ.

aff 1 HOW can I bear a Father's frown,
Who fills the realms of love;
Whose piercing eye from heav'n looks down
My inmost soul to prove!

2 Look not on me, O Holy One,
Who know'st my guilt and fear;
But on thy well beloved Son,
Whom thou wilt always hear.

cr 3 Oh! for his sake, one precious smile!
Thou only can'st forgive;
One look can all my pains beguile
And bid my spirit live.

4 While from the height of Calv'ry's hill,
The bleeding cross I view;
Sorrows untold my bosom fill,
And all my soul subdue.

5 Yes, there is pardon, life, and peace,
And cleansing in that blood,
ex The boundless plenitude of grace,
Compassion of a God!

M. S.

329.

L. M. 6 lines.—*Wesley Chapel.*
Pleading in Jesus' name.

aff 1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,
Oh, hear an humble suppliant's cry!
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty:

Oh deign to hear my mournful voice,
And bid my drooping heart rejoice.

di 2 I urge no merit of my own,
No worth to claim thy gracious smile
No—when I come before thy throne,
Dare to converse with God awhile,
d Thy name, blest Jesus, is my plea,
Dearest and sweetest name to me.

cr 3 Father of mercies, God of love,
Then hear thy humble suppliant's cry
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty ;
One pard'ning word can make me whole
And soothe the anguish of my soul.

Raffles

330.

8's, 7's, and 4's.—*Georgetown.* *ex.*
Cast down, yet hoping. Psalm xlii. 5.

aff 1 OH ! my soul, what means this sadness,
Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears begone :
Look to Jesus ;
Put thy trust in him alone.

di 2 What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex thy spirit day by day ;
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay :
cr Thou shalt conquer,
Faith in Christ shall win the day.

3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
Fiends without, and foes within :
Jesus lives ; he'll ne'er forget thee ;
He will save from hell and sin ;
He is faithful,
None shall find his promise vain.

4 Though afflictions now attend thee ;
And thou tread'st a thorny road ;
His right hand shall still defend thee,
He will bring thee home to God :
vi Therefore praise him ;
Trav'lling to his blest abode.

Fawcett.

331. C. M.—*Chester. Burford. Contrition.*

Contrition.

aff 1 OH! thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears,
From sorrow's weeping eye!

2 See low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn:
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—"return."

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,
To drive me from thy feet!
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!

ag 4 Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray;
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

d 5 Oh shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

Steele

332. 5's and 7's. Peculiar.—*Tune, Forgive, &c.*

Deep penitence.

aff 1 FORGIVE my folly,
O Lord, most holy;
Cleanse me from every stain:
For thee I languish,
Pity my anguish,
Nor let my sighing be vain.

2 Deeply repenting,
Sorely lamenting,
All my departures from thee:
And now returning,
Thine absence mourning,
Lord, show thy mercy to me.

3 Sinful, unworthy,
Trembling before thee,
Here at thy cross will I kneel;
Thy love once bleeding,
Now interceding,
Shall with the Father prevail.

4 Through thy rich merit,
By thy free Spirit,
Comfort my desolate soul:
Heav'nly Physician,
In kind compassion,
Now bid the wounded be whole.

S. Songs.

333.

C. M.—*Burford. Refuge.*
Penitence and return.

aff 1 DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace;
di Low at thy feet asham'd I fall,
—p And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
ag Ah! vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares detain'd, betray'd,
From Jesus to depart!

[3 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wand'ring soul restores;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The comfort it implores.]

aff 4 Oh while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye.

vi 5 Then shall the mourner, at thy feet,
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And grateful own how kind, how sweet,
Thy condescending grace.

Steele.

334.

C. M.—*Moreland. Retirement.*
None but Christ is a refuge.

d 1 TO whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
If I depart from thee—
My guide through all this vale of wo,
And more than all to me?

aff 2 The world reject thy gentle reign,
And pay thy death with scorn;
Oh, they could plat thy crown again,
And sharpen every thorn.

d 3 But I have felt thy dying love
Breathe gently through my heart,
To whisper hope of joys above;
And can we ever part?

4 Ah, no! with thee I'll walk below,
My journey to the grave:
To whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
When only thou canst save?

Anon.

335.

C. M.—*Chester. Dundee.*

Walking with God.

d 1 OH, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame,
And light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet Messenger of rest:
ag I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

d 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Cowper.

336.

C. M.—*Chester. Retirement*

Peace returning.

d 1 OH speak that gracious word again,
And cheer my drooping heart!
No voice but thine can soothe my pain
And bid my fears depart.

2 And wilt thou still vouchsafe to own,
A worm so vile as I?
And may I still approach thy throne,
And Abba, Father, cry?

3 My Saviour, by his pow'rful word,
Hath turn'd my night to day;
And all those heav'nly joys restor'd,
Which I had sinn'd away.

4 Dear Lord! I wonder and adore;
Thy grace is all divine:
O keep me, that I sin no more
Against such love as thine.

Newton.

337.

C. M.—*Burford. Chester. Retirement.*
Pleading for the presence of God.

aff 1 HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan,
To thee I breathe my sighs;
When will the mournful night be gone?
And when my joys arise?

2 My God! O could I make the claim,
My Father and my Friend,
And call thee mine by every name
On which thy saints depend:

3 By every name of pow'r and love,
I would thy grace entreat:
Nor should my humble hope remove,
Or leave thy mercy seat.

4 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay;
Here I would rest till light returns;
Thy presence makes my day.

5 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
Oh, smile and bid my sorrows cease
And all the gloom depart.

vi 6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless the healing rays;
And change these deep, complaining sighs,
To songs of sacred praise.

Steele.

338.

H. M.—*Bethesda. Stafford.*
Invoking the presence of Christ.

d 1 COME, my Redeemer, come,
And deign to dwell with me,
Come, and thy right assume,
And bid my rivals flee:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

cr 2 Exert thy mighty pow'r,
And banish all my sin;
In this auspicious hour,
Bring all thy graces in:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

3 Rule thou in every thought
And passion of my soul,
Till all my powers are brought
Beneath thy full control:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

vi 4 Then shall my days be thine,
And all my heart be love,
And joy and peace be mine,
Such as are known above:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

Reed.

339.

C. M.—*Barby. Fabius.*
God's presence is light.

d 1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

p 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
cr My dawning is begun:
d Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss;
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers I am his.

cr 4 Fearless of hell, and threat'ning death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Would bear me conq'ror through.

5 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At the transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way,
To meet my dearest Lord.

340.

L. M.—*Repose. Rothwell.*
Light of God's countenance.

d 1 LORD, what a heav'n of saving grace
Shines in the beauties of thy face,
And lights my passions to a flame!
Oh, how I love thy charming name!

2 When I can say my God is mine,
When I can feel thy grace divine;
I tread the world beneath my feet,
Nor envy earthly pride or state.

vi 3 While such a scene of heav'nly joys
Th' enraptur'd soul on earth employs,
The spirit longs to soar away
To regions of eternal day.

4 And we shall soon pass through the night,
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
Never again from Christ to rove,
The object of our boundless love.

341.

C. M.—*Colchester. Retirement. Kedar.*
Love to Christ desired.

vi 1 THOU lovely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore;
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines:
But in thy sacred word,
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sin and sorrow rise,
Thy love, with cheering beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

m.p 4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain:
aff My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

d 5 Jesus, my Lord, my Life, my Light,
Oh come with blissful ray,
vi Break radiant through the clouds of night,
And chase my fears away.

6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love:
But the full glories of thy face,
Are only known above.

Steele.

342.

L. M.—*Repose. Rothwell.*
Communion with God.

d 1 OH that I could for ever dwell
Delighted at the Saviour's feet;
Behold the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat!

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heav'n brought in with all its bliss;
O, is there aught from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize,
A life of penitential love,—
When most my follies I despise,
And raise the highest thoughts above.

4 When all I am I clearly see,
And freely own with deepest shame;
cr When the Redeemer's love to me,
Kindles within a deathless flame:

5 Thus would I live, till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

Reed.

343.

C. M.—*Colchester. Tolland. Channing.*
Joy in God.

f.!! 1 FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise
In rapture-breathing sounds,
Range o'er the limits of the skies,
O'er heaven's eternal bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind
To moulder in the grave.

3 And where my blessed Saviour reigns,
In heaven's unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In joyful songs of praise.

d 4 Blest Jesus, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring:
New thoughts and feelings of delight
From all thy graces spring.

vi 5 Haste, my beloved, waft my soul
Up to thy blest abode!
My waiting spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

344.

L. M.—*Rothwell. Stonefield.*

Rising to God.

mæ 1 NOW let the soul on wings sublime
Rise from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

di 2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
" Why grasp at these alluring toys
In sight of heav'n's eternal joys?

vi 3 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large,
f Removes our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

d 4 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heav'n enjoy'd above;
And the sweet expectation now,
Is like the dawn of heav'n below.

Gibbons.

345.

C. M.—*Colchester. Channing. Tolland.*

Joys unseen.

vi 1 OH, could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Where sorrow ne'er invades!

cr 2 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

di 3 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

f 4 O, then, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent hope shall rise,
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring,
Immortal in the skies.

Steele.

346.

L. M.—*Duke-street. ex.*
Not ashamed of Jesus. Mark viii. 38.

aff 1 JESUS, and can it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Blush at the thought, ye rich and poor,
Bow at his footstool and adore!

—‖2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
May evening blush to own a star:
Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
May midnight be asham'd of noon.

d 3 Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no crimes to wash away;
p No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save!

cr 4 Asham'd of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
f. ‖ No: when I blush, be this my shame
That I no more revere his name.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
—*di* Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
aff And O, may this my portion be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me.

Gregg.

347.

C. M.—*Moravian. Colchester.*
Not ashamed of the Gospel. 2 Tim. i. 12.

vi. f 1 I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust:
Nor will he put my hope to shame,
Nor let my soul be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands;
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

di 4 Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face:
cr And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

348.

C. M.—*Moravian. Tolland.*
The Christian conflict.

f!! 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face,
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

349.

C. M.—*Moravian. Colchester.*

The Christian race.

f '' 1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 The animating voice of God
Still calls thee from on high;
His hand presents th' immortal prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey!
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

d 4 Blest Saviour! introduced by thee,
Our race we have begun:
And crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our trophies down.

Doddridge.

350.

L. M.—*Park-street.*

Christian race. Isaiah xli. 28—31.

vi. f 1 AWAKE, our souls, away, our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone,
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
Shall firm endure while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the everflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heav'nly road.

351.

7's and 6's.—*Amsterdam.* *Whitfield.*
The pilgrim's song.

vi 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Tow'rd heav'n, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

di 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
cr Press onward to the prize;
Soon your Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
di Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be giv'n;
All your sorrows left below,
cr And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

Anon.

352.

8's, 7's, and 4's.—*Zion.*
God the pilgrim's guide.

d 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this desert land;
—cr I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
d Bread of heaven!
Feed me, till I want no more.

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through;
f Strong deliv'rer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

p 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
cr Bear me o'er the raging billows,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
f Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

Oliver.

WORSHIP.*

353.

C. M.—*Retirement. Fabius.*
Secret devotion.

d 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far,
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

p 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree:
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

cr 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode;
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays!
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine!
And—all harmonious names in one—
Blest Saviour, thou art mine.

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love!
And praise, a boundless store,
Shall echo through thy realms above,
When time shall be no more.

Cowper.

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* See CHRIST, HOLY SPIRIT, GOSPEL, EXPERIMENTAL, GENERAL PRAISE, PARENTS AND CHILDREN, &c.

354.

C. M.—*Chester. Woodland.*
Secret prayer at twilight.

d 1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care;
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
When none but God is near.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

cr 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heav'n;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driv'n.

5 And when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
di Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Mrs. Brown.

355.

L. M.—*Uxbridge. Repose.*
The family altar.

1 FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From thee they sprung, and by thy hand
In mercy they have been sustain'd.

2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd;
Who, Lord of heav'n, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows;
And every soul within the place,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

cr 4 O may our rising seed proclaim
The honors of thy glorious name;
vi While pleas'd and thankful, we remove,
To join the family above.

Doddridge.

356.

C. M.—*Peterborough.*
A morning song.

'' 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes:
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him who rules the skies.

2 Night unto night, his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heav'ns on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
ag My sins might rouse his wrath to flame;
di And yet his wrath delays.

4 A thousand wretched souls have fled
Since the last setting sun:
And yet he lengthens out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

cr 5 Great God, let all my hours be thine
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
—p And bring a peaceful night.

357.

L. M.—*Vanhall's. Park-street.*
A morning hymn. Ps. xix. 5, 8, and lxxiii. 24, 25.

vi 1 GOD of the morning, at whose voice,
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
Now bid my waking pow'rs rejoice,
And lift my thoughts above the skies.

2 From the fair chambers of the east,
The circuit of his race begins;
He never tires, nor stops to rest:
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

cr 3 O like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will,
March on and keep my heav'nly way.

m 4 But I shall rove and lose the race
If God, my sun, but disappear,
di And leave me in this world's wild maze
To follow every wand'ring star.

d 5 Lord, thy commands are right and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy promises are ever sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

cr 6 Give me thy counsels for my guide
To mansions of eternal bliss
All my desires and hopes beside,
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

358.

C. M.—*Remembrance. Warwick.*
Morning hymn.

!! 1 UPHELD by God's Almighty arm,
I pass'd the shades of night,
Serene and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.

di 2 While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes;
p In gentle sleep I clos'd my eyes:
How soft was my repose!

cr 3 O let the same Almighty care
My waking hours attend:
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

d 4 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

Steele

359.

7's. 6 lines.—*Nuremburgh. In this calm.*
Morning.

d 1 IN this calm impressive hour,
Let my prayer ascend on high;
God of mercy, God of pow'r,
aff Hear me, when to thee I cry:
Hear me from thy lofty throne,
For the sake of Christ thy Son.

di 2 With this morning's early ray,
While the shades of night depart,
Let thy beams of light convey
cr Joy and gladness to my heart.
!! Now o'er all my steps preside,
And for all my wants provide.

f 3 Oh, what joy that word affords,
  "Thou shalt reign o'er all the earth;"
King of kings and Lord of lords,
  Send thy gospel heralds forth:
Now begin thy boundless sway,
Usher in the glorious day.

S. Songs.

360.

C. M.—*Barby. Colchester.*
Morning or evening song.

vi.f 1 HOSANNA with a cheerful sound
  To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
  And yet secure we stand.

" 2 That was a work of boundless pow'r,
  Which form'd us by a word:
And every day and every hour
  We lean upon the Lord.

ag 3 Our life is forfeited by sin
  To God's avenging law:
We own thy grace, immortal King
  In every breath we draw.

cr 4 God is our sun, whose daily light
  Our joy and safety brings:
di Our feeble frame lies safe at night,
—p Beneath his spreading wings.

361.

L. M.—*Repose. Seasons.*
For morning or evening. Lam. iii. 23. Is. xl. 7.

d 1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
  Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
  Gently distil like early dew.

di 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
  Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
cr Thy sovereign word restores the light,
  And quickens all my drowsy powers.

m 3 I yield my powers to thy command,
  To thee I consecrate my days:
vi Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
  Demand perpetual songs of praise.

362.

C. M.—*Remembrance. Fabius.*
Morning or evening worship.

d 1 ON thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend;
In thee are founded all my hopes,
In thee my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
cr And fir'd with grateful zeal, prepares
A sacrifice of praise.

di When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With his protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
p My wearied limbs to rest.

cr 4 My spirit in his hand, serene,
Fears no approaching ill;
For whether waking or asleep,
—p Thou, Lord art with me still.

Liverpool Coll.

363.

C. M.—*Peterborough. ex. Dunchurch.*
Evening song.

[1 DREAD Sovereign! let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.]

3 Perpetual mercies from above,
Encompass me around:
m. p But oh, how few returns of love,
Hath my Creator found.

aff 4 What have I done for him who died
To save my wretched soul!
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as the minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee;
And to thy grace my soul resign
To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
di I lay me down to rest;
p As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

364.

L. M.—*Hebron. Uxbridge.*
An evening hymn.—God's gracious protection.

1 THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

'' 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head:
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

vi 4 Jesus, thy name forbids my fear,
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
But in the morning may I bear
Thine image on my wakeful heart.

5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
di My flesh shall rest beneath the ground;
And wait thy voice to rend the tomb,
cr With sweet salvation in the sound.

365.

C. M.—*Retirement. Dunchurch.*
Evening worship.

1 O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a little band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fost'ring hand.

d 2 And wilt thou bend a list'ning ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt, for thou dost deign to hear
The song that meekness pours.

3 And Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
p And are we less than they?

cr 4 Oh, let thy grace perform its part;
Let sin's dominion cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace.

H. K. White.

366.

L. M.—*Tallis' Evening. Sterling.*
Evening hymn.

'' 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

d 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That, with the world, myself, and thee
My soul this night at peace may be.

'' 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day.

d 4 Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

5 Lord, let my heart for ever share,
The bliss of thy paternal care;
cr 'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,
To see thy face and sing thy love.

Kenn

367.

7's. 6 lines.—*Nuremburgh. ex. In this calm.*
Evening.

aff 1 NOW from labor and from care,
Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord, I would converse with thee:
O, behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and wo,
Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below,
But my Saviour's melting voice:
Lord, forgive; thy grace restore,
Make me thine for evermore.

cr 3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quick'ning power;
Grateful notes to thee I raise,
O, accept my song of praise.

S. Songs.

368.

C. M.—*Retirement. Chester.*
Evening song.

d 1 GREAT God! to thee my evening song
With gratitude I'll raise:
Let mercy now attune my tongue,
And fill my heart with praise.

2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every circling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
That show thy love and power.

3 While thou that love and pow'r afford,
I'm safe from every harm;
Can danger reach me while the Lord
Extends his gracious arm?

di 4 Let this blest hope my eyelids close,
And sleep refresh my frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake to praise thy name.

Steele.

369.

L. M.—*Uxbridge. Repose.*
Promise of Divine presence in prayer meetings.
Matt. xviii. 20.

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found;
And every place is hallow'd ground.

d 2 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim,
The sweetness of thy saving name.

3 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
To strengthen faith and banish care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
To things unseen beyond the skies.

4 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
cr O, rend the heav'ns this favor'd hour,
Let thousands feel thy saving pow'r.

Cowper.

370.

L. M.—*Uxbridge. Luton.*
Same subject.

1 WHERE two or three with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise:

d 2 There will the gracious Saviour be,
To bless the little company;
There to unveil his smiling face,
And bid his glories fill the place.

cr 3 We meet at thy command, O Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word:
Now send the Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

Stennet.

371.

8's and 7's.—*Dismission. Aberdeen. ex.*
Prayer for forgiveness.

aff 1 Saviour, hear us through thy merit,
Lowly bending at thy feet;
O, draw near us by thy Spirit,
Prostrate at thy mercy seat.
Wretched, sinful, and unworthy;
Sick, and poor, and deaf, and blind;
Oft unmindful while before thee,
Of our need of such a Friend:

d 2 O, how precious is the favor
Of forgiveness through thy blood!
Come, thou gracious, bleeding Saviour,
Be our Advocate with God.
cr For the joys of thy salvation,
Still we raise our cries to thee;
Hear the voice of supplication,
Set our souls at liberty.

S. Songs.

372.

L. M.—*Luton.*

Presence of Christ desired. Eph. iii. 16, &c.

1 COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every heart;
That we may know, and taste, and feel,
The joys thy presence can impart.

2 Confirm our souls with inward strength,
May we the Saviour's fulness prove,
And understand the breadth and length,
And height and depth, of boundless love.

cr 3 Now to the God whose hand can do
Wonders beyond our power to know,
Be everlasting honors shown
By all the church through Christ his Son.

373.

C. M.—*Colchester. Fabius.*

Presence of Christ desired.

d 1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influ'nce to our song.

cr 2 Then to the shining realms of bliss
The wings of faith shall soar;
And all the charms of paradise
Our raptur'd thoughts explore.

3 There shall the foll'wers of the Lamb
Swell their immortal strains,
Loud praises echoing to his name,
Fill the celestial plains.

4 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till in thy blissful courts above,
We join the heav'nly choir.

Steele.

374.

S. M.—*Watchman. Dover.*

Morning prayer meeting.

d 1 HOW sweet the melting lay
Which breaks upon the ear,
When at the hour of rising day
Christians unite in prayer.

p 2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their heaving sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

cr 3 So Jesus rose to pray,
Before the morning light;
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.

f 4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down
To rescue souls condemn'd to die,
And make his people one. ***Mrs. Brown.***

375.

7's.—*German Hymn. Preparation.*
Coming to the mercy seat.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer:
He himself has bid thee pray;
Rise and ask without delay.

aff 2 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

p 3 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast:
cr Here thy sovereign right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

4 Now a waiting pilgrim hear,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
Be my Guide, my Guard, my Friend;
Lead me to my journey's end.

Newton

376.

L. M.—*Vanhall's. Duke-street.*
Meeting in fellowship.

'' 1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome now receive:
May we together here partake
The joys that he alone can give.

2 May He, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above;
Make our communication sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

d 3 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffer'd for us, here below;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what his mercy will bestow.

4 And as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And think upon that glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

5 Forgotten now each worldly theme,
Christians should talk of higher joy;
We only wish to speak of him
Who liv'd and died—who reigns on high.

Newton.

377.

S. M.—*Watchman. ex.*

Christian fellowship.

d 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

aff 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

cr 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

d 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

Fawcett.

378.

7's. Single.—*German Hymn.*

At parting.

1 FOR a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever present Friend.

d 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer:
Tender shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
And our wasting lives prolong,
Till we meet on earth again.

4 Then, if thou thy help afford,
cr Songs of gladness shall be rear'd;
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who our poor petitions heard.

Newton

379.

C. L. M.—*Tune—To thee when call'd.*

Parting with friends.

aff 1 TO thee, when call'd awhile to part
With friends or kindred dear;
To thee we raise each drooping heart,
And tell each rising fear;
For thou, O God, art ever nigh
To hear thy children when they cry.

2 The Lord in mercy condescends
To those who ask his love;
Calls them his children and his friends,
And writes their names above:
His bending ear, his smiling face,
Are present at the throne of grace.

3 As children of a Father's care,
Thy blessing we implore;
As friends of Jesus, we would share
Thy presence evermore:
'Tis this alone can cheer the soul,
And every rising grief control.

4 If thou art with us when we part
With friends or kindred dear,
To fill with joy each drooping heart,
And banish every fear;
How easy then to bid adieu!
For Jesus smiles, and Heav'n is true.

S. Songs.

380.

7's. 6 lines.—*Nuremburgh.*
Saturday evening.

v " 1 SAFELY through another week
God hath brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
On th' approaching Sabbath day:
Day of all the week the best
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Through the blest Redeemer's name,
Show us, Lord, thy smiling face,
And remove our guilt and shame:
Thus from every care set free,
May we rest this night with thee.

3 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near;
cr May thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in thy courts appear:
There in spirit may we taste,
Fruits of heav'n's eternal rest.

f 4 May the gospel's joyful sound,
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Bid the fruits of grace abound,
p Bring relief for all complaints:
cr Thus may every Sabbath prove,
Till we join the church above.

Newton.

381.

C. M.—*Dunchurch. Fabius.*
Lord's day, or the resurrection.

vi 1 BLEST morning, whose first opening rays
Beheld our rising God,
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

m.p 2 In the cold prison of a tomb,
The dear Redeemer lay;
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

ag 3 Hell and the grave tried all their pow'rs
To hold our God, in vain:
—f The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

mæ 4 To thy great name, Almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumphs of the day.

[5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King!
Let heav'n, and earth, and rocks, and seas
With glad hosannas ring.]

382.

C. M.—*Retirement. Colchester.*
Sabbath morning.

vi 1 AGAIN the Lord of Life and Light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Dispels the darkness of the night,
And pours increasing day.

di 2 O what a night was that which wrapp'd
A sinful world in gloom!
cr O what a Sun that broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung:
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

f 4 Ten thousand thousand lips shall join,
To hail this welcome morn;
Which scatters blessings from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

Barbauld.

383.

7's and 6's. Peculiar.—*Missionary Hymn.*
A bright Sabbath morning.

d 1 THE rosy light is dawning
Upon the mountain's brow;
It is the Sabbath morning—
Arise and pay thy vow:
Lift up thy voice to heaven,
In sacred praise and prayer,
While unto thee is given
The light of life to share.

2 The landscape lately shrouded
p By evening's paler ray,
cr Smiles beauteous and unclouded
Before the eye of day:

So let our souls, benighted
  Too long in folly's shade,
By thy kind smiles be lighted
  To joys that never fade.

3 O see those waters, streaming
  In crystal purity;
While earth with verdure teeming,
  Gives rapture to the eye!
f Let rivers of salvation
  In larger currents flow,
Till ev'ry tribe and nation
  Their healing virtues know.

Mother's Hymn Book.

384.

10's.—*Louville.*
The Sabbath.

'' 1 AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest;
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day,
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall he hear when fervently we raise
Our supplications, and our songs of praise.

cr 3 Father in Heav'n, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose pow'r defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
f Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

Anon.

385.

L. M.—*Duke-street. Luton.*
Sabbath morning.

1 ANOTHER week of toil is done,
Another Sabbath is begun,
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God has blest.

2 Come bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to weary minds;
Provides an antepast of heav'n,
And gives this day, the food of sev'n.

d 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heav'n that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

4 This heav'nly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 In holy duties, let this day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

Stennet

386.

7's.—*German Hymn.*
Sabbath morning.

d 1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee yet in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may peace and joy afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

Hammond.

387.

S. M.—*Clapton. Dover.*
Lord's day.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
d Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

cr 2 The King himself comes near
To feast his saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love and praise and pray.

d 3 One day amid the place
Where Christ the Lord hath been,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
vi Till called to rise and soar away
To everlasting bliss.

388.

L. M.—*Vanhall's. Rothwell.*
Sabbath.

vi 1 LORD of the Sabbath, thee we praise
For all these holy, happy days,
To dying man in mercy giv'n,
As foretastes of the bliss of heav'n.

2 We thank thee for that blest abode,
The temple of the living God;
We thank thee for the precious word
And ordinances of the Lord.

3 But oh! what praise to thee is due,
That we are taught by faith to view
ex A Saviour " crucified and slain,"
Waking from death, on high to reign.

d 4 O Saviour God, to whom are giv'n
The realms of earth, the hosts of heav'n
Before thy glorious throne we fall,
And worship thee as Lord of all.

Mother's H. Book

389.

7's.—*German Hymn. Soft and holy, &c.*
The house of God.

d 1 SOFT and holy is the place,
Where the light that beams from heav'n,
Shows the Saviour's smiling face,
With the joy of sin forgiv'n.

2 There with one accord we meet,
All the words of life to hear,
Bending low at Jesus' feet,
Worshipping with godly fear.

3 Let the world and all its cares
Now retire from every breast;
Let the tempter and his snares
Cease to hinder or molest.

4 Precious Sabbath of the Lord,
Fairest type of heav'n above,
Purest joy thy scenes afford
To the heart that's tun'd to love.

S. Songs.

390.

L. M.—*Repose. Seasons. ex.*
Public worship.

1 LORD, in the temple of thy grace,
mæ We feel thy presence and adore;
—d We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.

d 2 And while our various wants we mourn,
And lift to heav'n the tearful eye;
Our prayers bring down a quick return
Of blessings from the boundless sky.

di 3 And when with inward strife we groan,
Here we receive some cheering word:
cr And gird the gospel armor on
To fight the battles of the Lord.

p 4 Or if the fainting spirit lies
Burden'd by sin and fill'd with fear,
vi The Sun of Righteousness will rise,
With healing beams the soul to cheer.

m 5 Father, my heart would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

391.

L. M.—*Duke-street.*
Delight in worship.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
And let these hallow'd hours alone!
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 Oh, warm my heart with holy fire,
Kindle within a pure desire;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
And fill my soul with joy and love.

d 3 Blest Comforter! what heav'nly fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above,
Redeeming grace and dying love.

cr 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all-divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thy holy name shall be ador'd,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

392.

S. M.—*Clapton.*
Pleasures of worship.

vi 1 HOW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad.

2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compar'd with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here on the mercy seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

di 4 To him what prayers and cries,
Each humbled soul presents!
p He listens to the feeblest sighs,
Their helper and defence.

cr 5 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts,
d Accepting with a heav'nly smile
The tribute of their hearts.

f 6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode;
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

Stennet.

393.

L. M.—*Luton. Uxbridge.*
Pleasures of public worship.

d 1 HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
According to thy faithful word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
O, Lord, behold us at thy feet;
Let this the gate of heaven be.

vi 3 "Chief of ten thousands," now appear,
That we, by faith, may view thy face;
m. f Oh, speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill the place!

Kelly

394.

7's.—*German Hymn.*
Before sermon.

d 1 BLESSED are thy people, Lord,
While they listen to thy word:
While they see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face.

vi 2 Quickly do the minutes fly,
While they feel thy presence nigh;
Sweetly then their songs arise,
Through the bleeding sacrifice.

3 Saviour, let these joys be mine,
Saviour, let thy beauties shine:
I would all thy glories see,
I would ever dwell with thee.

Reed.

395.

L. M.—*Sterling. Uxbridge.*
Before sermon.

'' 1 THY presence, gracious Lord, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
Let us with food divine be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us the sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy.
And may we, fill'd with holy fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

d 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal,
Teach us to know and do thy will;
And thus thy saving pow'r display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

Fawcett.

396.

8's.—*Birmingham. Solitude.*
After sermon.

mæ 1 THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
And knows neither measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home:
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

Hart.

397.

S. M.—*Watchman.*
After sermon.

'' 1 WE hear the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
And now thy throne of grace surround,
To bless thee for thy word.

2 The message we obey,
That proffers life and peace;
Oh, while we leave these courts to-day,
Let holy joys increase.

M. S.

398.

C. M.—*Barby. ex.*
Sabbath evening.

aff 1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quick'ning beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns;
How languid are its flames!

d 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

cr 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up.
The Sabbath ne'er shall end.

4 Where we shall breathe in heav'nly air,
With heav'nly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

5 Where we, in high, seraphic strains,
Shall all our pow'rs employ,
Delighted range th' ethereal plains,
In everlasting joy.

Brown.

399.

L. M.—*Repose. Seasons.*
The Sabbath evening.

1 ANOTHER day has past along,
And we are nearer to the tomb:
Nearer to join the heav'nly song,
Or hear the last eternal doom.

d 2 Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams ling'ring there
For these blest hours, the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

3 The time how lovely and how still!
Peace shines and smiles on all below;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.

4 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heav'n above.

5 Nor will our days of toil be long,
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

Edmeston.

400.

L. M.—*Repose. Uxbridge.*
The eternal Sabbath.

d 1 THINE earthly Sabbath, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope, and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon

4 Around thy throne we long to meet;
O grant us but the lowest seat;
cr We'll shout thy praise, and join the song
Of the triumphant, holy throng.

[5 Oh! long expected day begin!
Dawn on these realms of wo and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rise with God.]

Doddridge.

401.

L. M.—*Sterling. Duke-street.*

Christ's commission to his ministers. Mark xvi. 15. Matt. xxviii. 18.

ff 1 "GO preach my gospel," saith the Lord,
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive
He shall be sav'd who trusts my word,
He shall be damn'd who'll not believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true
By all the works that I have done
And all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power's committed to my hands,
I can destroy, and I defend."

vi 4 He spake, and light shone round his head,
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode;
They to the farthest nations spread,
The grace of their ascended God.

402.

S. M.—*Clapton. Oakland.*

Ministers of the gospel bring joyful tidings. Isa. v. 2, 7—16. Matt. xiii. 16, 17.

vi 1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here.

[3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found!

[4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.]

f 5 The watchmen join their voice
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

403.

C. M.—*Peterborough. Warwick.*
Ministerial charge.

'' 1 LET Zion's watchmen now awake,
And feel th' alarm they give:
Oh! let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

2 "Go watch for souls, for whom the Lord
Did heav'nly bliss forego:
For souls that must for ever live
In rapture or in wo."

3 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there;
Oh! wert thou strict to mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear!

5 May they, that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And may thy Spirit guard their hearts,
That they may watch for thee.

Doddridge.

404.

L. M.—*Luton. Rothwell.*
Praying for a pastor.

1 WITH heav'nly pow'r, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
His person bless, his soul secure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace,
Direct him in the paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help him to declare thy will.

3 In him thy mighty pow'r exert;
Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart·
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

Anon.

405.

L. M.—*Luton. Quito.*
Prayer for ministers.

1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for thee,
Successful may they ever be.

2 Clothe them with energy divine,
And let their messages be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

3 Teach them to sow the precious seed:
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed:
Teach them immortal souls to gain
From paths that lead to endless pain.

cr 4 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
di In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating pow'r.

cr 5 How great their work, how vast their charge
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge,
Till light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

Beddome.

406.

L. M.—*Repose. Seasons.*
Ministers abounding in the work of the Lord.

1 BEFORE thy throne, Eternal King,
Thy ministers their off'ring bring;
Their tribute of united praise,
For heav'nly comforts, peaceful days.

2 While angels sound thy glorious name,
Our lips thy saving grace proclaim;
We sing the conquests of thy word,
And publish all thy truths abroad.

di 3 Thy various service we esteem
Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme;
And while we taste thy heav'nly love,
We would be like thy saints above.

4 Still in thy work would we abound—
Would prune the vine or sow the ground;
Thy flock with wholesome pasture feed,
And watch them with untiring heed.

cr 5 Thou art our Lord, our life, our love,
Our hope below, our crown above;
f Thy praise shall be our sweet employ,
Thy presence our eternal joy.

Francis.

407.

L. M.—*Uxbridge. Luton.*
Want of ministerial laborers.

'' 1 LORD of the harvest, bend thine ear,
For Zion's heritage appear;
O send forth lab'rers fill'd with zeal,
Swift to obey their Master's will.

d 2 Hast thou not bid us fervent pray
For help in such a trying day?
Wilt thou not listen when we cry,
And send the blessing from on high?

3 Our lifted eyes, O Lord, behold
The rip'ning harvest ting'd with gold,
Wide fields are op'ning to our view,
The work is great, the lab'rers few.

vi 4 Under the guidance of thy hand
Let Zion's sons in many a band
Arise, to bless the dying race,
As heralds of redeeming grace.

5 Bid all their hearts with ardor glow,
As gospel messengers to go,
And publish the inspiring sound
Far as the race of man is found.

f 6 Lord of the harvest, bid them rise,
Train'd by the influ'nce of the skies,
In wisdom, knowledge, grace, to shine,
Till every kingdom shall be thine.

M. S.

408.

L. M.—*Vernon. Darwen.*
Prayer for a sick minister.

aff 1 OH thou, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirit down;
Thou know'st the burden now we feel;
All that our trembling lips could tell.

2 In mercy, Lord, thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside our earnest prayer:
Arrest thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.

cr 3 Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and pastor live:
Restore him, sinking to the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save

d 4 Bound to the flock by tend'rest ties,
Each soul in supplication lies:
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart;
Nor rend him from our bleeding heart.

di 5 Yet, if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears may not avail,
cr Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
And guide him safe to endless day.

Anon.

409.

C. M.—*Plympton. Burford.*
Consolation in the death of a minister.

aff 1 NOW let our drooping hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
That view a Saviour nigh?

'' 2 What though the conquering arm of death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be number'd with the dead?

3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young;
p The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue:

cr 4 Th' Eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

5 "Lo! I am with you," saith the Lord,
"My church shall safe abide;"
The Lord will ne'er forsake his own,
Who in his love confide.

6 Through every scene of life and death
His promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

Doddridge.

410.

C. M.—*New Cambridge.*

The safety and protection of the church. Isa. xxvi. 1, &c.

m 1 HOW honorable is the place,
Where we adoring stand!
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land.

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

f 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling:
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of our King.

4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And triumph'd in his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

411.

H. M.—*Haddam. Stafford.*

On opening a house of worship.

vi 1 IN sweet, exalted strains,
The King of Glory praise;
O'er heav'n and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days:
He with a nod the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.

ma 2 Great King of Glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thine own:
O condescend in love to show,
How God can dwell with man below.

di 3 Here may thine ear attend
Our interceding cries;
And grateful praise ascend,
All-fragrant to the skies:
cr Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread the joys of heav'n around.

4 Here may th' attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love,
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above;
And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

5 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine like polish'd stones,
Through long succeeding days;
Here, Lord, display thy saving pow'r,
While temples stand, and men adore.

Francis.

412.

L. M.—*Park-street.*

God the glory and defence of the church.

ri 1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Redeemer's grace!
Thy holy courts are his abode,
The temple of the living God.

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heav'nly warriors waits,
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.

ag 3 Though foes tumult'ous may engage,
Against his throne in vain they rage,
ff Like rising waves with angry roar,
—di That dash and die upon the shore.

d 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of earth or hell;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our shield and God our sun;
vi Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

413.

C. M.—*Colchester. St. Ann's.*
For a dedication.

mæ 1 WITHIN this house, O Lord our God
In glory now appear;
Make it a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

2 When we thine awful seat surround,
p Thy Spirit, Lord, impart;
cr And let thy gospel's joyful sound,
With pow'r reach every heart.

p 3 Here let the blind their sight obtain,
Here give the mourners rest;
cr Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthron'd in every breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy,
And humble prayer arise;
f Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In realms beyond the skies.

Pratt's Coll.

414.

C. M.—*Chester. Retirement.*
Opening a house of worship.

d 1 OH! Shepherd of thy people, hear!
Thy presence now display:
Thou that hast giv'n a house of prayer,
Now give us hearts to pray.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of the Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

vi 4 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
By thy Almighty grace,
f Awaken slumb'ring sinners round
To come and fill the place.

Newton.

415.

L. M.—*Luton. Duke-street.*
On opening a house of worship

1 HERE, in thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for thee ;
O make it now thy fix'd abode,
And guard it long from error free.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live ;
Hear thou, in heav'n, thy dwelling place
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son ;
Still by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

di 4 When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna to their heav'nly King;
cr Let heav'n, with earth, the strain prolong,
Hosanna, let the angels sing.

p 5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest ?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?

cr 6 Thy glory never hence depart :
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;
Thy kingdom come in every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

Montgomery.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.*

416.

7's.—*German Hymn. German Air.*
Divine assistance in teaching children.

1 LORD, assist us by thy grace
To instruct our infant race ;
Grant us wisdom from above,
Fill us with a Saviour's love.

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* See DOCTRINAL, WORSHIP, ORDINANCES, AFFLICTIONS, also PSALM 8th, 34th, and 119th, &c.

2 Let us in thy peace abide,
In thy promises confide,
While our seed with ready zeal,
Learn of us to do thy will.

3 May we teach them day by day,
In the house and by the way,
When they rise or go to rest,
Till thy truth shall make them blest.

4 While in childhood's tender age
They unfold the sacred page,
May they see in every line
Kind'ling rays of light divine.

d 5 Precious Saviour, hear our prayer;
We commit them to thy care;
Be their Shepherd and their Guide;
Bring them to thy bleeding side.

Mother's H. Book.

417.

7's.—*German Hymn.*
Instruction of children.

1 GRANT us wisdom, gracious Lord,
To instruct our children dear;
And thy special aid afford,
While for them we kneel in prayer.

aff 2 Oh! how ignorant and weak!
How imperfect in our zeal!
Guilty, while to Heav'n we speak—
Jesus, Lord, our pardon seal!

" 3 Help us still our work of love,
Daily, hourly, to pursue;
While thy Spirit from above
Shall our children's souls renew.

d 4 For this blessing now we plead,
Send thy Holy Spirit down;
Smile on us, and on our seed,
Make thy power and glory known.

5 Thou hast heard our solemn prayer,—
We are thine, for ever thine:
Take these children to thy care,
Fill their hearts with grace divine.

Mother's H. Book.

418.

S. M.—*Watchman. Shirland.*
Asking for blessings upon children.

1 GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race:
And make their youthful spirits bend
To thy victorious grace.

d 2 O, what a vast delight,
Their penitence to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Dear Lord, thy Spirit pour
Upon our infant seed:
And bring that soul-reviving hour,
Which makes them thine indeed.

4 May they receive thy word,
Confess the Saviour's name,
And follow on to know the Lord;
Nor fear reproach or shame.

Fellows.

419.

7's.—*German Hymn.*
Seeking blessings upon children.

aff 1 GOD of mercy, hear our prayer
For the children thou hast giv'n;
Let them all, thy blessings share,
Grace on earth and bliss in heav'n.

2 In the morning of their days
May their hearts be drawn to thee;
Let them learn to lisp thy praise
In their earliest infancy.

3 When we see their passions rise—
Sinful habits unsubdu'd;
Then to thee we lift our eyes,
That their hearts may be renew'd.

4 Cleanse their souls from ev'ry stain,
Through the Saviour's precious blood;
Let them all be born again,
And be reconcil'd to God.

aff 5 For this mercy, Lord, we cry;
Bend thine ever-gracious ear;
While on thee our souls rely,
Hear our prayer, in mercy hear.

Mother's H. Book.

420.

C. M.—*Moreland. Dundee.*
Parental solicitude. Esther viii. 6.

1 HOW can we see the children, Lord,
Thou hast in mercy giv'n,
Remain regardless of thy word,
Without a hope of heav'n?

2 How can we see them tread the path,
That leads to endless death,
Thus adding to thy fearful wrath,
With every moment's breath?

aff 3 Lord, hear the parents' earnest cry,
And save our children dear;
Now send thy Spirit from on high,
And fill them with thy fear.

4 Oh, make them love thy holy law
And joyful walk therein:
Their hearts to new obedience draw,
Save them from every sin.

Anon

421.

C. M.—*Dundee. Burford.*
Prayer for children's conversion.

aff 1 O LORD, behold us at thy feet,
A needy, sinful band;
As suppliants round thy mercy seat,
We come at thy command.

2 'Tis for our children we would plead,
The offspring thou hast giv'n;
Where shall we go in time of need,
But to the God of heav'n?

3 We ask not for them wealth or fame,
Amid the worldly strife:
But in the all-prevailing Name,
We ask eternal life.

4 We crave the Spirit's quick'ning grace,
To make them pure in heart;
That they may stand before thy face,
And see thee as thou art.

Mother's H. Book.

422.

C. M.—*Dunchurch. Warwick.*
Instructors of children.

m 1 HAPPY the man whose heart expands
At melting pity's call;
While the rich blessings from his hands
Like heav'nly manna fall.

2 Delightful task, young souls to win,
And turn the rising race,
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace!

3 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When they are taught to fear his name,
And their Creator love.

4 Ours be the bliss in wisdom's way
To guide untutor'd youth,
To lead the mind that went astray,
To virtue and to truth.

d 5 Almighty God, thy influ'nce shed,
And prosper our design;
The honors of thy name be spread,
Be all the glory thine.

Strapham.

423.

C. M.—*Chester. Retirement.*
Children given to Christ.

d 1 BEHOLD what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays;
To little children he extends
The riches of his grace.

'' 2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers giv'n:
Our infants in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.

3 Forbid them not whom Jesus calls;
Nor dare his claim deny;
While his own word to us declares,
That such may heav'n enjoy.

cr 4 With flowing tears, and thankful hearts
We give them up to thee:
Receive them, Lord, into thine arms,
Thine may they ever be.

Anon.

424.

C. M.—*Fabius. Remembrance.*
An abiding covenant.

d 1 MY God, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides for ever sure,
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become:
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,
And heav'n, my final home:

3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

ag 4 Thy cov'nant in the darkest gloom
Shall heav'nly rays impart:
And while descending to the tomb,
Shall cheer my trembling heart.

Doddridge.

425.

L. M.—*Duke-street. Uxbridge.*
Children committed to the Good Shepherd

1 DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
Beyond thy blest enclosure's bound;
And lur'd by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found;

d 2 Remember still, that they are thine,
And that thy sacred name they bear;
The precious seal of love divine,
The sign of cov'nant grace they wear

3 In all their wand'rings, hopes, and fears,
O let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears,
Which made them consecrate to thee.

di 4 And when these lips no more can pray,
—p These eyes can weep for them no more
cr Still turn their feet from folly's way;
The wand'rers to thy fold restore.

Hyde.

426.

C. M.—*Watchman. Aylesbury.*
Prayer for sanctification of children.

aff 1 O GOD of Abra'm, hear
The parents' humble cry;
In cov'nant mercy now appear,
While in the dust we lie.

2 These children of our love,
In mercy thou hast giv'n,
That we through grace may faithful prove,
In training them for heav'n.

3 O, grant thy Spirit, Lord,
Their hearts to sanctify;
Remember now thy gracious word,
Our hopes on thee rely.

4 Draw forth the melting tear,
The penitential sigh;
Inspire their hearts with faith sincere,
And fix their hopes on high.

cr 5 These children now are thine,
We give them back to thee;
O lead them by thy grace divine,
Along the heav'nly way.

Mother's Magazine.

427.

L. M.—*Luton. Uxbridge.*
Infants in reference to the ministry.

1 LONG as he lives he shall be thine:
This cherished gift, I now restore;
Nor longer call the treasure mine,
Giv'n to my God for evermore.

2 Still firm in purpose, and sincere,
This dedication, Lord, shall stand:
d The child shall now be doubly dear,
As kept and guarded by thy hand.

!! 3 Let him be early taught of God;
Prepare him in the days of youth,
Amid the courts of thy abode
To bear the messages of truth.

aff 4 Be this the object of my heart,
Be this the burden of my prayer,
That he thy gospel my impart
To those who shall thy mercy share.

5 And may thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
Help me in mem'ry to retain
Each promise of thy holy word,
Till hope her sweet assurance gain.

Mother's H. Book.

428.

11's and 8's.—*Palestine.*

Blessings through maternal influence. Psalm cxvi. 16.

1 YES, I am thy servant, most bountiful Lord,
The son of thy handmaid so dear:
Who taught me the precepts contain'd in thy word;
And gave me to God in her prayer:
Thy boundless compassion my soul would embrace,
That led me a Saviour to see;
Thy covenant mercy and self-moving grace,
That gave such a parent to me.

2 The voice of my God, in her accents I heard,
ag And trembled before the Most High:
di Thy look of forgiveness and mercy appear'd
p Through tear-drops that stood in her eye:
cr Thy precepts like rain from her lips were distill'd;
Thy chast'nings were giv'n by her hands:
Thy truth was declared and thy laws were reveal'd,
When taught to obey her commands.

—di 3 And when amid strangers I wander'd afar,
From the home of my childhood and youth;
Her prayers and her counsels that follow'd me there,
Still came through thy goodness and truth:
cr Yes, I am thy servant, eternally thine,
And thou art my heavenly King;
f Of covenant mercy, transcendent, divine,
My soul shall eternally sing.

M. S.

429.

7's.—*Preparation. German Hymn.*

Children exhorted.

1 CHILDREN, listen to the Lord,
And obey his gracious word;
Seek his face with heart and mind:
Early seek and you shall find.

d 2 Sorrowful, your sins confess,
Plead his perfect righteousness,
See the Saviour's bleeding side:
Come—you will not be denied.

3 For his worship now prepare;
Kneel to him in fervent prayer;
Serve him with a perfect heart:
Never from his ways depart.

Union Minstrel.

430.

8's, 7's, and 4's.—*Zion. Greenville.*
Children exhorted.

d 1 CHILDREN, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain;
'Tis the Lord of life and glory:
Shall he plead with you in vain!
O receive him,
And salvation now obtain.

2 Yield no more to sin and folly,
So displeasing in his sight;
Jesus loves the pure and holy,
They alone are his delight;
Seek his favor,
And your hearts to him unite.

di 3 All your sins to him confessing
Who is ready to forgive;
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing,
On his precious name believe;
He is waiting,
Will you not his grace receive?

Union Minstrel.

431.

S. M.—*Watchman. St. Thomas.*
Know the Lord. 1 Chron. xxviii. 9.

1 MY son, know thou the Lord,
Thy father's God obey;
'' Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

2 Call while he may be found,
And seek him while he's near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

p 3 If thou wilt seek his face,
cr He'll listen to thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure.
His grace for ever nigh.

ag 4 But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heav'n,
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
Nor ever be forgiv'n.

Village Hymns

432.

C. M.—*Peterborough. Fabius.*

The young exhorted.

d 1 YE hearts with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 The soul that longs to see his face,
Is sure his love to gain;
And those that early seek his grace,
Shall never seek in vain.

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move
If once compar'd with thee!
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see.

vi.f 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice;
And here, true bliss I find.

Doddridge.

433.

S. M.—*Watchman. ex. St. Giles.*

Prayer of a youth.

1 NOW in my early days,
Teach me thy will to know;
aff O God, thy sanctifying grace,
Betimes on me bestow.

2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care:
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And flee from ev'ry snare.

di 3 My heart to folly prone,
Renew by pow'r divine:
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make it wholly thine.

cr 4 O let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

5 To what thy laws impart,
Be my whole soul inclin'd;
O let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

'' 6 Make thy young servant learn,
By these to cleanse his way;
And may I here the path discern,
That leads to endless day.

Fawcett.

434.

C. M.—*Peterborough. Barby.*
Obedience to parents and teachers.

'' 1 LET children that would fear the Lord,
Hear what their teachers say;
With reverence meet their parent's word,
And with delight obey.

ag 2 Judgments that fill the soul with awe,
Are written by the Lord,
For him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word.

di 3 But those who worship God, and give
Their parents honor due,
cr The blessings of this life receive,
And life hereafter too.

435.

S. M.—*Watchman.*
For a Sabbath School.

d 1 WITHIN these walls be peace,
Love through our borders found;
In all our little palaces
Prosperity abound.

2 God scorns not humble things;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings,
Are training for the skies.

3 May none, who thus are taught,
From glory be cast down;
But all, through faith and patience, brought
To an immortal crown.

Montgomery.

436.

C. M.—*Retirement. Remembrance.*
For a Sabbath School.

1 THERE is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, cloth'd in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

di 2 And hark, amid the sacred songs
Those heav'nly voices raise,
cr Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.

3 Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.

4 This is the joy we ought to seek,
And make our chief concern;
For this we come, from week to week,
To read, and hear, and learn.

di 5 Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay,
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must pass from earth away.

aff 6 Great God, impress the serious thought
This day on every breast,
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter to thy rest.

Jane Taylor.

437.

C. M.—*Retirement.*
Praise from infant lips. Ps. viii. 2.

d 1 OUT of the mouth of infancy,
O Lord, perfect thy praise:
And let each heart, inspir'd by thee,
Its early incense raise.

vi 2 Then shall the church arise and sing,
When infant lips reveal
The love of Christ our gracious King,
And at his footstool kneel.

d 3 When they with gentle accent speak
Of thy atoning blood,
ag The flinty hearts of men will break,
Their souls be drawn to God.

di 4 When glad hosannas shall ascend
From children's feeble voice,
No enemies shall dare offend,
Or interrupt the joys.

cr 5 When shall the heav'nly song arise,
Our drooping hearts to cheer?
d Stoop down in mercy from the skies,
And bring salvation near.

f 6 The work, O Lord, is wholly thine;
Begin this precious hour,
And let the Spirit all divine
Exert his saving power.

Mother's H. Book.

438.

S. M.—*Watchman. Shirland.*

Self-dedication of a child.

d 1 LORD, I would come to thee,
A sinner all defil'd;
O take the stain of guilt away,
And own me as thy child.

2 I cannot live in sin,
And feel a Saviour's love;
Thy blood can make my spirit clean,
And write my name above.

3 Among thy little flock,
I need the Shepherd's care;
Pour waters from the smitten Rock,
And pastures green prepare.

4 Blest Shepherd, I am thine;
Still keep me in thy fear:
Now fill my heart with grace divine,
Bring thy salvation near.

Mother's H. Book.

439.

8's.—*Birmingham. Solitude.*

Same subject.

d 1 OH Jesus, delight of my soul,
My Saviour, my Shepherd divine;
I yield to thy blessed control;
My body and spirit are thine:

Thy love I can never deserve,
That bids me be happy in thee;
My God and my King I will serve,
Whose favor is heaven to me.

2 How can I thy goodness repay,
By nature so weak and defil'd?
Myself I have given away;
O call me thy own little child:
And art thou my Father above?
Will Jesus abide in my heart?
O bind me so fast with thy love,
That I never from thee shall depart.

Union Minstrel.

440.

Stafford. Bethesda.

A pious child in the house of God.

d 1 THE house of God I love,
I love the sacred day,
Its moments I'll improve,
To learn the heav'nly way:
The way, the truth, the life, I see,
Are all in Christ who died for me.

2 The way is plain to those
Who will repent of sin;
The blood that freely flows,
Can cleanse each guilty stain:
No merit of my own I claim,
My trust is in the Saviour's name.

3 The truth I would believe,
As coming from the Lord;
O help me to receive,
And treasure up his word:
That word can save the ruin'd soul,
And make the broken spirit whole.

m 4 The life of grace below,
The life of joy above,
O Lord, on me bestow,
Unworthy of thy love:
O bid me live this precious hour,
And ever know thy saving power!

Union Minstrel.

441.

8's.—*Birmingham. Solitude.*
A pious child's soliloquy at church.

d 1 HOW sweet is the Sabbath to me,
The day when the Saviour arose;
'Tis heaven his beauties to see;
And in his soft arms to repose:
He knows I am weak and defil'd,
My life is but empty and vain:
But if he will make me his child,
I'll never forsake him again.

2 This day he invites us to come,
How kindly he bids us draw near!
He offers us heaven for home,
And wipes off the penitent tear:
He offers to pardon our sin,
And keep us from every snare,
To sprinkle and cleanse us within,
And show us his tenderest care.

vi 3 I cannot, I must not refuse;
His goodness has conquer'd my heart;
The Lord for my portion I choose,
And bid all my folly depart;
How sweet is the Sabbath to me,
The day my Redeemer arose!
'Tis heaven his beauties to see,
And in his soft arms to repose.

Union Minstrel.

442.

C. M.—*Remembrance. Fabius.*
Children's evening hymn.

'' 1 NOW condescend, Almighty King,
To bless this little throng;
And kindly listen while we sing
Our pleasant evening song.

2 Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,
Our lips together move:
Oh, smile upon this little band,
Unite our hearts in love.

3 We come to own the Pow'r divine,
That watches o'er our days:
For this our feeble voices join;
To God we give the praise.

di 4 May we in safety sleep to night,
From every danger free;
For, Lord, the darkness and the light
Are both alike to thee.

cr 5 And when the rising sun displays
His cheering beams abroad:
Then may our grateful morning lays
Declare the love of God.

Anon.

443.

C. M. D.—*Moravian. Retirement.*
Children's hosannas.

'' 1 HOSANNAS were by children sung,
When Jesus was on earth;
Then surely we are not too young,
To sound his praises forth:
cr The Lord is great, the Lord is good;
He feeds us from his store,
With earthly and with heav'nly food;
We'll praise him evermore.

di 2 And when to him young children came,
He took them in his arms;
He bless'd them in his Father's name,
And spoke with heav'nly charms:
cr We thank him for his gracious word,
We thank him for his love;
We'll sing the praises of our Lord,
Who reigns in heav'n above.

di 3 Before he left this world of wo,
On Calvary he died;
His blood for us did freely flow,
—pi Forth from his wounded side;
cr O, then we'll magnify his name,
Who groan'd and died for us;
We'll worship the atoning Lamb,
And sing the bleeding cross.

4 He rose again and walk'd abroad,
And many saw his face;
They call'd him the Incarnate God,
Redeemer of our race:
f He rose and he ascended high;
We'll bow to his command;
His glories fill the earth and sky,
He sits at God's right hand.

Nursery Songs.

THE ORDINANCES.*

444.

L. M.—*Rothwell. Duke-street.*
Uniting with the church.

vi 1 OH happy day that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 Oh happy bond that seals my vows,
To him who claims my highest love;
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to his altar now I move.

m 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
vi Rejoic'd to own the call divine.

di 4 Now rest, my long divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre rest;
cr Here have I found a nobler part,
Here, heav'nly pleasures fill my breast.

5 High heav'n, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall constant hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Doddridge.

445.

C. M.—*St. Ann's. Barby.*
Uniting with the church.

vi 1 YE men and angels, witness now,
Before the Lord we speak:
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break,—

2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

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* See CHRIST, GOSPEL, REVIVAL, CONVICTION AND CONVERSION, EXPERIMENTAL, PARENTS AND CHILDREN, also PSALM 116.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely;
May he with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.

aff 4 Oh, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

Pratt's Coll.

446.

L. M.—*Luton. Rothwell.*

A welcome to Christian fellowship.

d 1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Oh come in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove;
Join'd in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

3 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.

cr 4 Once more our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love;
Oh, may we altogether meet
Around the throne of God above.

Pratt's Coll.

447.

L. M.—*Duke-street. Luton.*

On receiving new members in communion.

d 1 MAY those who have thy name confess'd,
Now find in God a settled rest,
From day to day still more increase,
In faith, and love, and holiness.

2 As living members may they share
The joys and griefs which others bear;
And active in their stations prove,
In all the offices of love.

3 From all temptation now defend,
And keep them steadfast to the end;
While in thy house they still improve
Till call'd to join the church above.

Durham Coll.

448.

C. M.—*Retirement.*
The church covenant.

d 1 WE covenant with hand and heart,
To follow Christ our Lord;
With world, and self, and sin to part,
And to obey his word:

2 To love each other in his name,
With meek sincerity;
And under cross, reproach, and shame,
His grace to magnify.

Moravian.

449.

C. M.—*Dunchurch. Fabius.*
Baptism of infants. Matt. xix. 19.

d 1 THY life I read, my dearest Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face;
When infants in thy tender arms,
Receive thy kind embrace.

3 We bring our little ones to thee,
And make the fond request;
Let them be thine eternally,
And be for ever blest.

4 Their feeble frames thy pow'r can raise,
And mould with heav'nly skill;
Can give them tongues to sing thy praise,
And hands to do thy will.

aff 5 Oh, take our offspring to thy care,
Fill them with grace divine;
Dear Saviour! all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine.

Stennet.

450.

L. M.—*Quito. Uxbridge.*
Infant baptism.

aff 1 O LORD, encourag'd by thy grace,
We bring our infant to thy throne;
Give it within thy heart a place,
Let it be thine, and thine alone.

2 Remove from it each stain of guilt,
And let this child be sanctified;
Lord, thou canst cleanse it, if thou wilt,
And all its native evils hide.

3 We ask not for it, earthly bliss,
Or earthly honors, wealth or fame:
The sum of our request is this—
That it may love and fear thy name.

4 This infant, we by faith commit
To thy kind love and guardian care:
We lay it at the Saviour's feet,
di He will not let it perish there.

Steele.

451.

C. M.—*Peterborough. Remembrance.*
Children brought to baptism.

vi 1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all engaging charms:
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

di 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For e'en to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

cr 3 We bring them now with thankful hearts
And yield them up to thee:
Joyful that we ourselves are thine;
Thine let our offspring be.

d 4 Ye little flock with pleasure hear,
Ye children seek his face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

aff 5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
Thy care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

Peacock & Doddridge.

452.

C. M.—*Arlington.*
Covenant with Abraham claimed by Gentiles. Gen. xvii. 7
Rom. xv. 8. Mark x. 14.

'' 1 HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abra'm and his seed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying every need."

2 This promise to the seed he loves,
Through ages shall endure:
The Angel of the cov'nant proves
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms
To our great father giv'n;
He takes young children in his arms,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.

cr 4 Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out our children's name.

453.

S. M.—*Watchman.*
Baptismal covenant.

d 1 HOW great thy mercies, Lord!
How bounteous is thy grace,
Which in the cov'nant of thy love
Includes our rising race!

2 The promise, how divine,
To Abra'm and his seed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying every need."

3 These children of our care
We dedicate to God:
We plead the promise in our prayer;
We plead thy precious blood.

4 Thy goodness we adore,
cr We sing thy matchless grace—
The covenant for ever sure,
To thy believing race.

Salisbury Coll.

454.

C. M.—*Chester. Retirement.*
Children devoted to God in baptism. Gen. xvii. 7, 10.
Acts xvi. 14, 15, 33.

d 1 THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
"I'll be a God to thee;
I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they
Shall be a seed for me."

" 2 Abra'm believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his son to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was seal'd with blood.

3 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
When she receiv'd the word;
Thus the believing jailor gave
His household to the Lord.

4 Thus later saints, eternal King,
Thy covenant embrace;
d Our infant offspring now we bring
And supplicate thy grace.

455.

L. M.—*Seasons. Duke-street.*

Baptism.

d 1 COME, Holy Ghost, descend from high,
Baptiser of our spirits, now
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness the parental vow.

2 Exert thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood;
May Father, Son, and Spirit join,
To seal this child, a child of God.

Anon.

456.

S. M.—*Dover. Watchman.*

Benefits of communion.

1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
d Here, pardon'd rebels sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

di 2 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath;
By union with our living Lord,
And int'rest in his death.

cr 3 Our heav'nly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
d We, the dear children of his love,
And he the first born Son.

4 Let all our pow'rs be join'd,
His glorious name to raise;
Let love divine fill ev'ry breast,
And tune the heart to praise.

457.

L. M.—*Luton. Rothwell.*

Glory in the cross of Christ.

1 AT thy command, O gracious Lord!
We celebrate thy dying feast;
Bless the provisions of thy board,
And dwell with every humble guest.

2 Our faith adores redeeming love,
And trusts for life in one that died;
We hope for heav'nly crowns above,
Through him that once was crucified.

" 3 What though the world pronounce it shame,
And cast their scandals on thy cause?
We come to boast a Saviour's name,
And sing the triumphs of his cross.

vi 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
"He that was dead hath left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come!"

458.

8's and 7's. Peculiar.—*Calvary.*
A fountain opened.

aff 1 COME to Calv'ry's holy mountain,
Sinners ruin'd by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain,
Flows for every guilty soul,
In a full perpetual tide,
Open'd when the Saviour died.

2 Come in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty seek remission,
Here the lost a refuge find;
Health, this fountain will restore,
He that drinks, shall thirst no more.

3 Come, ye dying, live for ever;
'Tis a soul-reviving flood:
God is faithful; he will never
Break his cov'nant, seal'd in blood,
Sign'd when our Redeemer died,
Seal'd when he was glorified.

Montgomery.

459.

7's. 6 lines.—*Mount Calvary.*
Invitation in view of the cross.

d 1 FROM the cross, uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravish'd ear:
"Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

aff 2 " Sprinkled now with blood, the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
d Bow the knee, embrace the Son.
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 " Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stor'd;
To thy Father's bosom press'd,
Yet again a child confess'd;
Never from his house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

4 " Soon the days of life shall end,
Lo! I come! your Saviour, Friend;
Safe your spirits to convey,
To the realms of endless day;
Up to my eternal home,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

Hawes.

460. L. M.—*Darwen. Seasons. ex.*

The Lord's Supper instituted. 1 Cor. xi. 23.

[1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose,
That Christ the Son of God's delight,
Was giv'n by treason to his foes.]

aff 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread and bless'd and brake,
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 " This is my body broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food:"
Then took the cup, and blest the wine;
" 'Tis the new cov'nant of my blood."

[4 For us his flesh with nails was torn,
For us his vital blood was spilt;
He felt the spear, the scourge, the thorn,
And died t' atone for all our guilt.]

5 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

6 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
d Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

461.

L. M.—*Seasons.* *Uxbridge.*
Memorials of our absent Lord.

[1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
While carnal objects meet our eyes,
To thrust the Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Prone to forget his lovely face;
And to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.]

d 3 The Lord of life this table spread,
With his own flesh and crimson blood!
We on the rich provision feed,
And praise the bounty of our God.

4 Let sinful joys be all forgot,
And earth's enchantments now grow dim
vi Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on Him.

di 5 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
cr That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.

462.

L. M.—*Repose.* *Vernon.*
Bleeding love of Christ.

aff 1 THE Lord, the Saviour; yes, 'tis he,
I know him by the smiles he wears;
The glorious Lord that died for me,
Mid groans, and agonies, and tears.

2 'Tis he prepares this sacred feast,
Fruit of the sharpest pangs he bore;
Jesus appears the great High-Priest!
I see his wounds and I adore.

3 'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That held him on th' accursed tree;
'Twas his own love, this table spread,
For such unworthy worms as we.

d 4 We celebrate this grace divine,
While sweet provisions crown his board;
We taste the sacred bread and wine,
And feed by faith upon the Lord.

463.

C. M.—*Chester. Retirement.*
Comforts at the sacred communion.

d 1 LORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heav'nly is the place,
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast,
Of his redeeming grace!

2 There the rich bounties of our God
With every thought combine;
While Jesus whispers, "I am his,
And my beloved mine."

cr 3 What shall we render to our King
For love so vast and free?
Lord, teach our stamm'ring lips to sing,
Our hearts to worship thee.

4 To him that wash'd us in his blood
Be everlasting praise;
Salvation, honor, glory, power,
Eternal as his grace.

464.

L. M.—*Repose. Quito.*
Christ crucified, the wisdom and power of God

" 1 NATURE with open volume stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad:
And every labor of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that rescu'd man,
The brightest rays of glory shine;
Here faith beholds the Victim slain
And owns the ransom all divine.

d 3 O the sweet wonders of the cross,
Where Jesus bow'd his head and died,
Her noblest life my spirit draws,
From the dear Saviour's bleeding side

cr 4 I would for ever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

465.

C. M.—*Tunbridge. Chester.*

A fountain opened.

aff 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

d 3 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, falt'ring tongue
—p Lies silent in the grave.

ex 4 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more.

Cowper

466.

S. M.—*Clapton.*

Christ unseen, yet loved. 1 Pet. i. 8.

vi 1 NOT with our mortal eyes,
Have we beheld the Lord:
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

d 3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow,
cr Unspeakable, like those above;
And heaven begins below.

467.

C. M.—*Dundee. Colchester.*

Thanks for the Bread of life. John vi. 31.

1 LET us adore th' Eternal Word,
Who now our souls hath fed,
Thou art the living stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread.

2 Blessed be He that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men;
And often spreads his board afresh,
Lest they should faint again.

3 Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath,
Amid such rich supplies,
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

468.

7's. 6 lines.—*Rock of Ages. Mount Calvary.*
Sacramental emblems.

d 1 BREAD of heav'n, on thee I feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may my soul be fed,
With the true and living bread:
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him that died.

2 Vine of heav'n, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
'Tis thy wounds, my healing give
To thy cross I look and live:
Thou, my life! O let me be
Rooted, grounded, built on thee.

Gems.

469.

L. M.—*Luton. ex. Repose.*
A sight of the cross.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
ag And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to thy blood.

aff 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

[4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
di Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.]

f 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an off'ring far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

470.

C. M.—*Dunchurch. Barby.*
The new covenant.

d 1 "THE promise of my Father's love,
Shall stand for ever good:"
He said; and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd it with his blood.

2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word,
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

cr 4 Thy light, and strength, and pard'ning grace,
And righteousness are mine:
My life, and soul, and heart, and flesh,
And all my powers are thine.

471.

C. M.—*Retirement. Colchester.*
The promises are sure.

m 1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,
And speak some boundless thing:
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his pow'r abroad;
Sing of the glory and the grace
Of our Redeemer God.

3 Proclaim, "Salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men;"
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,
Each promise ever shines,
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.

5 His word of grace is sure and strong,
As that which built the skies:
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

6 Oh, might I hear his heav'nly tongue
p But whisper, "Thou art mine;"
cr The gentle words should raise my song,
To strains almost divine.

472.

8's and 7's.—*Dismission. Parting Soul.*
Sitting by the cross.

d 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

aff 2 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe:
Still in faith and hope abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

3 O how blessed is the station!
di Low before the cross I'll lie,
While I see divine compassion
Pleading in the Victim's eye.

d 4 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing,
Mercy streaming in his blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Robinson.

473.

C. M.—*Burford.*
Bleeding Love.

d 1 HOW condescending and how kind,
Was God's eternal Son;
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.

ag 2 When Justice, arm'd by all our guilt,
Drew forth its dreadful sword;
For us his precious blood was spilt,
Without a murmuring word.

aff 3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes
To raise us to his throne:
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan.

4 This was compassion like a God,
That, when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Here let our hearts together melt,
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

474.

C. M.—*Windsor. The Cross.*
A look from the Cross.

aff 1 I SAW One hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

2 Sure never till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look:
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

ag 3 Alas! I knew not what I did;
But all my tears were vain;
Where could my trembling soul be hid,
—p For I the Lord had slain!

d 4 A second look he gave, which said
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou may'st live.

5 "Thus while my death thy sin displays,
In all its blackest hue;
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals thy pardon too."

Newton.

475.

S. M.—*St. Giles. Psalm* 25.
Dead to sin by the cross of Christ. Rom. vi. 1, 2, 6.

aff 1 SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds;
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God;
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we whose sins are crucified
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free;
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

476.

L. M. Double.—*Vienna.* "*Fast flow,*" &c.
Contrition in view of the Cross.

aff 1 FAST flow my tears, the cause is great,
This tribute claims an injur'd Friend;
One whom I long pursu'd with hate,
While he would love me to the end!
ag When justice frown'd above my head,
And death its terrors round me spread,
He interpos'd the wounds he bore,
di And bade me live to die no more.

aff 2 Fast flow my tears, yet faster flow,
Streams copious as yon purple tide:
Who was it gave the deadly blow?
Who urg'd the hand that pierced his side?
ag My soul, thy Victim here behold,
What pangs, what agonies untold,
While justice, arm'd with pow'r divine,
Pours on his head what's due to thine!

aff 3 Fast and yet faster flow my tears,
Now break this heart and drown these eyes.
His visage marr'd, tow'rd heav'n he rears,
—p And pleading for his murd'rers, dies!
ex My grief no measure knows, nor end,
Till he appears the sinner's Friend,
—d And gives me in some happy hour,
cr To feel the risen Saviour's pow'r.

H. K. White.

477.

7's. 6 lines.—*Mount Calvary.*
Repentance at the Cross of Christ.

aff 1 HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdu'd,
See his body mangled, rent,
Cover'd with a gore of blood;
ag Sinful soul, what hast thou done,
Crucified th' Eternal Son!

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
Driv'n the nails that fix'd him there,
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Plung'd into his side the spear,

Made his soul a sacrifice,
While for sinful man he dies.

aff 3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain?
Still to death thy Lord pursue?
Open all his wounds again?
And the shameful cross renew?
No; with all my sins I'll part,
ag Break, O break, my bleeding heart.
Har. Sacra.

478.

L. M.—*Vernon. Darwen.*
Salvation at the Bleeding Cross.

aff 1 HERE at thy cross, Incarnate God!
I lay my soul beneath thy love;
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Nor let me from thy feet remove.

2 Should worlds conspire to drive me hence,
ag Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolv'd, for 'tis my last defence,
If I must perish, here to die.

aff 3 But speak, O Lord, and calm my fear,
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
The vengeance will not reach me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

di 4 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
cr Hosanna to my Saviour God,
f And loudest praises to his name.

479.

8's and 7's.—*Aberdeen.*
Love Divine.

d 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

p 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all thy grace inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest:

cr Take away the love of sinning,
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of thy beginning,
Bring us to eternal day.

3 Carry on thy new creation,
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation,
Perfectly secur'd by thee:
Change from glory into glory,
Till in heav'n we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Anon.

480.

7's and 6's.—*Kingswood.*
Pleading by the Cross.

aff 1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love,
We now recall to mind;
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find:
Think on us who think on thee;
Every burden'd soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

2 Through thy blood by faith applied,
Let us thy pardon feel;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

3 Can we ever hence depart
Till thou our wants relieve?
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give:
Still our souls shall cry to thee,
Till renew'd by holiness;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

Anon.

481.

7's and 6's. Peculiar.—*Ashfield.*

Scene of the Cross.

aff 1 O SACRED Head once wounded,
With grief and pain weigh'd down!
How scornfully surrounded,
With thorns thy only crown:
O Sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!
Thy grief, and thy compassion,
Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.

ri 3 What language shall I borrow,
To praise thee, heav'nly Friend:
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord, make me thine for ever,
Nor let me faithless prove;
ag O let me never, never,
Abuse such dying love.

aff 4 Forbid that I should leave thee;
O Jesus, leave not me;
By faith I would receive thee;
Thy blood can make me free:
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart:
Release me then from anguish,
By thine own wounded heart.

Imitated from the German.

482.

8's and 7's.—*Aberdeen. Dismission. ex.*

Redeeming Love.

d 1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptur'd saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

di 3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.

cr 4 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be:
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.

p 5 Prone to wander, Lord I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

Robinson.

483.

L. M.—*Derby. Darwen.*
Love of Christ.

'' 1 I WAS a traitor doom'd to die,
Bound to endure eternal pains,
When Jesus saw me from on high,
Assum'd my place, and took my chains.

aff 2 Did melting pity stoop so low?
The Lord from heav'n pour out his blood,
To save our ruin'd race from wo,
And be our advocate with God?

mæ 3 Infinite mercy! boundless love!
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies;
The Son of God, his grace to prove,
Hangs on a cross, and groans and dies!

484.

L. M.—*Darwen. Vernon.*
Christ's Passion.

aff 1 BROUGHT forth to judgment, Jesus stands,
Arraign'd, condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
Here spurn'd by fierce Prætorian bands,
There mock'd by Herod's men of war.

2 He bears their buffeting and scorn,
Mock homage of the lip, the knee;
The purple robe, the crown of thorn,
The scourge, the nail, th' accursed tree.

d 3 No guile within his mouth is found,
He neither threatens, nor complains;
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb mid his murd'rers, he remains.

ex 4 But hark, he prays! 'tis for his foes,
He speaks—'tis comfort to his friends;
cr Answers—and paradise bestows;
—p He bows his head, the conflict ends.

ag 5 Truly this was the Son of God!
Though as a servant in disguise;
And bruised beneath the Father's rod,
Not for himself—for man he dies.

Montgomery.

485.

L. M.—*Rothwell. Duke-street.*
Day of espousals. Sol. Songs iii. 11.

vi 1 JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be,
d Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the blest hour when from above,
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day!
aff O may it never pass away;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comforts sink, nor love grow cold.

4 And may each moment as it flies,
cr Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we in heav'n shall sing thy name,
And taste the supper of the Lamb.

486.

C. M.—*Bradford. Chester.*
The guests of the gospel feast. Luke xiv. 17.

d 1 HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors;
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

2 While all our hearts, with joyful song,
Join to admire the feast;
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room?
While thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'Twas the same love which spread the feast,
That sweetly drew us in:
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

aff 5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come:
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

6 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race,
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

487.

L. M.—*Luton. ex. Repose.*
Love to the Saviour.

vi 1 OF all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love must stand confess'd,
The brightest blessing here below,
The highest rapture of the blest.

d 2 While we are held in thy embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove,
Each smile that lives upon thy face,
Fixes and charms the heart to love.

aff 3 When of thine absence we complain,
And long, and wish, and humbly pray;
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,
Those tears are sweet that mourn thy stay.

4 When round thy courts by day we move,
Or ask the watchmen of the night,
For some kind tidings from above,
Thy very name creates delight.

5 Jesus, again in mercy come,
Our eyes would dwell upon thy face,
vi 'Tis heav'n to see our Lord at home,
And feel the presence of his grace

488.

C. M.—*Chester. Retirement.*

Love to Christ.

d 1 THE Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influ'nce every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around!

2 Here, pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless wo.

di 3 Wrapp'd in the gloom of dark despair,
We helpless, hopeless, lay,
cr Till Sovereign mercy reach'd us there,
d And smil'd despair away.

ex 4 Oh! the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss a boundless store!
d Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.

5 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall!
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

Steele.

489.

H. M.—*Stafford. Haddam.*

The Cross celebrated.

vi.f 1 YE saints your music bring,
And swell the rapt'rous sound;
Strike every trembling string,
Till earth and heav'n resound;
The triumphs of the cross we sing,
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

2 The cross, the cross alone,
Subdu'd the pow'rs of hell:
Like light'ning from his throne,
The prince of darkness fell:
The triumphs, &c.

di 3 The hand of wrath is stay'd,
In its pursuit of blood;
The cross our debt has paid,
And made our peace with God:
cr The triumphs, &c.

di 4 The cross hath power to save,
From all the foes that rise:
The cross hath made the grave
A passage to the skies:
cr Angels and saints, its pow'r shall sing,
Till heaven's eternal arches ring.

Reed.

MONTHLY CONCERT.*

490.

L. M.—*Park-street. Luton.*
For a concert of prayer.

vi 1 SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy pow'r
Be this thy Zion's favour'd hour:
Bid the bright morning star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns;
On Afric's shore, on India's plains:
On heathen wilds, on lands unknown,
And take the nations for thy own.

" 3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice,
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night;
And bid all nations hail the light.

Pratt's Coll.

491.

L. M.—*Rothwell. Luther's Hymn.*
"Thy kingdom come."

vi 1 ASCEND thy throne, Almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thy own arm, salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face;
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdu'd by thy victorious grace.

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* See HOLY SPIRIT, MINISTERS, MISSIONARIES, BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES, also PSALMS 67, 72, 98, 99, 102, 110, 117, 132, 137, &c.

cr 3 O let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord,
f High let thy banner be unfurl'd,
Be thou through heav'n and earth ador'd.
Beddome.

492.

L. M.—*Repose. Seasons.*
Spread of the gospel.

1 THY people, Lord, who trust thy word,
And wait the smilings of thy face,
Assemble round thy mercy seat,
And plead the promise of thy grace.

2 Hast thou not said thine only Son
Shall be a light to gentile lands,
To open the benighted eyes,
And loose the wretched pris'ners' bands?

3 From land to land, from sea to sea,
That his dominion shall extend?
That every tongue shall call him Lord,
And every knee before him bend?

vi 4 Now let the happy time appear,
The time to favor Zion come;
Send forth thy heralds far and near,
And call the wand'ring exiles home.
Voke.

493.

L. M.—*Seasons. ex.*
Prayer for the spread of the gospel.

d 1 JESUS, we bow before thy throne,
We lift our eyes to seek thy face:
To bleeding hearts thy love make known,
On contrite souls bestow thy grace.

aff 2 See spread beneath thy gracious eye,
A world o'erwhelm'd in guilt and tears;
Where deathless souls in ruin lie,
And no kind voice dispels their fears.

ag 3 Lord, arm thy truth with pow'r divine,
Its conquests spread from shore to shore;
Till suns and stars forget to shine,
And earth and skies shall be no more.

vi 4 O rise, ye ransom'd captives, rise,
Peal the loud anthem here below;
Let earth reflect it to the skies,
And heav'n with new-born rapture glow
Beman.

494.

L. M.—*Park-street.*

Prayer for the spread of the gospel.

" 1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
And let the earth adoring see,
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen from thy throne,
I am Jehovah, God alone!
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

di 3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to the conscience be applied
—p The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.

cr 4 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim
In every land, of every name;
Let Zion's time of favor come,
And bring the tribes of Israel home.

f 5 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
Let hostile pow'rs before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

Anon.

495.

L. C. M.—*Aithlone.* *Resignation.*

Prayer for a dying world.

d 1 GOD of the nations, bow thine ear,
And listen to our fervent prayer,
Through thy beloved Son:
Build up the kingdom of his grace,
Amid the millions of our race,
And make thy wonders known.

2 Send forth the heralds in his name,
Bid them a Saviour's love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
vi Till every land shall hear the sound,
And send the joyful echoes round,
—p Amid the shades of death.

cr 3 O let the nations rise and bring
Their off'rings to th' Almighty King,
And trust in him alone;
Renounce their idols, and adore
The God of gods for evermore,
Upon his lofty throne.

di 4 The dying millions then shall prove
The matchless power of bleeding love,
And feel their sins forgiv'n;
cr Shall join the convert's joyful throng,
f And raise on high redemption's song,
Along the path to heav'n.

Mother's H. Book.

496.

S. M.—*Clapton.*
Prayer for all lands.

f 1 O GOD of sovereign grace,
We bow before thy throne,
And plead for all the human race
The merits of thy Son.

2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways:
And let all lands with joy record
The great Redeemer's praise.

Village Hymns

497.

8's, 7's, and 4's.—*Herald. Zion. ex.*
Success of the gospel among heathen.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheer'd by no celestial ray,
Sun of Righteousness arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day!
Send the gospel,
Through the realms of earth and sea.

2 Kingdoms long by sin beclouded,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now from eastern coast to western
Bid the morning chase the night:
Bid redemption
Pour its beams divinely bright.

cr 3 Bid the everlasting gospel
Win and conquer, and increase,
Bid the Saviour's wide dominions
Multiply and still increase,
Till his sceptre
Fills the world with life and peace.

Kirkham's Coll.

498.

L. M.—*Darwen. Vernon.*
Restoration of the Jews desired.

aff 1 HOW long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love?
Lord, shall thy wrath perpetual burn,
And wilt thou ne'er in love return?

2 Their mis'ries now in mercy heal,
Their trespass hide, their pardon seal:
O God of Jacob, hear our prayer,
And grant them still thy grace to share

3 Thy quick'ning Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart,
vi While Israel's rescu'd tribes in Thee,
Their bliss, their own Messiah see.

Merrick.

499.

C. M. Double.—*Retirement.*
The Jews rejected, and restored.

vi.d 1 JERUSALEM, Jerusalem!
Enthroned once on high,
Thou favor'd home of God on earth,
Thou heav'n below the sky;
aff Now brought to bondage with thy sons,
A blighting curse to see:
Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
Our tears shall flow for thee!

2 Oh, hadst thou known thy day of grace
And flock'd beneath the wing
Of him who call'd thee lovingly,
Thine own Almighty King;
Then had the tribes of all the earth
Gone up thy bliss to see;
And glory dwelt within thy gates,
And all thy sons been free.

di 3 Thy day of grace has sunk in night,
Thy time of mercy spent;
For heavy was thy children's crime,
And sore their punishment!
cr Oh! might that day again return
And gild thy desert clime;
Then wouldst thou seek thy Saviour's face
In that accepted time!

vi 4 Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
The promised hour draws nigh,
When all thy woes shall have an end
In joy and victory:
f Soon shall thy darkness disappear;
Thy Saviour thou shalt see,
Glory shall dwell within thy gates
And all thy sons be free.

Heber.

500. 7's and 6's. Peculiar.—*Missionary Hymn.*

Missionary field.

' ' 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand:
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

d 2 What though the spicy breezes,
p Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
cr And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

di 3 Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
cr Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

f 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinner's slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Heber.

501.

11's and 8's.—*Palestine.*

Palestine mission.

1 THEY have gone to the land where the patriarchs rest,
Where the bones of the prophets are laid;
Where the chosen of Israel the promise possess'd,
And Jehovah his wonders display'd:
di To the land where the Saviour of sinners once trod,
Where he labor'd and languish'd and bled:
cr Where he triumph'd o'er death, and ascended to God,
As he captive captivity led.

d 2 They have gone to the land where the Gospel's glad sound,
Sweetly tun'd by the angels above,
Was re-echo'd on earth, through the regions around,
In the accents of heavenly love,
di Where the Spirit descended in tokens of flame,
The rich gifts of his grace to reveal:
cr Where apostles wrought signs in Immanuel's name,
The truth of their mission to seal.

3 They have gone—the glad heralds of mercy have gone
To the land where the martyrs once bled:
Where the "Beast the False Prophet" has since trodden down,
The fair fabric that Zion had laid:
d Where the churches once planted, and water'd, and blest
With the dews which the Spirit distill'd,
Have been smitten, despoil'd, and by heathen possess'd;
And the places that knew them, defil'd.

4 They have gone—O, thou Shepherd of Israel—have gone,
The glad mission in love to restore:
aff Thou wilt not forsake them, nor leave them alone;
Thy blessing we humbly implore.

cr Thy blessing go with them—Oh be thou their shield
From the shafts of the fowler that fly;
O, Saviour of sinners, thine arm be reveal'd
In mercy, in might from on high.

S. Songs.

502.

C. M.—*Channing. Tolland.*
The latter day foretold.

f 1 BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise;
Shall tow'r above the meaner hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round
And distant tribes shall flow;
"Ascend the hill of God," they cry,
And to his temple go.

3 The beams that shine on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King that reigns in Zion's tow'r,
Shall all the world command.

4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares they shall beat their swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.

5 No longer host encount'ring host,
Their millions slain deplore;
di The arts of peace they cultivate,
And study war no more.

cr⌒6 Come then, O come from every land
To worship at his shrine;
And walking in the light of God,
In holy beauty shine.

Logan.

503.

C. M.—*Moravian.*
Babylon falling. Rev. xv. 3. xvi. 19.

mæ 1 WE sing the glories of thy pow'r,
We sound thy dreadful name;
The Christian church unites the songs
Of Moses and the Lamb.

2 Great God, how marvellous thy works
Of vengeance and of grace!
Thou King of saints, thou mighty Lord
How just and true thy ways!

ag 3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
Or worship at thy throne!
Thy judgments speak thy holiness,
Through all the nations known.

4 The nations that oppress'd the earth,
And drank the martyrs' blood,
Come in remembrance, and awake
The vengeance of our God.

504.

C. M.—*Coventry. Barby.*
Ruins of Antichrist. Isaiah lxiii. 4, 7.

mæ 1 "I LIFT my banner," saith the Lord,
"Where Antichrist hath stood;
The city of my gospel foes
Shall be a field of blood.

ag 2 "My heart hath burn'd with vengeance just,
And now the day appears:
The day of my redeem'd is come
To wipe away their tears.

3 "Slaughter and the devouring sword
Shall walk the streets around;
Babel shall reel beneath the stroke
And stagger to the ground."]

mæ 4 Thy honors, O victorious King!
Thy own right hand shall raise:
While we thy awful vengeance sing,
And our Deliv'rer praise.

505.

H. M.—*Haddam. Stafford.*
The Gospel Jubilee.

f 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year of Jubilee, &c.

ag 3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive:
di And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
cr The year of Jubilee, &c.

f 4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace:
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee, &c.

d 5 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Has full atonement made:
p Ye weary spirits rest,
cr Ye mourning souls be glad:
f The year of Jubilee is come, &c.

Toplady.

506.

S. M.—*Clapton.*
Diffusion of the gospel.

1 O LORD our God arise,
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world,
Extend her blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of life arise,
Nor let thy glories cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Spirit of grace arise,
Extend thy healing wing,
And o'er a dark and ruin'd world,
Let light and order spring.

4 Let all on earth arise,
To God the Saviour sing,
From shore to shore, from earth to heav'n,
Let echoing anthems ring.

Anon.

507.

7's and 6's.—*Missionary Hymn.*
Reign of Christ on earth.

vi 1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along:
When hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
d And him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

cr 2 Then from the lofty mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
p And shady vales and fountains
cr Shall echo the reply:
f High tow'r and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All, hallelujah swelling
In one eternal round.

Pratt's Coll.

508.

7's.—*German Hymn.*
Triumphs of the gospel.

d 1 WHO are these that come from far,
Led by Jacob's rising star?
Strangers now to Zion come
There to seek a peaceful home.

vi 2 Lo! they gather like a cloud,
Or as doves their windows crowd!
Zion wonders at the sight,
Zion feels a strange delight.

3 Zion now no more shall sigh,
God will raise her glory high;
He will send a large increase,
He will give his people peace.

f 4 Sons of Zion sing aloud!
See her sun without a cloud!
God will make her joy complete,
Zion's sun shall never set.

Kelly.

509.

L. M.—*Park-street. Mansfield.*
Triumphs of the gospel.

ff 1 SHOUT, for the great Redeemer reigns,
Through distant lands his triumphs spread,
Sinners now freed from Satan's chains,
Own him their Saviour and their Head.

2 Oh, may this conquest still increase,
Let every foe his pow'r subdue:
While angels celebrate his praise,
Saints shall his rising glories show.

ff 3 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above,
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

Burder's Coll.

510.

L. M.—*Moravian. Park-street.*
Christ's reign on earth. Rev. xi. 15, 17.

f '' 1 WHEN the seventh angel sounds on high,
Let shouts be heard through all the sky,
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up their kingdoms to the Lord!

mæ 2 Almighty God, thy pow'r assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come,
Jesus, the Lamb, that once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign.

511.

C. M.—*Moravian. Remembrance.*
Vision of Christ's kingdom among men. Rev. xxi. 1—4.

mæ 1 LO, what a glorious scene appears
To our believing eye!
The earth and sea have pass'd away,
With all the starry sky.

2 From the third heav'n, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

f 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing;
Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 "The God of glory dwells with men,
And shows his smiling face;
Men, the dear objects of his love,
The subjects of his grace.

d 5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
m And pains, and groans, and doubts, and fears,
—*p* And death itself shall die;

ag 6 "How long, dear Saviour, O, how long,
Shall this bright hour delay?
vi Fly swiftly round, ye wings of time,
And bring the welcome day.

512.

11's and 10's.—*Tune, Daughter of Zion.*
Zion triumphant.

vi 1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness,
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
p Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness,
cr Rise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

f 2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdu'd them,
And scatter'd their legions, was mightier far:
di They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursu'd them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

f 3 Daughter of Zion, the Pow'r that hath sav'd thee,
Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should be;
ff Shout! for the foe is destroy'd that enslav'd thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free.

Anon.

513.

8's, 7's, and 4's.—*Helmsley. Lo, he comes.*
The latter day.

'' 1 LOOK, ye saints! the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand:
mæ God, the mighty God, is speaking,
By his word in every land:
Day advances,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 God of Jacob, high and glorious!
Let thy people see thy power;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world forevermore;
Then shall idols
Perish, while thy saints adore.

Anon.

514. 11's and 10's.—*Tune, Hail to the brightness.*

Dawn of the Millennium.

f.vi 1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
cr Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
p Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
cr Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

d 3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
f Loud from the mountain-top echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

S. Songs.

515. 7's. Double.—*Song of Jubilee.*

Millennial glory.

f'' 1 HARK, the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar;
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore!
Hallelujah, for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign!
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo through the earth and main.

cr 2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies!
See Jehovah's banners furl'd,
Sheath'd his sword, his warfare done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

mæ. 3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Heav'n and earth are pass'd away:
Then the end: beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ is God!
God in Christ is all in all

Montgomery.

516.

C. M.—*Tolland. Latter day.*
Universal praise.

vi. f 1 O CITY of the Lord, begin
The universal song;
And let the scatter'd villages
The joyful notes prolong.

2 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up the lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock
In accent rude rejoice.

3 O from the streams of distant lands
Unto Jehovah sing;
And joyful from the mountain tops
Shout to the Lord the King.

4 Let all combin'd with one accord
The Saviour's glories raise,
Till in remotest bounds of earth
The nations sound his praise.

Logan.

MISSIONARIES.*

517.

8's, 7's, and 4's.—*Zion.*
Gospel proclaimed.

vi 1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Joyful news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
di Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

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* See MINISTERS, MONTHLY CONCERT, BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

aff 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
f. vi Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
p By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
d Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well belov'd.

3 Thy own God will soon restore thee
He himself appears thy friend;
cr All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliv'rance
Zion's King will surely send.

f 4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now be past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee,
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

Kelly.

518.

6's and 5's.—*Lyons. Devonshire.*
Christ proclaimed.

f'' 1 YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name:
The name all victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
di Yet still he is nigh,
His presence we have:
cr The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God
Who sits on his throne;
Let all cry aloud,
And honor the Son:

Immanuel's praises
The angels proclaim,
p Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

cr 4 Then let us adore
And give him his right;
All glory and power,
And wisdom and might;
f All honor and blessing
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing
—di And infinite love.

Pratt's Coll

519.

C. M.—*Warwick. Remembrance.*
Prayer for missionaries.

vi 1 WHEN shall the gospel tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound.

2 O when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heav'nly word;
And vassals long enslaved become
The freemen of the Lord?

p ! ! 3 When shall th' untutor'd heathen tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn redeeming grace?

4 Haste, sovereign mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love;
Soften the tiger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove!

5 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build, on sin's demolish'd throne,
The temples of thy praise.

Rippon's Coll.

520.

S. M.—*Clapton. Oakland.*
Charge to missionaries.

vi 1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

di 2 The Master whom you serve,
Will needful aid bestow;
Depending on his promises,
cr With sacred courage go.

f 3 Go spread the Saviour's fame,
Go tell his matchless grace;
Proclaim salvation full and free
To Adam's ruin'd race.

4 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hills in valleys rise;
The cause is God's, and shall prevail
Though hosts against him rise.

Voke.

521.

11's and 8's.—*Palestine.*
Charge to missionaries.

f 1 STAND up, O ye heralds, your mission proclaim,
And wide be your banners unfurl'd;
Declare to the heathen, Immanuel's name,
Speak, speak to a perishing world!
' ' See millions unnumber'd in darkness profound,
Still groping their desolate way;
Unheard the mild accents of mercy's sweet sound,
Unseen the bright glimm'rings of day.

di 2 Where sin holds in triumph its desolate reign,
Down the pathway to regions of wo;
Where nameless pollutions still follow in train,
And waters of bitterness flow:
There publish the news of the crucified One,
Who suffer'd that sinners might live;
cr Who rising in triumph, ascended his throne,
Salvation immortal to give.

f 3 Speak, speak that the heathen may quickly receive,
The message of heavenly peace:
Oh speak, till the millions repent and believe,
And rejoice in th' abundance of grace!

The heathen shall listen, the darkness shall flee,
The glorious Day Star arise:
The earth from its bondage of sin shall be free,
And heav'n shall descend from the skies.
M. S.

522.

7's and 6's. Peculiar.—*Missionary H.*
Departure of missionaries.

vi. f 1 ROLL on, thou mighty ocean!
And as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy,
To every vale of wo!
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to their destin'd shore;
That men may sit in darkness
And death's black shade no more.

mæ 2 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Deliver them from harm!
d Thy presence still be with them
Wherever they may be;
Though far from those who love them,
Let them be nigh to thee.
Pratt's Col.

523.

8's, 7's, and 4's.—*Zion. Lo, he comes.*
Departure of missionaries.

f'' 1 MEN of God, go take your stations;
Darkness reigns o'er all the earth,
Loud proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heav'nly birth:
Bear the tidings,
Tidings of the Saviour's worth!

di 2 Go to men in darkness sleeping;
Tell that Christ is strong to save;
p Go to men in bondage weeping;
cr Publish freedom to the slave:
Tell the dying,
Christ has triumph'd o'er the grave.

cg What though earth, by hell excited,
Should oppose the Saviour's reign!
Plead his cause to souls benighted;
Fear ye not the face of men;
Vain the tumult,
Earth and hell will rage in vain.

di 4 Though expos'd to fearful dangers,
cr Jesus will his own defend;
d Borne afar mid foes and strangers,
Jesus is your heav'nly Friend;
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

Kelly.

524. 8's, 7's, and 6's. Peculiar.—*Watchmen onward.*

Departure of missionaries.

vi 1 WATCHMEN! onward to your stations
Blow the trumpet long and loud;
Preach the gospel to the nations,
Speak to every gath'ring crowd:
See! the day is breaking;
See the saints awaking,
p No more in sadness bow'd.

vi 2 Watchmen! hail the rising glory
Of the great Messiah's reign;
d Tell the Saviour's bleeding story,
Tell it to the list'ning train:
See his love revealing;
See the Spirit sealing;
'Tis life among the slain!

vi 3 Watchmen! as the clouds are flying,
As the doves in haste return,
Thousands from amid the dying,
Flee to Christ his love to learn;
di All their sighs and sadness,
cr Turn to joy and gladness,
When they his grace discern.

f 4 Watchmen! now lift up your voices;
Tell the triumphs of your King,
While the ransom'd host rejoices;
Sing aloud his praises, sing:
See his arm victorious;
See his kingdom glorious,
While heav'ns glad anthems ring.

PART II.

aff 5 Watchmen! when your friends are weeping,
When they bid the last adieu,
To your heav'nly Father's keeping,
Leave them in submission true:
Kind is his protection,
Safe by his direction,
Your onward course pursue.

ag 6 Watchmen! cast no look behind you,
While your foes are pressing hard,
Jesus shall himself defend you,
Zion's King shall be your guard:
What though hosts assail you,
Christ can never fail you,
He is your great reward.

d 7 Watchmen! when your toils are ended,
When your conflicts all are o'er,
By celestial bands attended,
You shall reach the heav'nly shore:
f Crowns of joy await you,
While the hosts that hate you,
Perish evermore.

S. Songs.

525.

7's. Double.*—*Haven . Watchman tell.*
Tell us of the night.—A dialogue.

mæ'' 1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are!
Trav'ller! o'er yon mountain's height
See the glory beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray,
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ller! yes, it brings the day,
Promis'd day of Israel.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night:
Higher yet that star ascends!
d— Trav'ller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends!
Watchman! will its beams, alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
mæ Trav'ller! ages are its own;
f See it bursts o'er all the earth!

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* This hymn seems intended for responsive singing.

di 3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn:
f Trav'ller! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn!
d Watchman! let thy wand'ring cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home;
f Trav'ller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

Bowring

526.

7's and 6's. Peculiar.—*Missionary Hymn.*
The gospel banner.

f ! ! 1 NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd;
And be the shout hosanna,
Re-echo'd through the world:
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

ag 2 What though th' embattl'd legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine:
cr Ride on, O Lord, victorious!
Immanuel, Prince of Peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious;
Thy empire still increase.

d 3 Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
m Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransom'd captive sings:
vi The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

Musica Sacra

527.

8's. Double.—*Solitude.*
On the death of a missionary.

aff 1 WEEP not for the saint that ascends,
To partake of the joys of the sky;
Weep not for the seraph that bends,
With the worshipping chorus on high:

Weep not for the spirit now crown'd
With the garland to martyrdom giv'n,
O weep not for him, he has found
His reward and his refuge in heav'n.

2 But weep for their sorrows who stand
And lament o'er the dead by his grave;
p Who sigh when they muse on the land
Of their home far away o'er the wave:
cr And weep for the nations that dwell
Where the light of the truth never shone;
di Where anthems of peace never swell,
And the love of the Lord is unknown.

Anon.

BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.*

528.

C. M.—*Chester. Colchester.*
Active benevolence.

vi 1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

d 2 O may each sympathizing breast
That gen'rous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' wo.

aff 3 When the poor helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid;
di Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

d 4 So Jesus look'd on dying man,
When thron'd above the skies;
Amid the glories he possess'd,
He felt compassion rise.

vi 5 On wings of love, the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground;
p And shed his own most precious blood,
A balm for every wound.

Doddridge.

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* See GRACES, MINISTERS, MONTHLY CONCERT, MISSIONARIES, &c.

529.

C. M.—*Colchester. Retirement.*
For benevolent societies.

d 1 BRIGHT source of everlasting love!
To thee our souls we raise;
And to thy sovereign bounty rear
A monument of praise.

2 Thy mercy gilds the path of life
With many a cheering ray:
Kindly restrains each rising grief,
p Or wipes the tears away.

ag [3 When, sunk in guilt, our souls drew nigh
The borders of despair,
Grace interpos'd; thy blood proclaim'd
A free salvation near.]

cr 4 What shall we render, bounteous Lord,
For all the grace we see?
ex Alas! the goodness worms can yield,
Extendeth not to thee.

d 5 To tents of wo, to beds of pain,
Our cheerful feet repair;
And with the gifts thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners there.

6 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
The orphan shall be glad;
The hung'ring soul, we'll gladly point
To Christ the living bread.

7 Thus passing through the vale of tears,
May our example shine,
Till others learn to glorify
Our Father's name divine.

Boden.

530.

C. M.—*Retirement.*
Charitable appropriations.

1 HIGH on a throne of light, O Lord!
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can our poverty bestow,
Since all the world is thine!

d 2 But thou hast brethren here below,
The children of thy grace,
Whose humble names thou wilt confess
Before thy Father's face.

3 In them may'st thou be cloth'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd;
And in their accents of distress,
Our Saviour's voice be heard.

4 Whate'er our willing hands can give,
Lord, at thy feet we lay;
Grace will the humble gift receive,
And grace at length repay.

Pratt's Coll.

531.

C. M.—*Retirement.*
Religious tracts.

d 1 GO, messenger of love, and bear
Upon thy gentle wing,
The songs that seraphs love to hear,
And angels joy sing.

2 Go to the heart with sin oppress'd,
And dry the sorrowing tear;
Extract the thorn that wounds the breast,
The drooping spirit cheer.

cr 3 Go say to Zion, "Jesus reigns;"
By his resistless pow'r,
ag He binds his enemies with chains;
They fall to rise no more.

di 4 Tell of the Spirit's energies,
As he from heav'n descends,
cr Arrests his proudest enemies,
And changes them to friends.

B.

532.

8's and 6's. Peculiar.—*Tune,* "*Go forth,*" *&c.*
Distribution of tracts.

vi 1 GO forth on wings of fervent pray'r,
Go with the message from above,
Go in the Master's name we love,
Silent, but eloquent to prove,
Till e'en the deaf shall hear.

2 To ev'ry dwelling speed your way,
Scatter the shades of error's night,
Kindle the rays of gospel light,
Pour them around in splendor bright,
Till e'en the blind shall see.

cr 3 Bid ev'ry slumb'ring soul awake,
Tell of the darkness, fire, and chains,
Tell of the heav'n where Jesus reigns,
Tell of his love in melting strains,
Till e'en the dumb shall speak.

4 O Jesus, give thy word success;
Lo, at thy footstool now we bend,
Only on thee our hopes depend,
Thou art alone the sinner's friend,
Thy word is life and peace.

S. Songs

533.

7's and 6's. Peculiar.—*Ashfield.*
Temperance.

aff 1 HOW long shall virtue languish?
How long shall folly reign?
While many a heart with anguish
Is weeping o'er the slain?
How long shall dissipation
Her deadly waters pour,
Throughout this favored nation,
Her millions to devour.

2 When shall the veil of blindness
Fall from the sons of wealth,
Restoring human kindness,
And industry, and health?
When shall the charms so luring,
Of bad example cease;
The ends at once securing,
Of industry and peace?

vi 3 We hail with joy unceasing,
The Band whose pledge is giv'n;
Whose numbers are increasing,
Amid the smiles of Heav'n:
Their virtues never failing,
Shall lead to brighter days,
When holiness prevailing,
Shall fill the earth with praise.

S. Songs.

534.

7's and 6's. Peculiar.—*Ashfield.*
Evils of strong drink. Prov. xxiii. 29.

aff 1 AH, who hath keenest sorrow,
Distracting to the soul?
He that would pleasure borrow
From the o'erflowing bowl:

And who hath wounds and bruises,
Disorders without cure?
He that himself abuses,
Must all these ills endure.

ag 2 Strong drink is ever raging,
Its fires will still increase;
What hand the heat assuaging,
Will bring the victim peace?
f '' The voice of Wisdom crieth
Look not upon the cup:
ag He that himself destroyeth,
Must perish without hope.

M. S

535.

L. M.—*Repose. All saints.*
Restraining influence of the gospel.

d 1 HOW beautiful those rays appear,
Reflections of the gospel light,
Which make the path of virtue clear,
To the bewilder'd wand'rer's sight!

'' 2 They warn the guilty, check the proud,
Arrest the thoughtless, and the gay;
Disperse the midnight, boist'rous crowd,
And take the mad'ning bowl away.

3 To temp'rance, industry, and peace,
To comfort, and to health they lead;
They bid earth's crimes and sorrows cease,
And love and happiness succeed.

vi 4 Then let the beams resplendent shine,
Its brighest rays the gospel pour,
Till by an influ'nce all divine,
The reign of vice shall be no more.

M. S.

536.

L. M.—*Duke-street.*
Pecuniary collections.

'' 1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of pow'r and grace,
That spread salvation through our race.

d 2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.

[3 That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank !]

'' 4 The man who marks, from day to day,
In gen'rous acts his radiant way,
cr Treads the same path his Saviour trod—
The path to glory and to God.

Gibbons.

537.

C. M.—*Retirement. Chester.*
Charity.

d 1 BLEST is the man whose soft'ning heart
Can feel another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain:

2 Who spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief;
While secret bounty largely flows,
To bring unsought relief.

3 To gentle offices of love,
His feet are never slow ;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

4 He from the bosom of his God,
Shall present peace receive ;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

Barbauld.

538.

6's and 9's.—*Salem.*
Contributions for benevolent purposes.

vi'' 1 O JESUS, our King,
These off'rings we bring,
And prostrate ourselves at thy throne
We come in thy name,
No merit we claim,
We bring thee but what is thy own.

2 Thine, Lord, is the whole;
The body, the soul,
All, all that we have or desire ;
Our time and our health,
Our influ'nce, our wealth,
Our affections that upward aspire.

3 Yet wilt thou approve
Such off'rings of love;
And when stewards thy treasures restore,
They find their reward
In the joy of their Lord;
And what could thy servants have more?

4 Thy name we adore,
Thy blessing implore,
Oh! smile on the trifles we bring;
Accept from our hands
What thy glory demands,
And thy praises aloud we will sing.
S. Songs.

TIMES AND SEASONS.*

539.

L. M.—*Rothwell. Stonefield.*
For a public thanksgiving.

vi 1 ALMIGHTY Sovereign of the skies,
To thee let songs of gladness rise;
Each grateful heart its tribute bring,
And every voice thy goodness sing.

'' 2 From thee our countless blessings flow,
Life, health, and strength, thy hands bestow;
The daily good thy creatures share,
Springs from thy providential care.

3 The rich profusion nature yields,
The harvest waving o'er the fields,
The cheering light, refreshing shower,
Are gifts from thy exhaustless store.

4 At thy command, the vernal bloom
Revives the world from winter's gloom;
The summer's heat the fruit matures,
And autumn all her treasures pours.

5 From thee proceed domestic ties,
Connubial bliss, parental joys;
On thy support the nations stand,
Obedient to thy high command.

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* See General Praise, Worship, Ministers, Ordinations, Dedications Ordinances, Monthly Concert, &c.

vi. f 6 Let every power of heart and tongue,
Unite to swell the grateful song;
While age and youth in chorus join,
And praise the majesty divine.

Anon.

540.

7's.—*Song of Jubilee.*
Thanksgiving.

f' ' 1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song,
Praises to our God belong,
Saints and angels join to sing,
Praises to the heav'nly King.

2 Blessings from his lib'ral hand,
Flow around this happy land:
Guarded by his watchful eye,
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey,
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

ff 4 Hark! the voice of nature sings,
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

Anon.

541.

L. M.—*Stonefield.*
Praise for national peace.

1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies!
A word of thy almighty breath,
Can sink the world or bid it rise;
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

ag 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And battle sounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter fills the trembling plain;

di 3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
Marks out their course and bounds their pow'r;
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.

d 4 Then peace returns with balmy wing,
Sweet peace! with her what blessings fled!
m Glad plenty smiles, the valleys sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.

5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
All things subserve thy sovereign will:
E'en peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.

6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore:
Oh may our hearts, and lives, and tongues
Confess thy goodness and adore.

Steele.

542.

C. M.—*Windsor. Burford.*
For a public fast.

1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

ag 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
di Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And yet we live to pray.

3 Great God, why is this nation spared,
Ungrateful as we are!
Oh be thy voice of warning heard,
While mercy cries forbear.

aff 4 What sins, what crimes increasing rise,
This nation to defile!
What land so favor'd of the skies;
And yet what land so vile!

5 How chang'd, alas, are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

di 6 Oh! bid us turn, Almighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace:
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

Steele.

543.

S. M.—*St. Giles. Bridgeport.*
For a fast day.

aff 1 MOURN, mourn o'er follies past,
The Spirit griev'd away;
The church of God in slumber cast,
While night succeeds to day.

2 Mourn, mourn o'er follies past,
O'er sins of deepest dye;
Our heritage now lies a waste,
Before th' All-seeing eye.

3 Mourn, mourn o'er follies past,
And weep o'er present ills:
Let Zion give herself no rest,
Till God his grace reveals.

4 Mourn, mourn o'er follies past,
Forgiveness now implore;
cr O God, accept the solemn fast,
And bring the joyful hour.

M. S.

544.

C. M.—*Moreland. Burford.*
For a national fast.

'' 1 WHEN Abra'm, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And with an humble, fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued.

2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crown'd?
The Lord would spare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.

aff 3 Are not the righteous dear to thee,
Now as in ancient times?
Or does our sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in her crimes?

4 Oh make us thine, we bear thy name;
Here yet is thine abode;
Long has thy presence blest the land;
Forsake us not, O God!

5 May we, O Lord, our sovereign King,
Thy wonted blessings share,
And know thee by that precious name,
The God who heareth prayer.

Scott.

545.

L. M.—*Rothwell. Park-street.*
Marriage.

vi 1 WITH cheerful voices rise and sing
The praises of our God and King;
For he alone can minds unite
In mutual love and pure delight.

2 Oh may this pair increasing find
Substantial pleasure of the mind:
Happy in all things may they be,
And both united, Lord, to thee.

3 So may they live as truly one;
And when their work on earth is done,
Rise hand in hand to heav'n, and share
The joys of love for ever there.

Proud.

546.

C. M.—*Retirement.*
Marriage.

d 1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear,
To grace a marriage feast;
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To shine on every guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown;
And bless the nuptial bands.

3 In purest love, these souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

di 4 And when the solemn hour shall come,
And life's short space be o'er;
cr May they in triumph reach that home,
Where they shall part no more.

Berridge.

547.

L. M.—*Stonefield. Rothwell.*
For Mariners.

mæ 1 GOD of the seas, thine awful voice,
Bids all the rolling waves rejoice;
p And one soft word of thy command,
cr—p Can sink them silent on the sand.

!! 2 If but a prophet wave thy rod,
The sea divides and owns its God:
The mighty floods their Maker know,
And let his chosen armies through!

3 The watery tribes his voice obey,
And when he speaks, their tribute pay;
ag And when the howling tempest raves,
He walks upon the foaming waves.

f 4 And is thy glorious power ador'd,
Amid these watery wonders, Lord!
Do the bold men that trace the seas,
Acknowledge God in all their ways?

5 Oh for some signal of thy pow'r!
vi Hasten the bright, the promis'd hour,
When all the fulness of the sea,
Shall be converted unto thee.

548.

C. M.—*Stonefield.* *ex.*
A storm at sea.

vi f 1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast the dark'ning sky,
di Out of the depths to thee we call,
ag Our fear is great, our strength is small.

2 Thy hand can wonders still perform,
O guide and guard us through the storm.
di Defend us from the threat'ning ill;
—p Say to the waters, "Peace, be still."

cr 3 Amid the roaring of the sea,
Our anxious souls look up to thee;
aff Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Alone can save us from despair.

ag 4 Though tempest-tost, and half a wreck,
The Saviour through the floods we seek:
di To him alone will we complain,
Amid the winds and stormy main.

Cowper.

549.

L. M.—*Retirement.* *Fabius.*
For mariners.

' 1 WHEN o'er the mighty deep we rode,
By winds and storms assail'd;
We call'd upon the ocean's God,
Whose mercy never fail'd.

2 The raging tempest heard thy voice,
di The winds obey'd thy will;
The elements withheld their noise,
—p And all the floods were still.

cr 3 With joy we hail'd the distant shore,
And safe the vessel moor'd:
With grateful hearts, that happy hour,
We prais'd the ocean's Lord.

di 4 Thus, while o'er floods and seas we roam,
Thy goodness still we see;
Though distant from our native home,
We are not far from thee.

5 And when the voyage of life is past,
And we are call'd to die;
cr Oh may we see thy face at last,
In realms beyond the sky.

f 6 Then as we join th' ethereal bands,
Beyond the swelling wave;
We'll praise thee with uplifted hands,
And sing thy pow'r to save.

M. S.

550.

C. M. Double.—*Moravian.*
Deliverance in a sea-storm.

aff 1 OUR little bark, on boist'rous seas,
By cruel tempest tost,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Expecting to be lost;
We to the Lord, in humble prayer,
Breath'd out our sad distress;
Though feeble, yet with contrite hearts,
We sought returning peace.

di 2 The stormy winds thy voice obey'd,
The waves no more did roll;
At thy command, a placid sea
—p Spake comfort to the soul:
vi. f Well may our grateful, trembling hearts,
Sweet hallelujahs sing,
-To him who hath our lives preserv'd,
Our Saviour and our King.

Anon.

551.

C. M. Double.—*Retirement. Spring.*
Spring of the year.

vi. d 1 WHILE beauty clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms on the spray;
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

Hark! how the feather'd warblers sing!
'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
p Soft music hails the lovely spring,
cr And woods and fields rejoice.

p 2 How kind the influ'nce of the skies
cr While show'rs with blessings fraught,
Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,
And fix the roving thought!
⌣ O let my wond'ring heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous Hand that deigns to bless
Each smiling field and grove.

3 That Hand in this hard heart of mine,
Can bid each virtue live;
While gentle show'rs of grace divine,
Life, beauty, fragrance give:
aff O God of nature, God of grace!
Thy heav'nly gifts impart,
And bid sweet meditation trace
Spring blooming in my heart.

Steele.

552.

C. M.—*Rothwell. Luton.*
The summer harvest.

vi 1 TO praise the ever bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy pow'rs;
He calls, and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

2 His cov'nant with the earth he keeps,
My tongue his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time,
The harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well pleas'd, the husbandmen behold
The waving yellow crop,
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
di And sow again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness;
cr Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The rip'ning harvest bless.

Needham.

553.

7's and 6's.—*Amsterdam.* *Whitefield.* **Geneva.**

A winter's day.

vi 1 TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home:
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigour soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon will be
Enclos'd in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home:
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above;
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

Burton

554.

C. M.—*Windsor.* *Burford.*

Human frailty; or, the closing year.

aff 1 THEE we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath at first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

3 Dangers stand thick through all the ground
Wherever we may roam;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To urge us to the tomb.

4 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things,
Th' eternal state of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.

5 Infinite joy or endless wo
Attends on every breath!
And yet how unconcern'd we go,
Upon the brink of death!

6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road :
And if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

555.

L. M.—*Rothwell. Luton.*
The new year.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported, still we stand ;
The opening year thy mercy shows,
Let mercy crown it, till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God ;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts, the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave at Jesus' feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Thou art our hope, our joy, our rest ;
Thy goodness, through life's changing days
f Shall raise the song of grateful praise.

p 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
cr Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

Doddridge.

556.

L. M.—*Rothwell. Stonefield.*
The new year.

vi 1 ETERNAL source of every joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee Sovereign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole ;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

[3 The flow'ry spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land ;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Throughout our land redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of terror wear.]

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.
Doddridge.

557.

L. M.—*Seasons. Repose.*
The new year.

d 1 GOD of my life, thy constant care
With mercy crowns the op'ning year,
And while the months and days prolong,
I'll raise to thee my grateful song.

aff 2 How many precious souls have fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since the departed year began,
While suns and moons in circles ran!

ag 3 Our breath is thine, eternal God,
'Tis thine to fix the soul's abode:
We hold our life from thee alone,
On earth and in the world unknown.

d 4 To thee our souls we here resign,
O make us, Lord, for ever thine;
So may we smile secure from fear,
Though death should blast the rising year.
Doddridge.

558.

C. M.—*Moreland. Burford.*
The new year.

1 NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
d Make us the Saviour's presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

aff 2 From all the guilt of former sin,
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more;
That sinners now may learn to love
Who never loved before.

4 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

Newton.

AFFLICTIONS.*

559.

C. M.—*Chester. Retirement.*
Presence of God in affliction.

aff 1 THY gracious presence, O my God,
Can sooth my inward pains;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.

2 This can my every care control,
And gild each scene with light;
cr This is the sunshine of the soul;
di Without it all is night.

vi 3 My Lord, my life, O cheer my heart
With thy reviving ray;
And bid these mournful shades depart,
And bring the dawn of day.

d 4 O happy scenes of pure delight,
Where thy full beams arise!
Unclouded beauty to the sight,
Sweet rapture and surprise!

di 5 Lord, shall these breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee?
Confirm my hope, that where thou art
I shall for ever be.

cr 6 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darkest hours away;
And rise on faith's expanding wing,
To everlasting day.

Steele.

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* See EXPERIMENTAL, DEATH, &c., also PSALMS 55, 102, 119, 143.

560.

S. M.—*St. Giles.*

Presence of the Saviour desired.

aff 1 WHEN gloomy doubts and fears
The trembling soul invade,
And all the face of nature wears
A universal shade—

ex 2 Thy presence can assuage
The tempest of the soul;
The billows, Lord, shall cease to rage,
At thy divine control.

p 3 Oh, let me feel thy power,
And find the sweet relief;
Now cheer the dark and gloomy hour,
And charm away my grief!

Lutheran Coll

561.

C. M.—*Chester.*

The request—contentment.

d 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise.

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that I am thine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

Steele.

562.

7's. 6 lines.—*Nuremburgh.*

The child-like temper.

d 1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild:
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleas'd with all that pleases thee.

2 As the little one relies
On a care beyond its own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to move one step alone:
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

3 Keep me from the tempter's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears;
Let me live upon thy smiles,
cr Till the promis'd hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
f All their Father's boundless love.

Anon.

563.

L. M.—*Vernon. Darwen.*
Prayer in affliction.

aff 1 GOD of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall;
Oh! while the swelling floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse the humble plea?
Does not the word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain.

3 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer:
The promise of a faithful God
Supports me under every load.

4 Should I be poor, despis'd, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
That man is safe and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

Cowper

564.

L. M.—*Uxbridge. Duke-street.*
Prayer answered by crosses.

'' 1 I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

[2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has heard my prayer,
And answer'd, though in such a way,
As led me almost to despair.]

3 I thought that in some favor'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request:
And by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

aff 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry pow'rs of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

[5 Yea more; with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my wo:
Cross'd every purpose I had schem'd,
Blasted my hopes, and laid me low.]

6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried,
"Wilt thou pursue my soul to death?"
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith

7 "These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

Newton.

565.

8's and 7's.—*Aberdeen. Gently, Lord.*
In affliction.

d 1 GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us,
Through this lowly vale of tears;
Through the trials still decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

ag 3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

d 4 And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest;
Till by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

S. Songs.

566.

C. M.—*Windsor. Burford.*
In deep affliction.

aff 1 WHY should a living man complain
Of deep distress within,
Since every sorrow, every pain,
Is but the fruit of sin?

di 2 No, I will patiently submit,
Nor ever dare rebel:
Yet, prostrate at the Saviour's feet,
My griefs to him I tell.

ag 3 He sees what floods of sorrow rise
And beat upon my soul:
Deep unto deep, loud murm'ring cries,
Billows on billows roll.

4 From fear to hope, from hope to fear
My shipwreck'd soul is toss'd)
Till I am tempted, in despair,
To give up all for lost.

5 Yet through the stormy clouds I'll look
Once more to thee, my God:
Oh fix my feet upon a rock,
Beyond the gaping flood!

d 6 One beam of mercy from thy face,
Will set my heart at ease;
One all commanding word of grace,
Will make the tempest cease.

Stennet

567.

C. M.—*Retirement.*
Hope in trouble.

aff 1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain;
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.

di 2 'Tis not that mourning thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still:—

cr 3 It is that heav'n-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light;
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

vi 4 It is that hope with ardor glows,
To see Him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

ag 5 It is that harass'd conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
And sees, though far, the hand that heals,
And ends the strife within.

d 6 O let me wing my hallow'd flight
From earth-born wo and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share.

Noel.

568.

C. L. M.—*Tune, Go watch and pray.*
Faith struggling in darkness.

aff 1 OH let my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils the sky;
And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
Wrapt yet in mystery:
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see,
But all is well, since rul'd by thee.

di 2 Thus trusting in thy love, I tread
The path of duty on:
What though some cherish'd joys are fled
Some flatt'ring dreams are gone?
cr Yet purer, brighter joys remain;
Why should my spirit then complain!

Gems.

569.

L. M.—*Seasons. Uxbridge.*
Human weakness—Christ our strength. 2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

'' 1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
" Strength shall be equal to thy day."
cr Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I can do all things, or can bear
All suff'ring, if my Lord be there;
d Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his soft hand my head sustains.

3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own pow'r may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong:
Grace is my shield and Christ my song.

570.

C. M.—*Remembrance. Dunchurch.*
Confidence in God.

d 1 O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same:
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near!
A fountain which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear.

4 No good in creatures can be found
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things and abound,
While God is God to me.

5 O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and praise thee more.

Dr. Ryland.

571.

C. M.—*Rochester. Fabius.*

Submission to afflictive providences.

'' 1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And rose to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with the dust.

[2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are only favors borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.]

3 'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and blessed be his name,
He takes but what he gave.

di 5 Peace, all our rising passions, then;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
—pp And every murmur die.

d 5 If smiling mercy crowns our lives,
Its praises shall be spread:
ag And we'll adore that justice too,
Which strikes our comforts dead.

572.

L. M.—*Seasons. Vernon.*

Comfort amidst sufferings.

d 1 NOW let the Lord my Saviour smile,
And show my name upon his heart;
I would forget my pains awhile,
Sooth'd by the Great Physician's art.

aff 2 But O it swells my sorrows high,
To see my blessed Saviour frown:
di My spirits sink, my comforts die,
—p And all the springs of life are down.

!! 3 Yet why, my soul, these sad complaints!
cr Still while he frowns his name is Love,
Still on his heart he bears his saints,
Their sorrows his compassion move.

4 Their names are printed on his breast,
The letters shall securely stand;
The characters have been impress'd
By the Eternal Father's hand.

d 5 Then let my minutes smoothly run,
While here I wait my Father's will;
His hand unseen shall lead me on,
Till I awake in heav'n to dwell.

573.

L. C. M.—*Resignation.*
Resignation.

d 1 OH Lord, in sorrow I resign,
And bow to that dear hand of thine,
While yet the rod appears:
p That hand can wipe these streaming eyes
cr Or into smiles of glad surprise
Transform these falling tears.

d 2 My sole possession is thy love:
On earth beneath, in heav'n above,
I have no other store;
And though with fervor now I pray,
And importune thee night and day,
I cannot ask for more.

Gems.

574.

C. M.—*Retirement.*
Resignation and gratitude.

d 1 WHILE thee I seek, Protecting Pow'r,
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

2 Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferr'd by thee!

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

cr 5 When gladness wings my favor'd hour
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resign'd when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see,
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.

Williams

575.

C. M.—*Chester. Refuge.*
Filial Submission.

aff 1 AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say—"My Father, God?"
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let each rebellious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom,
And bid me wait serene;
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 "My Father, God!" permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

Steele.

576.

C. M.—*Moravian.*
Submission.

d 1 O LORD, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

ag 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
While love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

di 3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee;
Thou never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold, from me.

cr 4 Thy favor all my journey through,
Shall be my rich supply:
What else I want, or think I do,
Let wisdom still deny.

[5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way.
Shall I resist them both?
A poor, blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth!]

aff 6 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

Cowper.

577.

L. M.—*Sterling. Duke-street.*
Submission and deliverance—Abraham offering his son.
Gen. xxii. 6.

d 1 SAINTS, at your heav'nly Father's word
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

[2 So Abra'm with obedient hand
Led forth his son at God's command,
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
Prepar'd to give the fatal stroke.

3 " Abra'm, forbear," the angel cried,
" Thy faith is known, thy love is tried;
Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
Shall the whole earth be blest indeed!"]

4 Oft in the most distressing hour,
The Lord displays deliv'ring power:
The mount of danger is the place,
Where we shall find surprising grace

578.

C. L. M.—*Tune, Go watch and pray.*
Blessedness of submission in trials.

d 1 WHEN I can trust my all with God
In trial's fearful hour,
Bow all-resign'd beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing pow'r;
cr A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.

ag 2 Oh! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though trials fix me there,
Is still a privilege most sweet,
For he will hear my prayer;
Though sighs and tears its language be,
The Lord is nigh to answer me.

d 3 Oh! blessed be the hand that gave,
Still blessed when it takes;
Blessed be he who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks:
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heav'n adores and death obeys.

Gems.

579.

6's and 5's. Peculiar.—*Yes, I will extol thee.*
Consolation.

d 1 WHY that look of sadness?
Why that downcast eye?
Can no thought of gladness
Lift thy soul on high?
O thou heir of heaven,
Think of Jesus' love,
While to thee is given
All his grace to prove.

2 Is thy burden'd spirit
Agoniz'd for sin?
Think of Jesus' merit;
He can make thee clean:
Think of Calv'ry's mountain,
Where his blood was spilt
In that precious fountain,
Wash away thy guilt.

3 Is thy spirit drooping?
Is the tempter near?
Still in Jesus hoping,
What hast thou to fear?

ag Set the prize before thee,
Gird thy armor on:
Heir of grace and glory,
Struggle for thy crown.

S. Songs.

580.

S. M.—*Aylesbury. Clapton. Dover.*
Affliction blessed.

d 1 HOW tender is thy hand,
O thou beloved Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod
That chasten'd us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been!

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
With tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.

4 We told him all our grief;
We thought of Jesus' love;
cr A sense of pardon brought relief,
And bade our pangs remove.

vi 5 Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide:
For ever be his name ador'd,
For there is none beside.

Mother's H. Book.

581.

C. M.—*Moravian.*
Sickness and recovery.

1 MY God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,
But to renew thy praise?

2 Thine arm of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
di When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

p 3 Calmly I bow'd my fainting head
On thy dear faithful breast;
Pleas'd to obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

4 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
Did I my all resign;
In firm dependance on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

vi 5 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command I come:
Nor will I ask a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

6 Where thou appointest mine abode,
There would I choose to be;
For in thy presence, death is life,
And earth is heav'n with thee.

Doddridge.

582.

8's.—*Birmingham. Ludlow.*

Sickness.

d 1 HOW frail are these bodies of clay!
How soon all their vigor is lost!
They flourish in beauty to-day,
To-morrow they mingle in dust.

2 So flowers in the morning may rise,
Unfolding their leaves to the sun;
While the breath of each zephyr that sighs,
May blast them, and soon they are gone.

3 Afflictions spring not from the ground
Diseases our Sovereign obey;
His hand can heal every wound,
Or fill us with death and dismay.

4 We lie at thy sovereign control,
O Lord, in this hour of distress;
aff Physician of body and soul,
Send down thy recovering grace.

5 Oh! speak, and the dear one shall live,
Jehovah, almighty to save?
—vi At thy voice e'en the dead shall revive,
And triumph at last o'er the grave.

Mother's H. Book.

583.

8's.—*Solitude. ex.*

In sickness.

aff 1 O JESUS, my Lord and my God!
Jehovah, almighty to save!
p I faint at the stroke of thy rod,
Mid darknes, despair, and the grave:

cr One touch of thy mercy can heal,
One look from thine eye can relieve,
One whisper thy love can reveal,
And bid me salvation receive.

2 I own thy chastisement is just,
Nor utter one murmuring word;
And should I descend to the dust,
Still righteousness dwells with the Lord.
My folly and sin I deplore;
The guilt of my soul I confess;
The law that condemns I adore;
Yet plead for thy pardoning grace.

M. S.

584.

7's and 6's. Peculiar.—*Ashfield.*
In sickness.

aff 1 BEFORE thy footstool kneeling,
O Lord, to thee we cry;
While for thy gift of healing
We raise our voice on high:
Diseases and afflictions
Thy ready servants are;
Chastisements and corrections,
To quicken us in prayer.

2 We own our guilt and folly,
But thou canst still forgive;
And thou, most high and holy,
Canst bid the sick revive:
di Though now cast down in sorrow
In darkness and distress;
cr Joy may return to-morrow,
Through thy restoring grace.

aff 3 As suppliants now before thee,
Beside affliction's bed;
Physician, we adore thee,
And trembling ask thine aid;
Before thy footstool kneeling,
To thee, to thee we cry;
Send down thy gift of healing,
Our souls on thee rely.

S. Songs

585.

8's and 7's.—*Dismission. Parting Soul.*
Submission amidst sickness and death.

aff 1 JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding,
O'er the spoils that death has won;
Let us at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, "thy will be done."

2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken,
Though afflicted, not alone:
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord, thy will be done.

3 Fill us now with deep contrition;
Take away these hearts of stone:
While we all, with true submission,
Meekly say, thy will be done.

4 Though to-day we're fill'd with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, thy will be done.

5 To thine arms that soul is given;
Thou hast taken but thine own;
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore thy will be done.

Mother's H. Book.

586.

L. M.—*Vernon. Darwen.*
Submission and comfort in affliction

aff 1 THE God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When his own children fall around,
Or tender friends and kindred die.

p 2 Yet not one murm'ring wish or thought
Should with our mourning passions blend;
Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
Th' almighty, ever-living Friend.

[3 Beneath a num'rous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh must shortly fail;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.]

cr 4 Our Father God, to thee we look,
Our Rock, our Portion, and our All;
Fix'd on thy cov'nant love and truth,
Our sinking souls shall never fall.

Scott.

587.

C. M.—*Windsor. Moreland.*
Resignation in sickness.

d 1 LORD, I am pain'd; but I resign
My body to thy will;
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine,
Appoints the pains I feel.

2 Yet nature may have leave to speak
And plead before her God;
Lest th' o'erburden'd heart should break
Beneath thy heavy rod.

3 These flowing tears and heaving sighs
My heav'nly Father sees;
He wipes the sorrows from mine eyes,
And gives my spirit ease.

cr 4 Is not some smiling hour at hand
With peace upon its wings?
Give it, O Lord, thy kind command,
With all the joy it brings.

5 Dark are the ways of Providence,
Mysterious and unknown:
But truths that lie conceal'd from sense,
Faith shall account her own.

588.

C. M.—*Retirement. Chester.*
Hope of heaven, a comfort under trials.

d 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies;
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

ag 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd:
d Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

f 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall!
di May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

cr 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
d In seas of heav'nly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
—pp Across my peaceful breast.

589.

11's and 8's.—*Palestine.*
Presence of Christ in affliction.

d 1 O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all;
li Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love ?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove ?

2 O why should I wander with aliens from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread ?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed :
cr Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have ye seen
The Star that on Israel shone ?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone.

d 3 This is my Beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around ;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd :
His voice, than the sound of the harpers more sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death ;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfum'd with his breath.

4 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
To water the gardens of grace ;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face :
me He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word ;
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

Anon.

DEATH.*

590.

C. M.—*Windsor.*
Death and eternity.

aff 1 STOOP down, my thoughts, that used to rise,
Converse awhile with death;
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

ag 2 But oh the soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And trace its wondrous way.

3 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It soars their bliss to share;
Or demons plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

ai 4 And must my body faint and die,
And must my soul remove?
cr Oh for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above.

5 Jesus, into thy faithful hand
My naked soul I trust;
My body waits for thy command,
—p To drop into the dust.

591.

C. M.—*Windsor.*
Death and glory.

aff 1 MY soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit thy house of clay
And fly to unknown lands.

2 Look down and bid thine eye survey
The hollow, gaping tomb!
My body! 'tis prepar'd for thee,
Whene'er the summons come!

3 Oh, could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

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* See EXPERIMENTAL, MINISTERS, AFFLICTIONS, RESURRECTION, JUDGMENT HEAVEN, &c., also PSALMS 31, 47, 88, 89, 90, 118.

n 4 Then should we see the saints above,
In all their glorious forms;
And wonder why our souls could love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 We should almost forsake our clay,
Before the summons come;
And wish th' imprison'd soul away,
To its eternal home.

592.

C. M.—*Moravian.*
Triumph over death. Job xix. 25—27.

mæ 1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;
di I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay

cr 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
Exult amid the tombs;
For Jesus my Redeemer lives;
My God, my Saviour comes.

f 3 The mighty conq'ror shall appear
High on a royal seat;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

d 4 Then shall I see his lovely face
In realms beyond the skies;
And feast upon his boundless grace,
Where heaven's high glories rise.

593.

C. M.—*Moreland. Fabius. ex.*
Prosperity of the wicked not to be envied.

'' 1 NO! I will envy those no more
Who grow profanely great;
Though they increase their golden store,
And rise to high estate.

2 Well may they taste of joys that grow
Upon an earthly clod;
And search for bliss, creation through:
Alas! they have no God!

aff 3 Let them prolong their fleeting breath,
And call each hour their own:
ag How soon the awful hand of death
Will mow their glory down!

di 4 Then they must bow the stately head,
Away the spirit flies;
And no kind angel near their bed
—p To bear it to the skies.

cr 5 Yes, you may boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright they shine:
Your heaps of glitt'ring dust are yours.
And my Redeemer's mine.

594.

C. M.—*Windsor.*
Death dreadful to the sinner.

aff 1 DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day,
To those that have no God!
When the poor soul is forc'd away,
To seek her last abode.

ag 2 In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes:
Guilt, like a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.

cr 3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of death;
Ye stubborn sinners, fear:
ex Why will ye sink to shades beneath.
To dwell for ever there?

4 Oh see the burning gulf in view,
Its horrors who can trace!
And thou, my soul, look downward too.
And sing recov'ring grace.

[5 He is a God of sovereign love,
Who hath my sins forgiv'n;
He bids my feet no longer rove,
But seek the path to heav'n.]

[6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand:
Then come the joyful day,
Come, death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.]

595.

L. M.—*Luther's Hymn.* *ex.* *Derby.*
Death of the sinner and the saint. Prov. xiv. 32.

ag 1 What scenes of horror and of dread
Await the sinner's dying bed!
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Presages of eternal night.

2 Tormenting pangs invade his breast;
Where'er he turns, he finds no rest;
e.x Death strikes the blow, he groans and cries,
And in despair and horror dies.

PAUSE. *Old Hundred.*

l 3 Not so the heir of heav'nly bliss;
His soul is fill'd with conscious peace;
A steady faith subdues his fear:
He sees the happy Canaan near.

4 His mind is tranquil and serene;
No terrors in his looks are seen;
A Saviour's smiles dispel the gloom,
And smooth his passage to the tomb.

5 Oh! be my faith and love sincere,
My soul subdu'd, my conscience clear;
And when the toils of life are past,
May I be found in peace at last.

Fawcett.

596.

C. M.—*Chester. Windsor.*

Earth receding.

aff 1 EARTH'S stormy night will soon be o'er:
The raging wind shall cease,
The Christian's bark will reach the shore
Of heaven's eternal peace.

2 E'en now the distant rays appear,
To chase the gloom of night;
The Sun of Righteousness is near,
—p And terrors take their flight.

M. S

597.

L. M.—*Repose. Seasons.*

Christ's presence makes death easy.

aff 1 WHY should the Christian fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there!

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright the approaching soul away;
Still we look back, and cling to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

vi 3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste;
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

d 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

598.

C. M. *Moravian. ex. Moreland.*
Victory over death. 1 Cor. xv.

aff 1 O FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours;
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful pow'rs!

ag 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My trembling lips would sing—
" Where is thy victory, O grave?
O death, where is thy sting?"

d 3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure:
Death has no sting beside:
The law gives sin its fatal pow'r;
But Christ, my ransom, died.

cr 4 Now to the God of victory,
Immortal thanks be paid;
Who makes us conq'rors while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

599.

C. M.—*Retirement. Chester.*
Dying, like Moses, in the arms of God.

aff 1 DEATH cannot make my soul afraid,
If God be with me there;
I can walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
And in my Lord confide:
ag Hasten, if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses died.

3 Might I but climb the mountain's height,
The promised land to view,
My willing soul would take her flight,
And bid the world adieu.

d 4 Within my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath;
Resign my life amid the charms
Of so divine a death.

600.

7's and 4's.—*Gethsemane.*
Support in death.

aff 1 WHEN the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
Kind Forerunner, sooth my fears,
Light me through the darksome way;
Break the shadows,
cr Usher in eternal day.

di 2 Upward from this dying state
Bid my waiting soul aspire,
Open thou the crystal gate,
To thy praise attune my lyre.
Then triumphant,
I will join th' immortal choir.

ag 3 When the mighty trumpet blown,
Shall the judgment dawn proclaim;
From the central, burning throne,
Mid creation's final flame;
d With the ransom'd,
Thou wilt own my worthless name.

Gems.

601.

L. M.—*Luther's Hymn. Seasons.*
The Christian dying.

ag 1 THE hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home:
Now, O my God, let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.

2 The race appointed I have run;
The conflict's o'er, the prize is won;
d And now my witness is on high,
My record is beyond the sky.

di 3 Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before thee in the dust;
cr And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at thy throne.

4 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends that linger here:
p To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a Friend.

" 5 I come, I come at thy command,
I give my spirit to thy hand;
ag Stretch forth thine everlasting arm,
And shield me in the last alarm.

Durham Coll.

602.

8's and 7's.—*Dismission. Parting Soul.*
The dying saint.

aff 1 PARTING soul, the flood awaits thee
And the billows round thee roar;
cr Yet rejoice, the holy city
Stands on yon celestial shore.

mæ 2 There are crowns and thrones of glory
There the living waters glide:
There the just in shining raiment,
Standing by Immanuel's side.

d 3 Linger not, the stream is narrow:
ag Though its cold dark waters rise,
d He who pass'd the flood before thee
Guides thy path to yonder skies.

S. Lyrics.

603.

8's and 7's.—*Tune, Parting Soul.*
"Weep not for me."

aff 1 WHY lament the Christian dying?
Why indulge in tears or gloom?
Calmly on the Lord relying,
He can greet the op'ning tomb.

di 2 What if death, with icy fingers,
All the fount of life congeals?
cr 'Tis not there thy brother lingers,
'Tis not death his spirit feels.

aff 3 Though for him thy soul is mourning,
Though with grief thy heart is riv'n;
cr While his flesh to dust is turning,
All his soul is fill'd with heav'n.

vi 4 Scenes seraphic, high and glorious,
Now forbid his longer stay;
See him rise o'er death victorious,
Angels beckon him away.

f 5 Hark! the golden harps are ringing,
Sounds unearthly fill his ear;
Millions now in heaven singing,
Greet his joyful entrance there.

S. Songs.

604.

C. M.—*Barby. ex.*
Support in death.

1 GOD'S only Son was lifted up,
A dying world to save;
ag Christian, behold thy glorious hope,
And triumph o'er the grave.

f'' 2 Look upward in the dying hour,
The Lord will hear thy cry;
He will destroy the monster's power,
If faith lifts up her eye.

3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heav'ns he reigns;
Soon thou wilt raise the conq'ror's song,
Look and forget thy pains.

Anon.

605.

8's and 7's. Double.—*Aberdeen. Happy Soul.*
The dying saint comforted.

d 1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ending,
All thy mourning days below:
Go, the angel guards attending—
To the sight of Jesus go!
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo, the Saviour stands above;
Shows the fulness of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

2 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live a life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign:
ag Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breast:
To his uttermost salvation,
—*p* To his everlasting rest.

Wesley.

606.

L. M.—*Repose. Seasons.*
Death peaceful and triumphant.

d 1 SWEET is the scene where Christians die
Where holy souls retire to rest;
How mildly beams the closing eye!
—*p* How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

ex 2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

cr 3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fann'd by some guardian angel's wing;
ag O grave! where is thy victory now?
And where, O death! is now thy sting?

Mrs. Barbauld.

607

S. L. M. Peculiar.—*Departure.*
Death of the righteous.

aff 1 THIS place is holy ground;
World, with thy cares away;
p Silence and darkness reign around;
cr But soon the break of day,
The resurrection morn appears,
To shine upon this scene of tears.

2 Behold the bed of death
The pale and lovely clay,
di Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
Mark'd ye the eye's last ray?
No! life so sweetly ceas'd to be,
It laps'd in immortality.

aff 3 Could tears recall the dead,
Rivers would swell our eyes;
Could sighs recall the spirit fled,
We would not quench our sighs.
Till love illum'd this alter'd mien,
And all th' embodied soul were seen.

di 4 Bury the dead, and weep
In stillness o'er the lost:
p Bury the dead; in Christ thy sleep,
Who bore on earth his cross;
cr Soon from the grave their dust shall rise,
In his own image, to the skies.

Montgomery.

608.

6's and 4's. Peculiar.—*The Farewell.*
The last farewell.

ex 1 FAREWELL! we meet no more
On this side heav'n:
The parting scene is o'er,
The last sad look is giv'n.

2 Farewell! my soul will weep
While mem'ry lives:
From wounds that sink so deep
No earthly hand relieves.

3 Farewell! my stricken heart
To Jesus flies:
From him I'll never part;
On him my hope relies.

4 Farewell! and shall we meet
In heav'n above?
And there, in union sweet,
Sing of a Saviour's love?

S. Songs.

609.

8's and 7's.—*Aberdeen. Happy Soul.*
Weep not for the departed saint.

d 1 O YE mourners! cease to languish
O'er the grave of those ye love!
Pain and death, and night and anguish,
Enter not the world above:
p While in darkness ye are straying,
Lonely in the deep'ning shade,
cr Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round th' immortal spirit's head.

2 O ye mourners! cease to languish
O'er the grave of those ye love!
Far remov'd from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above:
vi Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high;
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

Collyer.

610.

C. M.—*Laight-street. Dunchurch.*
The moment after death.

1 IN vain the fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround a saint
When yielding up his breath.

p 2 One gentle sigh the bondage breaks;
We scarce can say, he's gone,
cr Before the willing spirit takes
Its mansion near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace the spirit's flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides the world of light.

4 Thus much, and 'tis enough to know,
d Saints are completely blest;
Have done with sin, and care, and wo,
And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
And see him face to face;
Oh let us catch the heav'nly flame,
And live in his embrace!

Newton.

611.

C. M.—*Chester. Burford.*
The blessed that die in the Lord. Rev. xiv. 13.

aff 1 HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead!
Sweet is the savor of their names,
p And soft their sleeping bed.

cr 2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
di How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'ring and from sin releas'd:
They're freed from every snare.

cr 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord:
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

612.

C. M.—*Chester. Fabius.*
Christ our support in death.

d 1 JESUS, the vision of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms:
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
While in the Saviour's arms.

2 And while my feeble heart-strings break,
How sweet the minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.

613.

C. M.—*Dunchurch. Peterborough.*
Death and immediate glory.

" 1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Shall be dissolv'd and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his Almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heav'n;
And as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit giv'n.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come:
Faith lives upon his word:
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to *believe* thy grace,
But sweeter far to *see:*
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

614.

C. M.—*Windsor.*
A funeral thought.

ag 1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry:
"Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie!

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your tow'rs;
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God, is this our certain doom,
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepar'd no more?

cr 4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

615.

C. M.—*Moreland. Chester.*
On the death of a child.

aff 1 LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour,
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender transient flow'r,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 Death spreads his with'ring, wint'ry arms,
And beauty smiles no more;
Ah! where are now those rising charms,
Which pleas'd our eyes before?

3 That once-lov'd form now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
We weep our earthly comforts fled,
And wither'd all our joys.

vi 4 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

di 5 Cease then, fond nature, cease thy tears:
The Saviour dwells on high:
cr There everlasting spring appears,
There joys shall never die.

Steele.

616.

C. M.—*Burford.*
Funeral of a young person.

aff 1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 And while we raise the tearful eye,
With mournful thoughts impress'd,
Oh may this truth—"I TOO MUST DIE"—
Sink deep in every breast.

ag 3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.

4 Oh let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

5 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart
With cleansing, healing pow'r;
This only can prepare the heart
To meet death's trying hour.

Steele.

617.

C. M.—*Windsor.*
Death and burial of a saint.

aff 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

ag 2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
'Twas there the bleeding Saviour lay,
And left a rich perfume.

cr 3 Thence he arose, and, upward borne,
In triumph led the way;
The sleeping saints, at his return,
Shall hail the glorious day.

4 Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move?
And can we wish the hours more slow,
That keep us from our Love?

mæ 5 Soon shall the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid the saints arise;
Millions shall leave the trembling ground,
And mount the lofty skies.

618.

L. M—*Old Hundred. Unveil thy bosom.*
The interment of a saint.

aff 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
p To slumber in the silent dust.
cr 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
di Can reach the lowly sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Pass'd through the grave, and bless'd the bed:
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

f 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust: a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

619.

12's and 11's.—*Tune—Thou art gone, &c.*
Funeral of a departed saint.

aff 1 THOU art gone to the grave: but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb:
The Saviour hath pass'd through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee;
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave: and its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt linger'd long;
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
cr And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

di 4 Thou art gone to the grave: but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy ransom, thy Guardian and Guide;
—cr He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,
And death has no sting since the Saviour hath died.

Heber.

RESURRECTION.*

620.

S. M.—*Aylesbury. Clapton. ex.*
The resurrection.

aff 1 AND must this body die ?
This mortal frame decay ?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay ?

2 God my Redeemer lives,
And from the bending skies
Still watches o'er the sleeping dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

mœ 3 Array'd in glorious grace,
Our bodies then will shine,
And every shape and every face
Look heav'nly and divine.

cr 4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

d 5 Accept, O Lord, the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise,
With our immortal tongues.

621.

7's.—*German Hymn.*
The resurrection.

d 1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom ;
cr Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise !

2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scatter'd shade ;
Drive your anxious cares away ;
See the place where Jesus lay.

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* See AFFLICTIONS, DEATH, JUDGMENT, HEAVEN ; also PSALMS 17 80, &c.

d 3 Christian, dry your flowing tears,
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

Collyer

622.

7's.—*Song of Jubilee.*
Christ's second advent. 1 Thess. iv. 16.

'' 1 HARK! that shout of rapt'rous joy,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud!
Jesus comes! and through the sky
Angels tell their joy aloud.

mæ 2 Hark! the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad through sea and land:
Let his people now rejoice,
Their redemption is at hand.

3 See! the Lord appears in view,
Heav'n and earth before him fly:
Rise, ye saints, he comes for you,
Rise to meet him in the sky.

4 Go and dwell with him above,
Where no foe can e'er molest;
d Happy in the Saviour's love,
Blessing and for ever blest.

Kelly.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.*

623.

S. M.—*Clapton. ex.*
A coming judgment.

ag 1 HOW will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heav'n before the Judge
Astonish'd shrink away?

mæ 2 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
vi Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread.

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* See AFFLICTIONS, DEATH, RESURRECTION, HEAVEN; also PSALMS 50 and 97.

ag 3 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the refuge of his cross,
And find salvation there.

4 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

Doddridge.

624.

8's, 7's, and 6's.—*Tune—Dark brood, &c.*
A vision of judgment.

f.ag 1 DARK brood the heavens o'er thee!
Black clouds are gath'ring fast;
In awful power thy God has come,
Thy days of mirth are past.

2 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!
Red flames are bursting round;
Bright light'nings flash, loud thunders roar
How shakes the trembling ground!

3 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!
Behold, the Judge appears:
Unnumber'd millions throng around,
Rais'd from the dust of years.

4 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!
Soon thou wilt hear thy doom;
Destruction opens wide for thee,
Thy chosen, final home.

di 5 Yet stay—the vision lingers;
Why, sinner, wilt thou die?
—cr Dark brood the heav'ns, but mercy waits,
vi This hour to Jesus fly.

Anon.

625.

8's, 7's, and 4's.—*Helmsley.*
The judgment day.

mæ 1 LO! he comes in clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus shall for ever reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth, shall flee away;
All who hate him, must confounded
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away.

4 Now the Saviour long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All his saints by men rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
Shout, the day of God is near.

Oliver.

626.

C. M.—*Barby.* *ex.* *Windsor.*

God the thunderer: or, the last judgment.

mæ 1 SING to the Lord, ye heav'nly host,
And thou, O earth, adore!
While death and hell through all their coast
Stand trembling at his power.

ag 2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
He makes the clouds his throne;
There all his stores of lightning lie;
How terrible his frown!

3 Think, O my soul, that dreadful day,
When this avenging God
Shall rend the sky and burn the sea,
And send his wrath abroad.

4 What shall the rebel sinner do,
Who once defied the Lord?
Ah! he shall dread the thund'rer now,
And sink beneath his word!

5 Tempests of angry fire shall roll
Upon the rebel worm!
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm!*

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* Written in a great sudden storm of thunder, August 20th, 1697

627.

S. M.—*St. Bridges.* *Psalm* 25.

The last account.

ag 1 I SAW, beyond the tomb,
The awful Judge appear,
Prepar'd to scan with strict account
My blessings wasted here.

2 His wrath, like flaming fire,
In hell for ever burns;
And from that awful world of wo
No fugitive returns.

3 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis call'd to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.

4 Soon will the harvest close,
The summer soon be o'er;
O sinner! then your injur'd God
Will heed your cries no more.

Dwight.

628.

C. M.—*Windsor.*

Everlasting absence from God intolerable.

aff 1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word "depart!"

ag 3 Oh wretched state of deep despair
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
I hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

5 Oh tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy word,
Where my salvation stands.

HEAVEN.*

629.

C. M.—*Moravian.*

Heaven invisible and holy. 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. Rev. xxi. 27.

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father hath prepar'd
For those who love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heav'n to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

d 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the regions peace;
No wanton lips, no envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

630.

C. M.—*Tolland. Channing.*

Prospect of heaven.

d 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

mæ 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

d 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand drest in living green:
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

ag 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
From this cold narrow sea;
And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

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* See EXPERIMENTAL, WORSHIP, SACRAMENTAL, AFFLICTIONS, DEATH, RESURRECTION; also PSALMS 17, 46, 90, and 107.

aff 5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes:

cr 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
ag Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

631.

11's. Peculiar.—*Tune—Boxford.*
"I would not live always."

aff 1 I WOULD not live always; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way:
di The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here,
cr Are follow'd by gloom and beclouded with fear.

2 I would not live always: no, blest is the tomb;
Since Jesus has died, I will welcome its gloom;
di There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
cr To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

—*p* 3 I would not live always remote from my God,
An exile from heaven, that blissful abode,
cr Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

4 There saints of all ages, in harmony sweet,
vi Their Saviour and Brother transported do meet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
d And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

Anon.

632.

C. M.—*Retirement. Moravian.*
Breathing after heaven.

d 1 FATHER in heav'n, I long to view
The place of thy abode;
I'd bid thy earthly courts adieu,
To be with Christ my God.

2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight:
But, to abide in thy embrace
Is infinite delight.

3 There all the heav'nly hosts are seen;
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder and with love.

di 4 Then at thy feet, with awful fear
Th' adoring armies fall;
p With joy they shrink to nothing there,
—cr Before th' eternal All.

5 The more thy glories strike their eyes,
The humbler they will lie:
—vi Thus while they sink, their joys arise
Immeasurably high.

f 6 Father in heav'n, I long to view
The place of thy abode;
I'd bid thy earthly courts adieu,
To be with Christ my God.

633.

C. M. D.—*Tolland. Moravian.*
View of Canaan. Deut. xxxii. 49.

vi 1 ON Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie:
cr O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.

2 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away:
di No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
—p Are felt and fear'd no more.

cr 3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
d When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

Stennet

634.

8's. Single.—*Ludlow. Bleecker-street.*
Longing to be with Christ.

d 1 TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh bear me, ye cherubims, up,
And waft me away to his throne.

2 My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and pow'r;

di 3 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Oh strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

cr 4 When that happy era begins,
When array'd in thy glories I shine,
di Nor grieve any more by my sins
p The bosom on which I recline;

cr 5 Oh then shall the veil be remov'd,
f And round me thy brightness be pour'd;
d I shall see him whom absent I lov'd,
Whom not having seen, I ador'd.

Cowper.

635.

8's and 7's. 6 lines.—*Tune—What is life?*
Flight to heaven.

aff 1 WHAT is life? 'tis but a vapor;
Soon it vanishes away:
Life is but a dying taper;
O my soul, why wish to stay?
f Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy?

vi 2 See that glory; how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There in majesty transcendent
Jesus reigns the King of saints:
f Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love;
Through the heav'ns his praises sounding
Filling all the courts above:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

4 Go and share his people's glory,
Mid the ransom'd crowd appear;
d Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear:
f Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

Kelly.

636.

S. M.—*Watchman.*
Rest for the weary soul.

aff 1 OH, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh!
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone!

Montgomery

637.

C. M.—*Moravian.*
The heavenly city. Rev. xx. 21.

'' 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace in thee?

[2 When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls
And pearly gates behold;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?]

cr 3 Oh when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end?

aff 4 Why should I shrink from sin and wo?
Or feel, at death, dismay?
Jerusalem I soon shall view,
In realms of endless day.

cr 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
There shall my labors have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

Anon.

638.

L. M.—*Repose.*
Happiness in heaven.

d 1 O HAPPY saints that dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus cloth'd in white,
Safe landed on that peaceful shore
Where pilgrims meet to part no more!

2 Releas'd from sorrow, sin, and strife,
Death was the gate to endless life;
And now they range the heav'nly plains,
And sing his love in melting strains.

3 They gaze upon his beauteous face,
And tell the wonders of his grace;
Or overwhelm'd with rapture sweet,
Sink down adoring at his feet.

di 4 Ah! Lord, with falt'ring steps I creep,
And sometimes sing and sometimes weep;
When shall I wake in heav'n to prove
The heights and depths of Jesus' love?

Berridge.

639.

C. P. M.—*Lanesborough.*
Enjoyment of heaven.

d 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'rers given:
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A calm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above in heav'n.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driv'n;
ag When toss'd on life's tempest'ous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
—di And all is drear but heav'n.

cr 3 There faith lifts up her tearful eye
To brighter prospects giv'n;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heav'n.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are giv'n:
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heav'n.

Gems.

640.

C. M.—*Barby. Colchester.*
A song of heaven.

p 1 SOFT echoes from the bending sky,
Repeat the solemn strain:
And let the voice of harmony
Descend to earth again!

ff 2 "O worthy is the Lamb of God,
The Lamb that once was slain,
Within this high and bright abode
Eternally to reign.

3 "All blessing, honor, glory, pow'r,
Unto the Lamb be giv'n;
The Lamb of God for evermore,
The King of earth and heav'n."

pp 4 The breathing accents die away
Upon the list'ning ear;
cr Yet would my soul for ever stay
The joyful sound to hear.

ff 5 "O worthy is the Lamb of God,
The Lamb that once was slain,
Within this high and bright abode
Eternally to reign.

6 "All blessing, honor, glory, pow'r,
Unto the Lamb be giv'n;
The Lamb of God for evermore,
The King of earth and heav'n."

M. S.

641.

C. M.—*Barby. ex.*
Martyrs glorified. Rev. vii. 13, &c.

1 "THESE glorious minds, how bright they shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?"

ag 2 From tort'ring pains to endless joys,
On fiery wheels they rode;
And strangely wash'd their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.

d 3 Now they approach th' eternal God,
And bow before his throne;
With warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Fill all the blest abode,
While the rich treasures of his grace
Are their celestial food.

5 Hunger and thirst no more shall come,
Nor earthliness of taste:
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock
Where living fountains rise;
And love divine shall wipe the tears
Of sorrow from their eyes.

642.

C. M.—*Moravian.*

Christ and the cloud of witnesses in heaven.

vi 1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 I ask them whence their vict'ry came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

3 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod·
(His zeal inspir'd their breast;)
And following their incarnate God,
Possess'd the promis'd rest.

4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern giv'n:
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heav'n.

643.

S. M.—*Sicily.*

The bright path to heaven.

1 NOW let our voices join
To form a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2 There flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The Sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

3 There Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear
Which sparkle through the skies.

4 All honor to his name
Who marks the shining way;
To him who leads the wand'rers on
To realms of endless day.

Doddridge.

DOXOLOGIES.

8's, 7's, and 4's.—*Dismission.*
Dismission.

d 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
cr Oh refresh us,
Trav'lling through life's wilderness.

cr 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
Ever faithful
To thy truth may we be found.

d 3 So whene'er the signal's giv'n,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heav'n,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

Anon.

8's and 7's.—*Aberdeen.*
Song of benediction. 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

d 1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess in sweet communion
Joys which earth cannot afford

L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

C. M.—No. I.

Let God the Father and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

C. M.—No. II.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

S. M.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

H. M.

To God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise.
With all our pow'rs,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

7's.

Sing we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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